THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illy kly
Founded A° j. Franklin

Volume 196, Number 1

JULY 7, 1923

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Albert W. Atwood—Lucy Stone Terrill—Samuel G. Blythe—P. G. Wodehouse
Temple Bailey—Holworthy Hall—Thomas McMorrow—Ernest Greenwood

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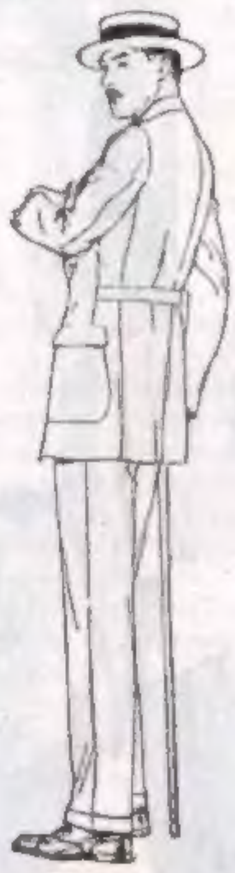
LONSDALE

A Society Brand two piece hot weather suit, in particularly good taste for the man of athletic build—two button—skeleton lined—slightly fitted at the waist. Straight trousers with cuff.



TERRACE

A Society Brand sports model, with trim lines. Two button; two small pleats under the belt, inverted pleat from belt to bottom; three-quarter loose belt.

FABRICS

Society Brand Clothes for hot weather come in tropical worsteds, mohairs, gabardines—all the cool fabrics.

The Kant Slip Waistband

A simple, very effective comfort feature; the Kant Slip waistband keeps the shirt down and the trousers up. Exclusive with Society Brand.

"I'm terribly sorry to have kept you waiting, Jane," Mrs. Jollyco is saying, "but Elektra is ill and I've been washing the luncheon dishes."

"I've just been through the same experience for a week," replies Mrs. Latham. "And just look at my hands! Did you ever *see* anything so red and rough?"

"Why, Jane, dear, how awful! I never have to worry about my hands—see how smooth they are! Of course, we always use Ivory Soap for dishes. It seems to prevent any of that roughness or redness."

"Well, of all things! I never *thought* of that!"

To assure protection to all things that need summer cleaning

"Mr. Jollyco, excuse me, sir, but I understand you have specified Ivory Soap for washing the office linoleums. Don't you think that's pretty expensive?"

"I've done that, Jimpson, because the linoleum manufacturers wrote me last week that strong soaps rot the fibre base and soon ruin the linoleum itself. They have tested every soap on the market and found that Ivory is one of the very few soaps they are willing to recommend. So I guess we'll save money in the end."

"Well, that's certainly news to me, sir. I supposed *any* soap was good enough for linoleums."

No, Mr. Jollyco is right. Linoleums are very sensitive to soap. Ivory is the *only* generally known soap that appears on the approved list. We'll be glad to show you the evidence.

Women who take good care of their sensitive skin know that Ivory Soap is a faithful protector against the glare of summer suns.

The purity that makes Ivory thus beneficent for tender skin also renders it kind to delicate garments and to all those hangings and household furnishings which so readily collect the dust that swirls through summer's open windows.

A special large size for protection and economy

For the washing of all such things—silks, sheer cotton voiles and dimities, delicate-hued blouses and skirts, summer chintzes, table-linens and bedspreads—a special laundry size of Ivory is made.

This fine, big cake of Ivory is exactly the same soap as the Ivory you use on your face—pure, mild, gentle, white.

Indeed, it is as fine a soap as skill can make and money can buy, yet it is economical enough for general household use!

Harsh soap is destructive to fine fabrics and tender hands

Harsh soap is destructive to linens and cretonnes and silks. Harsh soap shrinks and mats delicate woolen fabrics. Harsh soap soon ruins varnished surfaces and linoleums. And when you use harsh soap for washing dishes, you know only too well what happens to the tender skin of your hands.

So it is only natural that, in seeking a means of protection both for these precious possessions and for your hands, you should turn with confidence, like so many millions of other women, to Ivory Soap.

May we suggest, therefore, that when you buy the smaller size of Ivory for your toilet and bath, you also buy, for both protection and economy in your general cleaning, several cakes of the large size, also?

We have published a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." We shall be glad to send you a copy free. A post-card will bring it.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London, 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 7, 1923 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 1

WHEN THE OIL FLOOD IS ON

By Albert W. Atwood

SHAKSPERE said that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. But having lived several centuries before a modern oil boom he could hardly have realized what such words mean now. For of all high tides in the affairs of men, none is at once so productive and destructive of national, community and individual wealth, and none combines such beneficent and demoralizing effects as one of those floods of liquid gold which, with its accompaniment of sheer frenzy, now and then deluges this or that portion of the North American continent.

Every flood of oil, every excitement in oil, has features common to all. The same phenomena appear and reappear, startling alike to onlookers, amateurs and newcomers, but an old story to the so-called big companies and the talent. Many times before has the industry gone through this big, or overproduction, phase. But the characteristics of an oil boom are about as tame and dull as those of a cyclone or an earthquake, and no one complains that these are uninteresting because they have happened before.

Men who live through a crisis of any kind—a shipwreck, a physical combat, a panic on the stock exchange—are at the pinnacle of emotion, no matter how many others have gone through like experiences before. In any case, each great oil boom is entitled, for more reasons than can be gone into here, to a chapter in the long-unfolding romance of the development and perhaps the wasteful exploitation of national resources, as well as in the history of human behavior and emotion.

Suburban Fields

THUS it is that in the newest and one of the greatest floods of oil, that in the Los Angeles basin of Southern California, there can be traced the identical peculiarities, the similar distinguishing traits that have marked the golden torrent in a dozen other districts and states. There is, to note only a few of the well-recognized tokens, the same optimism in the air, the same enrichment of landowners, the same frantic effort to provide facilities for the oil itself, the same energizing and stimulating of the communities directly affected, the same exaggerated expectation of riches for all and the exact certainty, as of death itself, of disappointment to many in the end.

But the newest flood has quite enough—too much, perhaps—that is distinctive, that indeed is sensational, not only in its effect upon the industry itself but in its fantastic, its extravagant accompanying features. To begin with, this is the first oil flood of major proportions, the first excitement of prime dimensions to break loose literally at the gates and within sight of a city of metropolitan size.

Drilling de Luxe

THERE have been many oil booms, but here is a discovery that in a remarkably short space of time has upset the markets, and promises for years to come to control and dominate the entire industry. Yet it is in the back yard, as it were, of a city which, with its immediately surrounding area, numbers 1,000,000 people. This, indeed, is a novel flood, or excitement, and it takes no imagination to picture the results, although in this article they will not be left to the imagination.

Three great oil fields, any one of them a sensation in itself, have come in, to all intents and purposes, simultaneously. They are within fifteen miles of one another, and all are on the edges, practically speaking, of the city. They have all been developed within two years, but the flood has come within a relatively few months.

The first of these fields to be developed is in a bathing resort, the second is in what was one of the most exclusive and promised to be the most exclusive residential section of the city of Long Beach, and the third is in a near-by orange grove, or groves. To all these places one can go by boulevard in hardly more than a few minutes' time.

"You haven't got an oil field here," say operators from Texas and Oklahoma, accustomed as they are to axles deep in mud and the hardships and privations of primitive, almost desert wastes. "You are

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Signal Hill From Long Beach. Above—An Oil Well in Action

drilling for oil at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, with velvet carpets on the floor."

Naturally, abnormal traffic in the last few months has cut up a few of the roads most heavily used in the heart of each field. But, as compared with other big oil booms, there has been none of the frenzy to get equipment on the ground or the complete swamping of normal living facilities. With three or four major steam railroads, a highly developed interurban system and the concrete highways to be found in the vicinity of California cities, there has naturally been less of a transportation problem than usually confronts the development of a new oil field.

Geologists, accustomed to adventures in the wilds, never get over their amazement at being able to hop in their cars and roll out to the fields and back again to their clubs for luncheon. Indeed, they can look at the derricks from their permanent offices in the financial center of the city. Oil-supply companies were already located there. Workmen can live anywhere they want instead of in hastily erected shacks, and if the fat bonuses which many of them receive for extra-hazardous work or for extraordinary effort weighs heavily in their pockets, they can spend a night, if they so desire, in the luxury of the best hotels which this city of leisure and luxury affords.

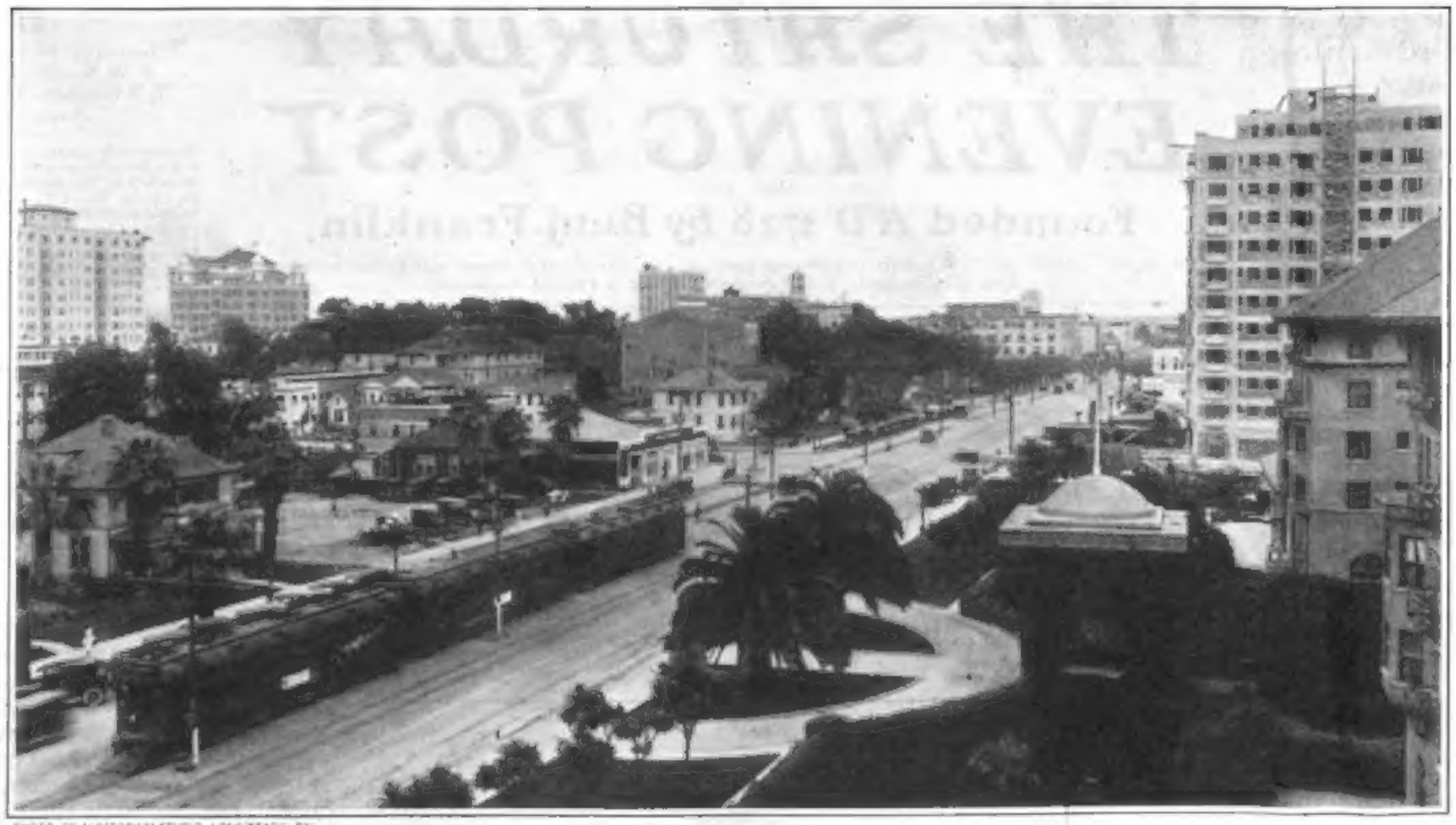


PHOTO. BY ALEXTORIUM STUDIO, LONG BEACH, CAL.

Some New Skyscrapers in Long Beach

The Universal Obsession

IN ONE sense, at least, an oil boom is rather lost in such surroundings. The same discovery in a desert waste would create more excitement and more astonishment.

"For," as the loyal Angeleno puts it, "we have real estate, citrus fruits, tourists and climate as well. Oil is not the only thing, the way it was in the fields of Central Texas."

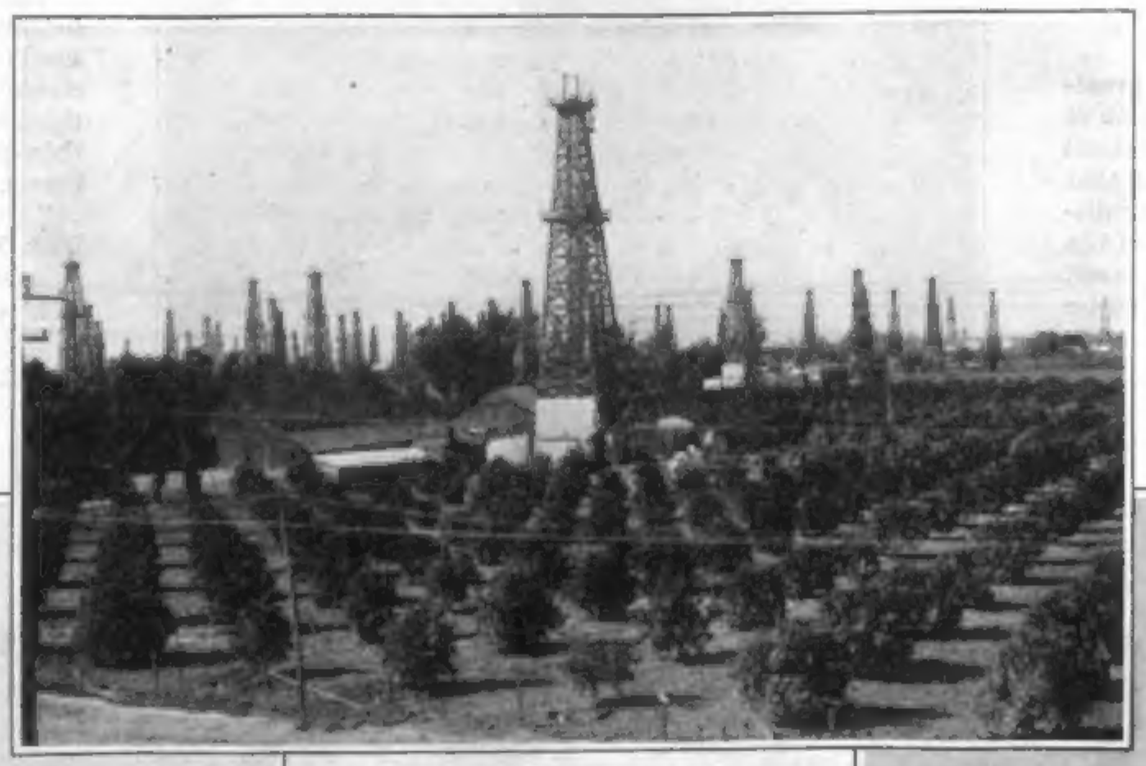
But this is looking at the subject through the small end of the telescope. It is the lesser, the smaller truth. Except superficially, it is not an accurate interpretation of the facts.

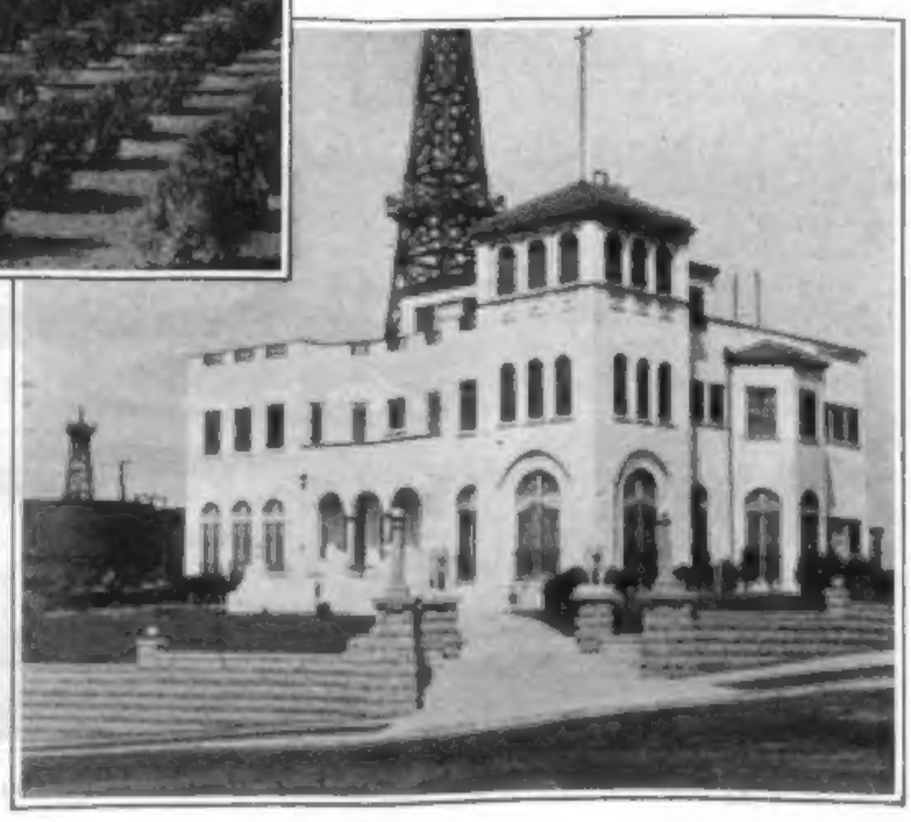
The attention attracted to the oil fields, the interest and excitement therein are intensified rather than diminished by the vast number of people so immediately contiguous thereto. One does not have to travel hundreds or even a thousand miles or more to see an oil field. One packs the wife and babies into the old jit or the street car for a trip to the derricks, and is back to an early tea. It is the easiest and most popular Saturday and Sunday afternoon recreation in Southern California.

Twice the statement was made to the writer that 1,000,000 people in California are interested in oil. This seems extraordinary and on its face impossible, but it may not be far wrong at that. It is known that 40,000 people are employed in connection with the oil fields in the Los Angeles basin alone. Certainly many hundreds of thousands of persons are interested as investors or in other ways. Despite its facetious vein, the following item from a local newspaper indicates how widespread the interest is:

"It is said that less than one per cent of the investments in the oil industry in Mexico are in the hands of the citizens of that country. In this country every man with ten dollars ahead is a potential oil magnate. Out of 100,000,000 Americans, it is figured that 99,047,612 have dabbled in oil investments at some time in their career."

It is exceedingly rare to meet any person in Southern California who is not interested in an oil well. The man in the street talks about getting down to the Meyer sands, although a few months ago he had never heard of Meyer or his sands. Men in clubs will talk about the oil boom with a complete appearance of detachment and disinterestedness, and then, having finished the subject, will casually mention as they leave the room that they are interested in a well at Santa Fé Springs or Signal Hill or Huntington Beach, the three big fields.





Oil Wells in the Orange Groves, Santa Fé Springs. At Right—A Residence Near the Summit of Signal Hill, Now Used as a Clubhouse for Shell Company Workmen. At Left—The Cemetery at Signal Hill

And why shouldn't they—for the gushers and gassers are at their very doors? Oil is not something to be read about in Los Angeles; it is something to be looked at. It is not an investment you know about only on paper; you can touch it if you want to. You do not buy oil stock or units in Southern California as the result primarily of reading prospectuses or advertisements, or even in consequence of the line of talk handed out by slick promoters, although that plays an important part. You buy oil securities there because you see derricks and wells and blowouts. It is an ocular demonstration that appeals directly to the pocketbook through the medium of the eye.

But this is only the beginning: indeed, only the first faint intimation of a beginning of what has been going on. For, relatively speaking, there is probably no other place with so many travelers, pleasure seekers, vacationists, tourists, newcomers and new settlers.

They are idle, for the time being at least, and many of them are permanently retired. The vast majority of them have surplus money to invest.

The Temptation to Take a Flyer

THESE people have both the time to look at oil wells and money to invest, if they care to, which is exactly the combination the stock salesman needs. It is a wonderful, a superb, an unprecedented situation from the promoter's and salesman's standpoint. The wells are there, the oil is there and the investors are there, by the tens, the scores perhaps even the hundreds of thousands, and most of them have money to spend. But this is by no means all. Most of the newcomers are there in the carnival spirit. Pa and ma have come from Iowa, leaving the boys to run the farm. They like it in Los Angeles or Long Beach. Pa has a little garden, but not much else to occupy him. Then a great oil strike and excitement come along, only two or three miles away, if they live in Long Beach.

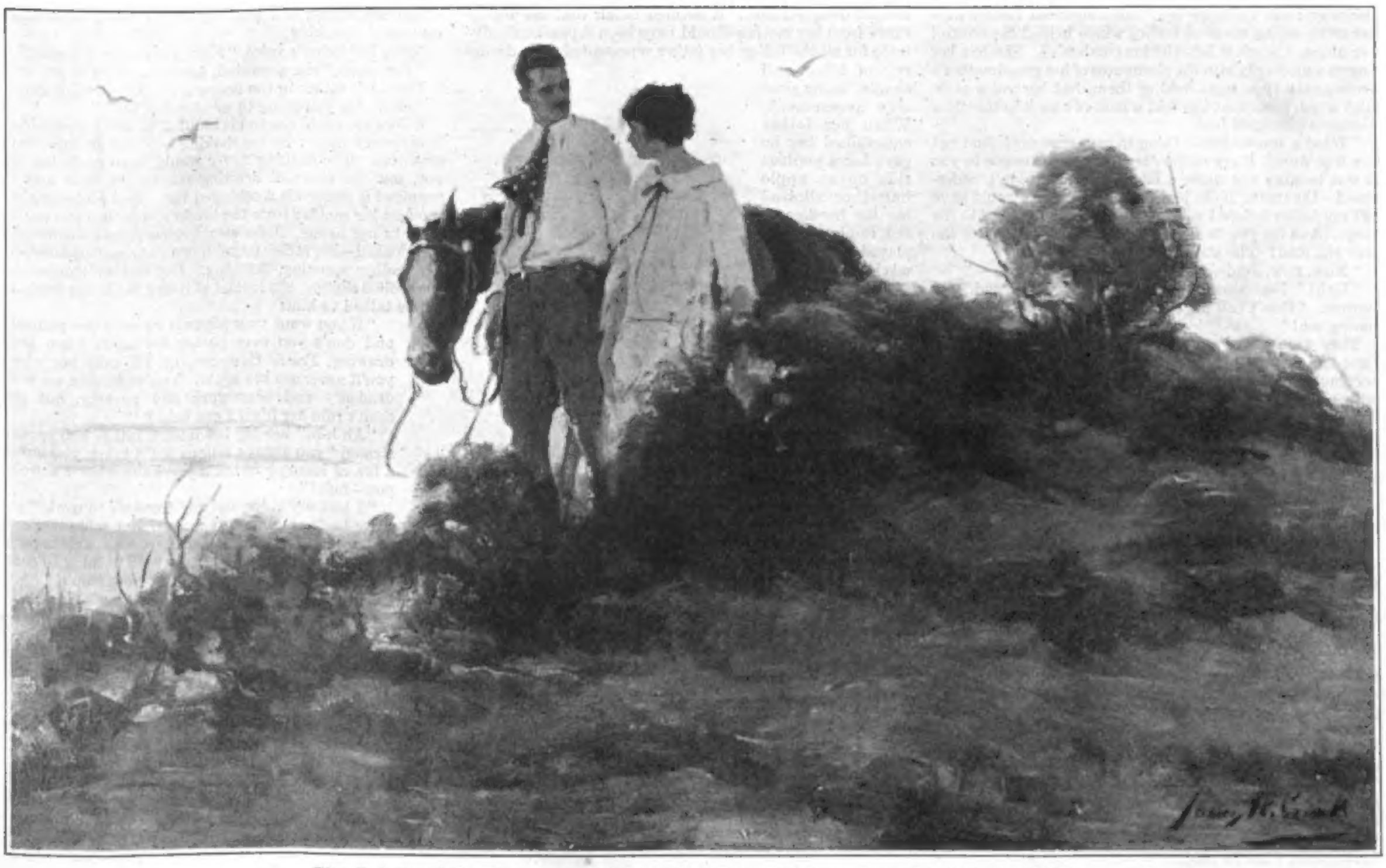
Practically all the oil securities of a promotional nature are sold in units of $100; it is unnecessary to pay more than a few dollars down. Everyone can buy. It is a new interest for pa and ma, for they can ride out every day and see the well and watch their little investment.

(Continued on Page 86)

PLAYING FAIR

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



They Had Topped the Hill and Came Into View of the Brown Residence. Great Activity Surrounded It

SAGE CITY sits in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains; sits as a scholar sits at the feet of philosophers, though it was named for the pungent, gray-leafed bushes that cover the hillsides, and not for wisdom's sake.

To John Shepherd, Sage City was the best town in the world, and he loved it more than he loved anything except June Cameron and his hardware store. It grieved him sorely that Sage City did not approve of June Cameron; that it should pronounce her uppish over nothing, like her mother. The town's attitude, however, mattered very little to June herself. Sometimes it hurt her, as a sharp scratch hurts, its cause forgotten before its healing. But for her, Sage City possessed no power for judgment.

She and Sage City had been children together. It was not so many years ago that a treeless Sage City welcomed broncos and spring wagons to its Main Street hitching posts, and its fierce-mustached marshal was undisputedly the leading citizen of the place. But today the rancher's limousines park on paved streets, as do the cowboy's flivvers; and Sage City has a stadium and four sedate street cars; and its tall cottonwoods rise pleasantly and crisply green along the city's thoroughfares and in the proud young park. And today the marshal of Sage City is a kindly man from Iowa who prevails or fails with argument rather than with bullets, and few there are who even know his name or station.

Contemporary with the town's quick adolescence from pristine pioneering into mature and modern mediocrity was June Cameron's development from tempestuous girlhood into a slender, laughing-eyed young woman, whom some pronounced almost beautiful and others thought kind of queer looking, with her wide-set, slanting eyes whose lids lifted and lowered quickly at seeing you, as if from surprise and subsequent amusement.

Everyone thought she would surely marry John Shepherd when she came back from Chicago, where her year in art school, for which she had spent her mother's last cent of life insurance, must have at last convinced her that she wasn't the genius she thought she was. So, since she had neither procured a position as an art teacher nor sold a picture, Sage City gossip was of the opinion that she would marry John; and those who were tolerant went so far as to prophesy that marriage might be the making of her.

But no. She had been at home just one day when she signed a contract to teach the Cottonwood summer school, an outlandish place somewhere in the dry hills.

"Folks who won't take happiness when the Lord holds it right out to them on a silver platter deserve all the wretchedness he doles out to them later on," her grandmother aggrievedly observed as they bounced about in the taxi on their way to the Sunday-night train. Mrs. Cameron always commented in generalities, a ministerial habit she had acquired from never having missed a Sunday-morning sermon in fifty years, except on that Sunday morning when June's father was born.

"Now, grammy, you're surely not meaning to call John a silver platter, are you?"

It was always a temptation to June to translate these generalities into their intended applications. She knew that her grandmother was seeing her off at this unseemly hour, not through any affection or concern for her, but through almost trembling eagerness to see if John would not relent at the last moment from his angry resolve to put June out of his life forever, and be at the station to say good-by. Therefore she felt no gratitude for her grandmother's companionship. The secret of June's unpopularity lay in the fact that she reacted unconsciously to people's inner motives and not to their outward manifestations.

Now, in answer to her grandmother's querulous observation, she asked lightly, "Now, grammy, you're surely not meaning to call John a silver platter, are you?"

Ten years' toleration of such smartness had developed Mrs. Cameron's power of combative metaphor, the while it lessened not at all her disapproval.

"There's many a girl in this town who'd consider him a gold platter set with diamonds, young lady! And so will you—when it's too late."

"But, grammy, really now, on your best Baptist word of honor, do you think it would have been right for me to marry John just because you and the Ladies' Aid think I should—when I don't want to at all?"

Mrs. Cameron, her flushed, blue-eyed face aureoled by a geometrically perfect pompadour of whitest hair, caught her scarf about her shoulders with fingers that betrayed her agitation.

"But why shouldn't you want to marry him?" she counter-questioned through tight teeth. "You've kept him dangling round long enough."

"I don't think we'd be happy."

"Shucks! There isn't a finer man living than John Shepherd. Why shouldn't you be happy? Far as your painting's concerned, John's said no end of times that you could go right on fussin' round with it the same as if you were single, and have a good home besides."

"Yes! Just the way mother went on with her music!" The words burned June's brain, but she managed to leave them unsaid. She hoped hotly that she could control her tired nerves for these last few minutes and escape from her grandmother in comparative amity. For, though she was loath to admit it even to herself, her own heart had found it none too easy to resist the arguments of the big, honest man who had loved her since her early girlhood.

"Some folks, though, think they're better than everybody else. They don't appreciate anything that's done for them, nor ever try to repay it," Mrs. Cameron largely observed, and June retaliated sweetly with similar weapons:

"But we must be tolerant toward the erring ones and pray that they'll be led into the light, mustn't we, grammy?"

"Oh, you—you think it's smart to make fun of everything I say! I—I do declare I get so ashamed of your carryin's-on that sometimes I can hardly bear it."

"Why, what's so disgraceful about teaching school, grammy? It seems to me just as honorable a way to make my living as by marrying John. I'll be out of your way and you'll have your nice spare room for visitors again, just the same as if I were married. Of course, it won't be so permanent; but I'm going to save every penny and ——"

"Oh, yes, yes! You'll save. Look at that hat! That's a great way to save, isn't it? Nineteen dollars! And had to charge it! That's a great way; exactly like your mother—glib of tongue, and heartless, and extravagant ——"

"Grammy!"

The low, throaty cry stopped Mrs. Cameron's volley of accusations like a snapped trigger. In the dim light of the taxi June realized the fury that must be blazing from her eyes as she saw fear turn her plump grandmother's face

from an angry pink to dullish white. Mrs. Cameron pushed herself as far as possible into her own corner.

"Now—now, I—I ——" she began to stammer. Her futile apologetic voice brought reason into June's rage of resentment.

"She can't help it! She can't help it! If God made her this way I can't change her," she counseled herself with her swift saving sense of reality which helped her control her anger, though it left the hurt unhealed. She felt her fingers sink deeply into the plumpness of her grandmother's arms as she took tight hold of them, but her voice came with a quietness that brought a look of awe into the older woman's dismayed face.

"What a contemptible thing to say, grammy! And not one true word! If my mother seemed glib of tongue to you it was because she spoke a language you couldn't understand—the truth. If she had been heartless she would have left my father before I was born and have gone back to the stage. And for you to say she was extravagant—after the way she died! The way she died!"

"Now, now, Junie, you know I didn't mean ——"

"Ugh!" June loosed her hands as if they were suddenly burned. "Don't call me Junie! You know you're simply hating me!"

They were at the station. The taxi driver, with whom June had gone to high school, opened the door and began accumulating her many packages. June got quickly out with a short "Good-by, grammy," took as her share of the luggage one suitcase, a broom and her portfolio, and hurried beside him toward the slowing train.

"Now—now, do take care of yourself, dear," called her grandmother.

"She's an awful sweet old lady, ain't she?" said the boy in a tone which made eloquent comment on June's failure to answer the affectionate admonition.

"Yes, awful," said June.

"Wha's matter? John dead, or something?" he inquired interestedly.

"Look out, Harry! Don't drop that box of chalk! And hurry! There's the porter."

She urged him into a run, feeling that if he mentioned John again she might answer with the broom handle, and hoping with an intensity that amazed her that John would step out of the darkness quickly—quickly, and tell her good-by.

"Oh, how can he act like this? How can he? How can he?" her heart kept repeating with miserable inconsistency.

Not until after the humorously oratorical porter and conductor had assembled her menagerie of luggage in the entry and the long train had gathered speed did she finally realize that John must actually have meant what he said.

We-ell, she had never intended to marry him, and she had never denied that she loved him. These alien conditions must of necessity breed unhappiness. She could expect nothing else.

She took off the provocative nineteen-dollar hat and laid it on her lap. It was a gray hat, with soft silken poppies on its drooping brim—French poppies, handmade. During the last seven of her twenty-one years she had yearned for such a hat, and now with her first promise of a salary she had made temptation her master. But at that, it was a gay thing—the hat—and she had not the heart to regret its possession. It gave her something of the thrill, of the spirit, of the heart lift, that her little-girl memories of her mother gave her. It had beauty; beauty, that transient quality which exists not in the beautiful thing, but in the eyes that look upon it. She put it on again and surveyed herself in the narrow, dusty mirror, unaware of the curious, sleepy glances of the passengers. Her eyes took pleasure in its hand-fashioned flowers, graceful and color-perfect, along the drooping brim, in the charm of its texture, in its achieved simplicity.

That it made her pale face more winsome and lent light to her smoldering black eyes were detached details. The thing that mattered was that the beauty of it cleaned her mind of resentment and bitterness; it was as healing and satisfying to her—though the idea would have seemed sacrilege to that lady—as reverent prayer and repentance to her grandmother.

She wondered a little as she again took it off that it should so definitely make her think of her mother; and head thrown back against the red plush of the car chair, she lost herself in strengthening memories.

June's mother had been queer, with a listening look in her eyes that had never been answered. She had married at nineteen, when she was singing in the first light opera—and the last—that Frank Cameron ever saw. He had gone to Chicago with a carload of cattle and had returned with a wife. "Damn poor business," his fellow ranchers said in seemingly accurate prophecy. After his quick failure as a cattleman he came to Sage City and opened a grocery store, from which he contentedly gleaned a meager living despite the bitter unrest and discontent of his wife, whom he loved with a devotion that Sage City considered imbecility.

Perhaps June's passionate adoration of her mother was in part a blood bond with her father; it was more than the normal daughter love. It seemed unfair that her inheritance from her mother should have been a passionate distaste for all the things her father represented—the drudgery of labor and simple, unimaginative amusement. When her father entertained her he gave her a perilous ride on an apple barrel or allowed her the freedom of the candy case or played cat's cradle with a piece of twine.

But her mother entertained her with beauty. Every night at bedtime she told her stories of what they would do "when father's ship comes in," glorious, sweet-voiced stories of adventures in far lands, where they heard great operas and saw wonderful plays, and wore clothes lovelier than thistledown and gossamer and flower petals. They sailed on marvelous yachts over sunny seas, and coasted down snowy mountains, all glistening with diamonds. They lived in beauty.

"Oh, Little Star, Find Someone Else for John to Love—and for Me Too," She Added

But father's ship never came in. And everyone except June saw her young mother change into a sullen, complaining woman, whose face became beautiful when she sang in the church choir, where her voice lifted above the others as the stars above the lights of a city. For June's mother could have been a great singer, and her heart was an artist's heart, with all an artist's bigness and littleness. She had no resources with which to combat mediocrity.

One of June's first definite memories of her was of seeing her stand in the doorway one summer night, her wistful eyes seeking the first star, and chanting in a low singsong, "Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight," and her father saying irritably but not unkindly, "Always got your wagon hitched to a star, haven't you?"

"No!" came the sharp answer. "I fell out of my wagon when I married you, Frank Cameron. It's June's wagon that I've hitched to the star now."

June remembered this incident, because for a long time she thought they were joking about the little wagon her father had made her out of a biscuit box. It was several years later that something happened which gave her its true significance. Whenever John Shepherd said to her, as he so frequently did, "But, June, you don't need to give up your painting when you marry me," she thought of this second happening, and it made her deaf to his pleadings.

She was perhaps about eleven at the time, and was sitting by a window in the waning winter light, sketching.

Then her father's voice, "June, run upstairs and get my slippers."

She heard him, but with no feel of being disobedient continued sketching.

Again her father's voice, "June, get me my slippers!"

"Yes, papa," she answered, intending soon to go.

Then, her father in the doorway, bulky, tired, angered: "Say! Are you going to mind me or not?"

Before she could rise to his bidding he had her shoulders in his heavy hands; he was shaking her—not an unpleasant sensation. The shaking never would have made her cry out, but the charcoal drawing fell to the floor and he smudged it under his stockinged feet. Her protesting cry brought her mother from the kitchen, a potato and paring knife in her hands. June would never forget them—how they looked—her father mumbling an angered explanation, her mother standing, listening. Her mother stooped for the spoiled sketch; she looked at it and not at her husband as she talked to him:

"If you want your slippers go get them yourself; and don't you ever bother her again when she's drawing, Frank Cameron, or I'll take her where you'll never see her again. You've broken me with drudgery and housework and poverty, but you shan't ruin her life if I can help it!"

"Ah-h-h," her big bewildered father had remonstrated "you always talk as if I'd taken you out of a life of luxury! What'd you have when I married you—huh?"

"I had my voice and my freedom to work," she flung back at him. "It isn't that I mind work—I could work to the death if there were any hope in it! It's this endless drudgery with nothing to come of it that's plain hell! And June shan't do it! She's going to be a great artist and you shan't stop her!"

And her father, with a resigned gesture, had started upstairs, saying, "Why, my Lord! I don't want to stop her! I just wanted her to get my slippers."

What a queer laugh her mother gave!

But the impressive thing, the unforgetable thing, was that her mother had said a swear word—her mother! June stared at her.

Her father's feet made soft padding sounds on the stairs. Hell, hell, hell! It was as if her father's footfalls echoed the little word in June's brain.

"Why, mother, you—you swore!" June whispered.

Her mother laughed again, but this time it was one of her tender laughs, like two notes of music.

"Oh, no, dear, I didn't," she said; "that's just an expression."

"What's it mean?"

The laughter went out of her mother's face.

"It means poverty—that's what it means—poverty!" she said in the voice she scolded with.

Upstairs they heard June's father fumbling about on the closet floor for his slippers; another emotion flashed across her mother's sensitive face.

"You should have gone for his slippers, though," she said. "Try to mind him more quickly, dear. He does all he can for us."

June did not follow her back to the kitchen. There had been tears in her mother's dark circled eyes and it always made her cross for anyone to see her cry. Grown people were very strange, indeed; there was no use in a little girl trying to understand them.

It was only a year after this that her mother died—such a horrible death. It had been Saturday morning. June was dusting the living room, and her mother, struggling with her unrelenting enemy, economy, was in the kitchen cleaning a suit of June's father's clothes in gasoline. It had exploded, and in an hour her slender mother, with her singing voice, lay dead. The flames, her screams, the neighbors, strangers, doctors; strong, strange smells of medicine and burnt cloth and wood; women trying to get her away; her frenzied desperation to stay with her mother—all these things made so terrible an impression on her that, for as long as he lived, whenever her father touched her, her flesh actually shrank from under his hand.

Then, at the last, the bedroom cleared, everything so quiet, and the strange, queer smells, her mother wanted to have June—alone. The big doctor came and got her. They passed her father, a hunched, bent object on a chair outside the door.

"H-h-honey," he said, and stretched out his hand to June, but she shrank away from him with a horrible, hot feeling of triumph that she never forgot. It was she whom her mother wanted; he was to blame for all this.

Inside, only her mother's great dark eyes, like two holes in the white bandages. June could not touch her; she could not kiss her. Her mother's eyes were talking to her. She closed them, and June knew it was so she might kiss her eyelids. Then—her mother's voice, only a whisper, faint, thick and muffled; the words had no beginning and no end ——

"L-listen, dear; never marry a poor man; keep on with your painting; don't get discouraged; re-re-remember! My dear, dear lit-tle ——"

June could not answer; terror had taken her voice, taken her tears. She was clay, being molded. She could only kiss and kiss the smelly bandages. The whispering sounds came again, impossible to hear. Then, suddenly, shrill, piercing, so that June screamed also, she called her husband:

"Frank—dearest!"

She, June, was forgotten; and her father pushed her aside, his tears falling on the bed; and her mother held her poor bandaged hands up to him and died close in his arms. And the big doctor closed the door.

Perhaps it was not poverty that had been her mother's devouring enemy—perhaps it was love.

II

IT WAS one o'clock in the morning when the train stopped at Cottonwood, and it was dark, and it was drizzling rain. June felt her courage deserting her almost as swiftly and relentlessly as the departing train, which writhed away into the darkness like a great black serpent in a great black sea, hissing sparks of rage for having had to stop in these barren Wyoming hills to deposit one insignificant passenger.

"Too bad we ain't closer to the station house," the interested conductor regretted as he hurried her off into the night. "How the dickens you're going to carry all this junk's more'n I know. You've sure got everything but the schoolhouse and scholars. Say, don't you want me to take these maps and this here flat thing and throw 'em for you on the platform?"

"Oh, yes! But take this instead!"

Frantically she exchanged the broom for the flat thing, which was her portfolio of sketching materials, and was left with two suitcases, a cumbersome package of kindergarten busy work, a box of chalk and her portfolio. The county superintendent had advised her to take some immediate equipment with her, and June had been anxious to please.

Well, here she was, at the gate to ambition's highway. She stood motionless and watched the end light of the train dim into the darkness. Then she awkwardly annexed her bundles and felt with insecure feet for the slippery railroad ties. After stumbling along in the rainy darkness for several hundred feet, a faint ray of light established the existence of the station house. Following its direction, June discovered the steps, fumblingly located the door knob and entered—to confront an astonished, unshaven agent lounging in a wooden chair with his heels perched on the top fender of a round, rusty stove.

"Well, where the devil have you come from?" he gave her greeting, while he deliberately assembled his long body into a normal sitting posture.

"Off the train. I'm what you call a passenger."

"Well, you don't say so! Looks like you'd 'a' come in the daytime."

June absorbed the logic of this observation while she arranged her luggage on the bench and ruefully regarded her unpaid-for hat with its damp, drooping poppies. The man exuded unfriendliness; she felt a little afraid of him.

"Well, I reckon you've took up a homestead."

"You overestimate me"—she gave him an ineffectual smile—"I haven't even took up my broom nor the map of America, which I can see I'll have to do without any assistance."

But not until she had located the map and broom at the far end of the platform, and was returning, did he find energy to comment indifferently, "Well, I reckon you know what you're talking about, which is a darn sight more'n I do."

June sat down amidst her surrounding luggage and tried to find words with which to broach the subject of a night's lodging. The dampness gave a luster to her shining, smooth, black hair, and her dark eyes gained a softer brilliance because of her pale cheeks. She had never more closely touched real beauty than at that moment, leaning back wearily in her crumpled gray suit with her flowered hat on her lap. But the agent's gaze was as unaware of any charm of her as if his little amber eyes had been merely two freckles, larger and deeper set than their many companions on his long cheeks. June sat up firmly and summoned a pleasant businesslike voice.

"The county superintendent told me I might get lodging with your wife for a day or two until I can find a permanent boarding place."

"Oh, she did? Well, I ain't got any wife; I never did have; and what's more, I ain't never goin' to have!"

The emphasis of this last statement left nothing to be divined as to his attitude toward the other sex.

"Then—then it seems the only thing for me to do is to stay here the rest of the night," she apologetically suggested.

"It may seem that way to you, but it seems a heap different to me, young lady."

Reluctantly lowering his feet, he set them under his long body and crossed the room to a rack whereon hung a slicker and a shriveled hat. These he donned with ominous deliberation while he made mumbled explanation.

"There's a woman named Brown homesteadin' just across the gully. She's been boardin' the schoolma'ams—for the few days they stay with it. It's more'n likely she'll take a shot at us, nosin' round this hour o' night. She's hell on a gun. But they ain't nothin' else to do far's I can see."

June swallowed into a dry, hurting throat. It must have been in some other incarnation surely that she had known and renounced the shelter of John Shepherd's big tender arms. With a last rueful glance at the perishing poppies, she put her hat on and began obediently to gather up her luggage, while the agent opened the door, propped it back with a broken brick, and having watched her fail with several attempted arrangements of bundles commanded magnanimously, "Leave that odd junk for me; you better carry stuff you can hang on to. It's slippery."

It was, indeed, slippery. The dampened alkali dust had become a mucilaginous hazard for human equilibrium, and the night was a great black enemy weaponed with car tracks, precipitous banks, barbed-wire fences, gopher holes and sagebrush. Wordless, except for an occasional and emphatic oath, the agent went stumbling on until they confronted the dim outlines of what looked to be an immense soap box hatted with a tall, tipsy stovepipe whose wires rattled in the night wind.

"This is the damned place," he informed her. "Now squat down before she shoots." With which brief advice he hastily ambushed himself behind a fat sagebrush, leaving June standing in direct range of the expected welcome.

"Mrs. Brown!" he called huskily. "Hi! Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown did not hi. The slow raindrops fell around them like soft, smothered laughter.

"You better squat down," he again warned her in a hostile hiss. "You won't feel so brave, once the old girl gets into action."

Though strangely deaf to his first call, Mrs. Brown's ears evidently lost no word of this last injunction, for a voice as convincing as any gunshot fell on them.

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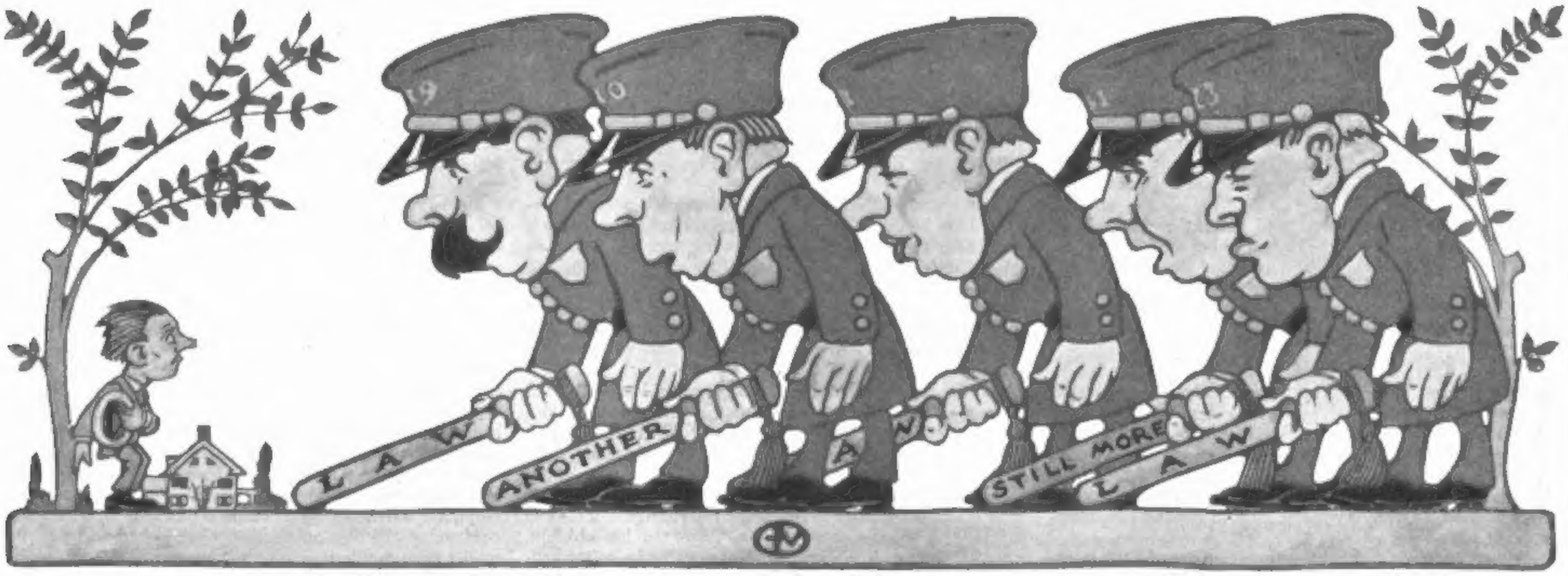
"You Better Squat Down," He Again Warned Her in a Hostile Hiss. "You Won't Feel So Brave, Once the Old Girl Gets Into Action"

PANACEAS OF THE PAST



By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE panaceist differs from the reformer in that his theories are usually economic or political, whereas the activities of the reformer comprehend every phase of civilized and uncivilized endeavor, from the morals of the masses, the immorals of the classes and the nonmorals of the savages to the way a girl should wear her hair. The panaceist is a reformer, of course, none more so, but he specializes ordinarily in money and government, while the whole boundless universe of habit, custom, practice and performance of the human race comes under the supervision and regulation of the reformer, beginning with art, appetite and accumulation, and running clear through the catalogue of man's exemplifications to the abolition of the zenana and the conversion of the Zindikites.

Money in its various demonstrations being the most important attribute of life, in the common view, it is not surprising that much of the thought and effort of the panaceists has been expended on wealth, the lack of it, the surplus of it, and how to place it within the reach of the people, not overlooking the panaceists themselves, which is a problem worthy of serious attention. And as money in its physical form is the product of the Government, and in its intrinsic merit the result of government guaranty, it follows, naturally, that the deep thinkers about money thought deeply about government, too, for that harassing distinction "legal tender" always stopped the money thinkers midway in their thoughts. It all would have been simple if the authorization of law had not been required for the creation of money. Every panaceist could have made his own sort of money, and all would have been joyful. However, there was that obnoxious phase of it, with the consequence that the money thinkers were obliged to consider not only their altruistic premise that more money is the cure-all but also ways and means to get more money, and this obnoxious requirement led them to the schemes for remaking the financial laws to suit their demand for quantity as opposed to the more conservative practice of reliance in quality as the prime essential.

The Demand for More Money

"HOW do you stand on the money question?" heckled an insistent panaceist who was listening to the stump speech of a Missouri candidate for Congress. The candidate endeavored to put off the heckler, but that could not be done. "How do you stand on the money question?" came again and again at the candidate.

Finally, pushed to answer, dodging of no avail, the candidate said "I believe in more and a fittener currency," and in that answer he stated the case of the bulk of the panaceists since the close of the Civil War.

There were plenty of panaceists before the Civil War, earnest patriots, with acres of theories on all sorts of governmental, financial and administrative matters, who could, and would, sit down with a sheet of paper and a pencil and block out a plan in twenty minutes whereby they could keep the Republic off the rocks if given the opportunity. Some of these even succeeded in organizing parties for the advancement of their theories and the establishment of their policies, but the Civil War itself, with its great financial disturbances and difficulties, bred the beginnings of the crop that was to shout for salvation through inflation, primarily, until the battle of 1896, when they went down to final defeat.

Before 1862 the preservers of the nation along economic lines centered their discussions and expanded their theories in connection with the notes of banks, which comprised our nonspecie monetary circulation. Soon after the war began, the Government suspended specie payments and took to paper issues. Several times in our history interest-bearing notes had been issued, but it was not until the act of February 25, 1862, that the Government put out noninterest-bearing notes.

This governmental action started the financial minutemen off on a new tack, and they stuck to that until the "crime of '73," when silver became their paramount concern. They were in full cry for bimetallism until 1896, when Mr. Bryan led them to their most crushing defeat, and since that time they have been rather scattering in their nation-salvaging operations, although fully and freely vocal until the Federal Reserve System came into effect, and not entirely silent since that time. The currency law of 1900, which defined the gold dollar as the standard of value in the United States, was a facer, of course, but, even with that and the Federal Reserve System, there are signs that the panacea boys are thinking deeply, and evidences here and there that they will again get into action.

The beginning of our great silver production was during the Civil War, but this did not affect our monetary circulation, because all that circulation was paper. The revision of the coinage laws and the codifying of them omitted the silver dollar from the list of coins. This measure, discussed from 1870 to 1873, was finally passed by Congress, and the omission of the silver dollar theoretically made the United States a gold-standard country. This was the "crime of '73," about which we heard so much twenty years later, and concerning which the late Senator Stewart, of Nevada, made terrific speeches in the Senate until the end of his service in 1905. Real economists, looking back at the turmoil and fanaticisms of those days, say the truth is that the demonetization of silver at that time was the result of ignorance and not of intent, and that no one in legislative authority had any understanding of the significance of it.

Meantime, the Greenback Party, which was to compose all our financial difficulties with paper money, was under way. After the close of the Civil War the increase in the gold value of the greenback, or paper money issued by the Treasury, harassed the Middle West, especially where business was adjusted to the high prices incident to the war. The Middle West has been most prolific in the production of financial panaceas, and when the Act of 1866 was proposed, which provided for the gradual retirement of the greenbacks, the welkin rang all the way from Ohio to Nebraska with loud cries of protest, and the region was vocal, from Buffalo to Omaha and beyond, with schemes to resist this outrage and to hold the ship of state steady on her course. The culmination of this preliminary crime against the people came in 1868, when it was proposed to pay all government bonds in coin, provided the bonds did not specify other method of payment.

This developed the Ohio idea, which was that all bonds should be payable in greenbacks at the option of the Government, and the Greenbackers rallied to that idea with fervor and in sufficient numbers to control the Democratic National Convention of 1868, although the nominee of the convention, Horatio Seymour, did not favor the plan. The Democrats got only eighty electoral votes in that contest, and the Greenbackers were silenced until the Resumption Act came up in 1874. Then the Greenbackers had a national convention and set forth their panacea, which had three principal theories: First, that all note circulation of state and national banks should be suppressed; second, that the only paper currency should be greenbacks, exchangeable on demand for government bonds bearing interest at 3.63 per cent; and, third, that coin should be used only for the payment of the national debt and for the payment of interest on bonds specifying such payment.

Monetary Legislation

ONE of my earliest political recollections, and one of my most vivid, is sitting, huddled in horror over the impending fate of the nation, while Gen. James B. Weaver, of Iowa, the Greenback candidate for President in 1880, raged up and down a platform, defying the money devil, and declaiming of the chaos to come unless the financial theories of his party were "engrafted on the charter of our political liberties," as he shouted, "and the terrible tentacles of the gold octopus torn from the throats of the common people." In the general's view we were gone, sunk, a total loss, unless we heeded his voice, and I crept home after that speech, convinced that if General Weaver was not elected President the entire governmental structure would collapse; not that I understood very well what such collapse entailed, except that it spelled ruin to everybody.

In the elections of 1878 the Greenback Party had received a popular vote of a million, and had elected fourteen members of the House of Representatives. This was high tide for the Greenbackers, for although Peter Cooper, their candidate in 1876, received only 81,000 votes and Weaver got about 300,000, only eight representatives were elected the year Weaver ran, and in 1884, when Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was the Greenback candidate, his vote fell to 175,000; and that, practically, was the end of the Greenback Party as an independent and redeeming factor in politics. The panacea didn't work.

During these years the believers in "more and a fittener" currency were not silent—far from it—and though the inflationists were unable to halt the policy of resumption they did succeed in securing the appointment in 1876 of a monetary commission, and this commission reported in 1877 in favor of the free coinage of silver as well as gold. A bill for free coinage passed the House of Representatives in 1878, and the result was the Bland-Allison compromise, which was vetoed by President Hayes, passed over the veto, and remained in force until 1890. The House again passed a free-silver bill, and the Senate compromised once more, as is the habit of the Senate. This compromise lasted until 1893, when it was repealed, and after that came the final battle of 1896, for which Bland and Boies and various

others had been the General Staff, but of which William Jennings Bryan made himself prophet, protagonist and commander in chief when he refused to stand either idly or silently by and see his dearly beloved common people crucified on a cross of gold.

The fanaticisms, theories, cure-alls, salvations, reclamations and redemptions from stark damnation of the Republic that all this backing and filling on bimetallism had created between 1873 and 1896, the wild imaginings of the inflationists, the political buck-passing and compromising that even extended to the Republican National Convention that nominated McKinley at St. Louis in the same year, the natural tendency of money discussions to rouse intense passions, and the unlimited opportunities for the operations and oratory of the economic theorists came to high tide in the first Bryan campaign. "The free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without the consent of any other nation whatsoever" became the panacea of the moment, the guaranty of our further existence as a nation, the foundation upon which all our securities rested. We were lost without it. We were gloriously saved with it—gloriously and financially and bimetallically saved.

Well, it didn't happen. Free silver was sore stricken unto death in that 1896 campaign and, much to the astonishment of the crusaders for sixteen to one, the country continued on to prosperity. We didn't drop over the precipice on the edge of which Mr. Bryan had us trembling. We were not wrecked on the iniquitous rocks of the gold standard. We didn't fall. We didn't even stumble, and once again a panacea was shown to be bogus—a nostrum instead of a specific.

Hectic and Headlong Days

BUT those were the hectic days, with Bryan sitting in the press benches along with the rest of us at St. Louis and writing pieces for an Omaha paper, and then slipping up to Chicago with his crown-of-thorns speech in his pocket, and nominating himself for President, with Senator Fred Dubois and Senator Henry M. Teller and the rest of them marching out of the Republican convention because the Republicans preferred the iniquitous gold standard to the high and holy catholicon of sixteen to one; with Coin teaching his financial school and sound-money parades that began at daylight and hadn't ended at midnight; with Mark Hanna hammering business into politics and politics into business, and setting a mark in campaign efficiency that all succeeding campaign managers have been shooting at, and missing, ever since; with Bryan, young, virile, black-haired, clear-eyed, and most amazingly and orotundly eloquent, crisscrossing the country almost from coast to coast, and speaking to vast concourses of people, all of whom heard him with admiration and most of whom voted against him with enthusiasm—those were the hectic and headlong days.

Right in the middle of them were the Populists, who had made themselves into a political party at Cincinnati, in May, 1891, and who went into the panacea business wholesale. Instead of confining their medicine for what ailed us at the time to one bottle, they had a case, a shelf of bottles, each bottle with a cure-all in it, and a combined dose of all warranted to produce the millennium in jig time, bring about the dawning of a new day with such a bang that it would shake us all from out the horrid clutches of predatory wealth and set us free to raise whiskers like Peffer's or go without socks like Jerry Simpson.

The Populist Party was the outgrowth of the Grange and Farmers' Alliance movements, and although it was not formally organized until the following year, it took its first steps in national politics in 1890, and proceeded quite a space on its way. The Populists carried the legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, elected nine congressmen, and forced thirty-four others, Republicans and Democrats, to pledge themselves to carry out their ideas in a legislative way so far as possible. Then came the Cincinnati organization, and with it their platform pharmacopœia of panaceas for the diverse diseases that affected the body politic. Ordinarily, of course, a panacea, as its name implies, cures everything, but the Pops took no chances. They put out numerous panaceas, as follows:

First, and as the super-Sagwa, came the free and unlimited coinage of silver, which would pulp the money devil to a shapeless mass and cause the grass to grow in Wall Street. Then, to make the slaughter of the financial octopus a cinch, they advocated the abolition of national banks. These preliminaries observed and the monetary system of the country torn up by the roots, they got right down to the object of the meeting, proceeded in a direct line to the core and center of the money ideas of all economic panaceists, and demanded the issue of fiat money in sufficient quantities—the more the better—to transact the business of the country on a cash basis; and they put a little postscript on that demand to the effect that this fiat money must be lent to the horny-handed tillers of the soil, upon demand, at a rate of interest not exceeding 2 per cent with nonperishable agricultural products as security, thus showing that even altruistic nation savers do not entirely let go their hold on the main chance, even when reforming at a high rate of speed.

All financial necessities thus provided for, the Populists took another slam at the special interests by advocating and demanding the national ownership of all means of public transportation and communication. They came out for a graduated income tax with the graduations especially adjusted to suit the needs of these patriotic proponents thereof, for the popular election of United States senators, the adoption of the initiative and referendum in legislation, and the prohibition of the alien ownership of land

They called it a day, after they had enunciated that program, and stood firmly, and vocally, upon it until 1900, when they added some modern panaceatic improvements in the way of municipal ownership of all public utilities, and the disapproval of the issuing of injunctions by the courts in disputes between labor and capital.

They nominated that redoubtable panaceist, Gen. James B. Weaver, of Iowa, for President in 1892, and got a popular vote of 1,055,424 and twenty-two presidential electors, together with several state legislatures, which enabled them, presently, to control five seats in the United States Senate. Then came the dog-day convention in St. Louis, in 1896, when the fourteen hundred delegates took off their coats, their collars—if any—and some of them their shoes, proving incontestably that the statement, widely circulated, that to be a Populist one must follow the intrepid and sockless lead of Jerry Simpson was without foundation. A canvass by the reporters in the press section showed that every earnest but overheated panaceist in that torrid hall who was favoring his feet while the fight between the opportunists and the middle-of-the-roaders waged clamorously and interminably wore socks. Thus a slander of the plutocratic press proved to be the vile, false and money changers' thing it was.

Bryan received 1042 votes on the first ballot and General Coxey got 1, but the unanimity of the nation savers ended there, for they got into a terrific battle over the vice presidency, which was finally compromised by an arrangement whereby Bryan got the full Populist vote, but his running mate of the Democratic ticket, Sewall, was forced to split with Tom Watson, of Georgia. However, there were only 176 electoral votes for the ticket, all told, Democratic and Populistic, so the division really did not mean much one way or the other. After 1900 the Populists faded out of the political picture.

The Theories of Henry George

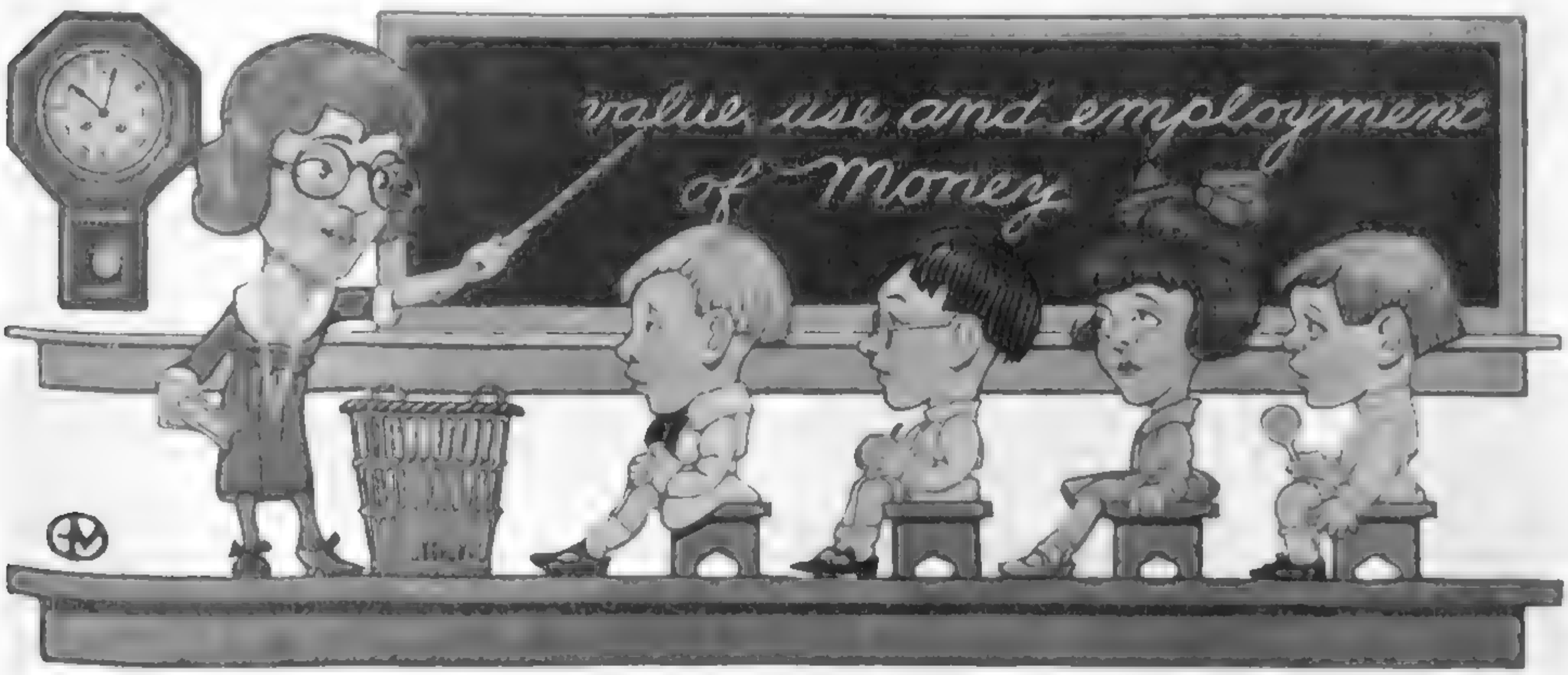
NOTWITHSTANDING the allurements of pockets full of currency, the voters clung tenaciously to the anti-panacea idea that it is more advantageous to have one dollar that is worth a hundred cents in gold than it is to have a hundred dollars worth nothing but the political decree that ordered them printed. Like the Greenbackers, the Populists misjudged the effects of quantity when opposed to quality, but they made quite a noise when they were fully vocal, and those of them who are left undoubtedly point with pride to their advocacy of the income tax, the initiative and referendum, and the election of senators by the direct vote of the people. Eventually the people dosed themselves with those panaceas, and in the case of two of them they found that labels on bottles containing panaceas sometimes do not foretell with entire accuracy what the effects of the stuff in the bottles on the body politic will be.

Meantime, with the popularization of the physiocratic theory of the single tax on the rent by land of Henry George when he published his book, Progress and Poverty, in 1879, and through the incessant labors of George and his followers, the economic advantages of such a levy came to be considered a panacea for all taxation problems and difficulties, which were, and still are great, by a minor but most active section of the population. Briefly, George advocated the abolition of all taxes upon industry and the products of industry, and the taking, by taxation on land values irrespective of improvements, what he termed economic rent derived from the annual rental values of all those various forms of natural opportunity covered by the general term "land."

The supporting arguments were many, and still are, and rest upon three general premises, which are the theory of natural rights, the economic theory of distribution, and economic expediency. It is held that such single taxation will yield sufficient governmental revenue, make for better and purer government, and increase the productivity of wealth by removing the present taxes on capital, production and consumption. The single-tax theory is directly opposed to socialism and the nationalization of land.

During the years since George's crystallization of this theory in his book, and following the adoption of the theory by many disciples, there have been amplifications of it and attenuations of it, but in the main the thesis rests upon

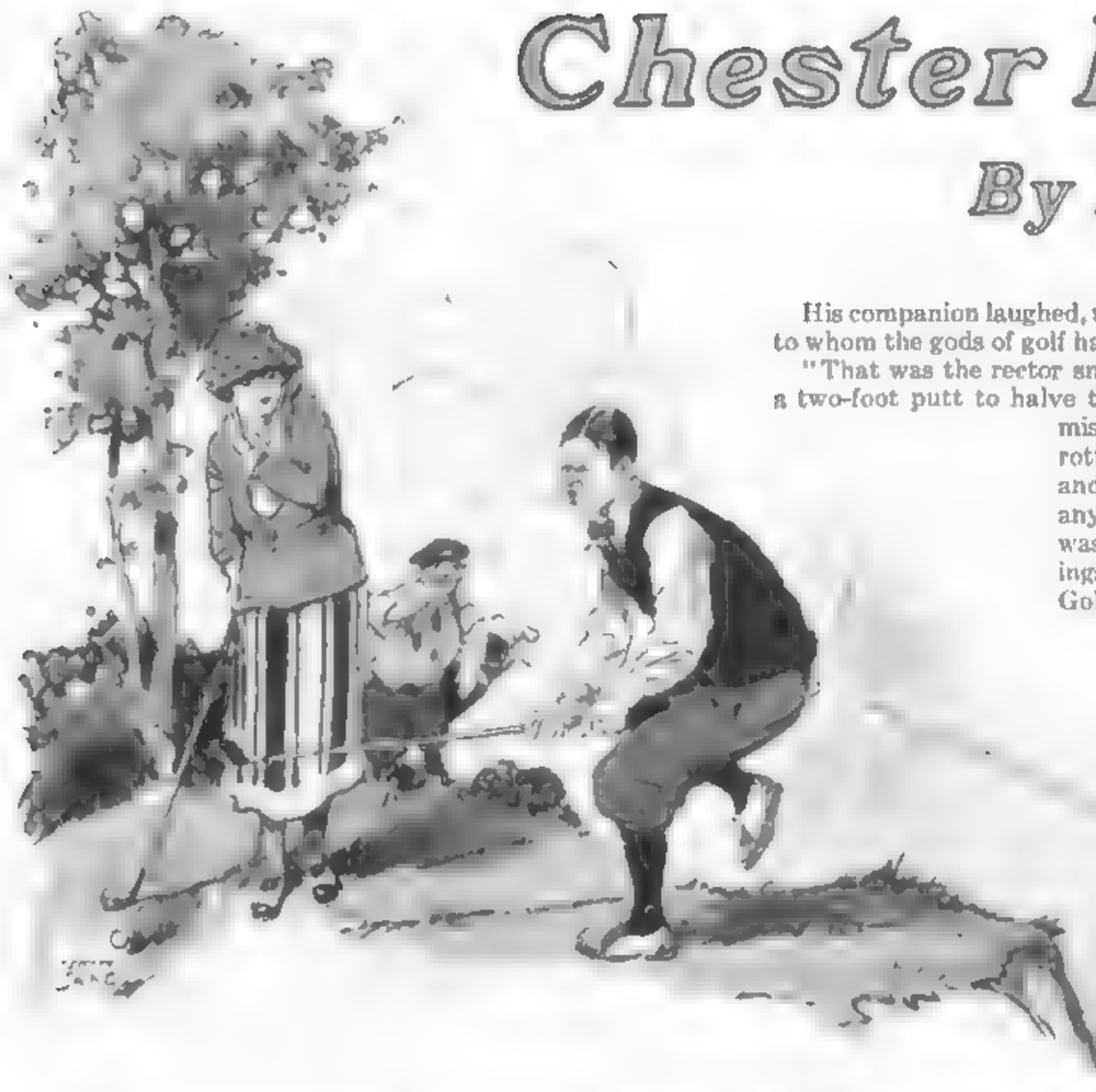
(Continued on Page 132)



Chester Forgets Himself

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Something Hard Smote Him Violently on the Seat of His Plus-Fours

THE summer afternoon was warm and heavy. Butterflies loafed languidly in the sunshine, birds panted in the shady recesses of the trees. With the exception of an occasional perspiring bee that buzzed past intent on some mysterious duty, the only creatures exhibiting any activity were the members of a four-ball foursome working its way up the hill from the eighth tee. The Oldest Member of the club, snug in his favorite chair on the terrace overlooking the ninth green, had long since succumbed to the drowsy influence of the weather. His eyes were closed, his chin sunk upon his breast. The pipe which he had been smoking lay beside him on the turf, and ever and anon there proceeded from him a muffled snore. Two young men, wandering towards the tennis courts, stepped lightly as they passed him. This was partly because they thought the nap would be good for their venerable friend; partly because it was his habit, when awake, to buttonhole the nearest person and relate to him one of the innumerable reminiscences of his golfing past. The Oldest Member, though he had not played since the days of the gutty ball, still kept in touch with the game through the medium of speech.

Suddenly the stillness was broken. There was a sharp, cracking sound as of splitting wood. It rang out like the report of a rifle, and the Oldest Member sat up, blinking. As soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the glare he perceived that the foursome had holed out on the ninth and was disintegrating. Two of the players were moving with quick, purposeful steps in the direction of the side door which gave entrance to the bar; a third was making for the road that led to the village, bearing himself as one in profound dejection; the fourth came onto the terrace.

"Finished?" said the Oldest Member, accosting this individual.

The other stopped, wiping a heated brow. He lowered himself into the adjoining chair.

"Yes; we started on the tenth. Golly, I'm tired. No joke playing in this weather."

"How did you come out?"

"We won on the last green. Jimmy Fothergill and I were playing the rector and Rupert Blake."

"What was that sharp, cracking sound I heard?" asked the Oldest Member.

His companion laughed, the carefree laugh of the man to whom the gods of golf have granted a happy ending.

"That was the rector smashing his putter. He had a two-foot putt to halve the hole and match, and he missed it. Poor old chap, he had rotten luck all the way round, and it didn't seem to make it any better for him that he wasn't able to relieve his feelings in the ordinary way. . . . Golly, I'm tired," he said once more; and, wriggling himself into a more comfortable position, he closed his eyes.

"I suspected some such thing," said the Oldest Member, "from the look of his back as he was leaving the green. His walk was the walk of an overwrought soul."

His companion did not reply. He was breathing deeply and regularly.

"It is a moot question," proceeded the Oldest Member thoughtfully, "whether the clergy, considering their peculiar position, should not be more liberally handicapped at golf than the laymen with whom they compete. I have made a close study of the game since the days of the feather ball, and I am firmly convinced that to refrain entirely from oaths during a round is almost equivalent to giving away three bisques. There are certain occasions when an oath seems to be so imperatively demanded that the strain of keeping it in must inevitably affect the ganglions, or nerve centers, in such a manner as to diminish the steadiness of the swing."

The man beside him slipped lower down in his chair. His mouth had opened slightly.

"I am reminded in this connection," said the Oldest Member, "of the story of young Chester Meredith, a friend of mine whom you have not, I think, met. He moved from this neighborhood shortly before you came. There was a case where a man's whole happiness was very nearly wrecked purely because he tried to curb his instincts and thwart Nature in this very respect. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

A snore proceeded from the next chair.

"Very well, then," said the Oldest Member, "I will relate it."

Chester Meredith—said the Oldest Member—was one of the nicest young fellows of my acquaintance. We had been friends ever since he had come to live here as a small boy.

I had watched him with a fatherly eye through all the more important crises of a young man's life. It was I who taught him to drive, and when he had all that trouble in his twenty-first year with shanking his short approaches it was to me that he came for sympathy and advice. It was an odd coincidence, therefore, that I should have been present when he fell in love.

I was smoking my evening cigar out here and watching the last couples finishing their rounds, when Chester came out of the clubhouse and sat by me. I could see the boy was perturbed about something, and wondered why, for I knew he had won his match.

"What," I inquired, "is on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing," said Chester. "I was only thinking that there are some human misfits who ought not to be allowed on any decent links."

"You mean ——"

"The Wrecking Crew," said Chester bitterly. "They held us up all the way round, blast them! Wouldn't let us through. What can you do with people who don't know enough of the etiquette of the game to understand that a twosome has right of way over a four-ball foursome? We had to loaf about for hours on end while they scratched at the turf like a lot of crimson hens. Eventually all four of them lost their balls simultaneously at the eleventh and we managed to get by. I hope they choke!"

I was not altogether surprised at his warmth. This Wrecking Crew consisted of four retired business men who had taken up the noble game late in life because their doctors had ordered them air and exercise. Every club, I suppose, has a cross of this kind to bear, and it was not often that our members rebelled; but there was undoubtedly something particularly irritating in the methods of the Wrecking Crew. They tried so hard that it seemed almost inconceivable that they should be so slow.

"They are all respectable men," I said, "and were, I believe, highly thought of in their respective businesses. But on the links I admit that they are a trial."

"They are the direct lineal descendants of the Gadarene swine," said Chester firmly. "Every time they come out I expect to see them rush down the hill from the first tee and hurl themselves into the lake at the second. Of all the infernal ——"

"Hush!" I said.

Out of the corner of my eye I had seen

"Don't Mention It," he Said. "Not at All. Faults on Both Sides"

Felicia Stood Staring at Him. In Her Eyes Was the Look of One Who Sees Visions

a girl approaching, and I was afraid lest Chester in his annoyance might use strong language. For he was one of those golfers who are apt to express themselves in moments of emotion with a good deal of generous warmth.

"Eh?" said Chester.

I jerked my head and he looked round. And as he did so there came into his face an expression which I had seen there only once before, on the occasion when he won the President's Cup on the last green by holing a thirty-yard chip with his mashie. It was a look of ecstasy and awe. His mouth was open, his eyebrows raised, and he was breathing heavily through his nose.

"Golly!" I heard him mutter.

The girl passed by. I could not blame Chester for staring at her. She was a beautiful young thing, with a lissom figure and a perfect face. Her hair was a deep chestnut, her eyes blue, her nose small and laid back with about as much loft as a light iron. She disappeared, and Chester, after nearly dislocating his neck trying to see her round the corner of the clubhouse, emitted a deep, explosive sigh.

"Who is she?" he whispered.

I could tell him that. In one way and another I get to know most things around this locality.

"She is a Miss Blakeney—Felicia Blakeney. She has come to stay for a month with the Waterfields. I understand she was at school with Jane Waterfield. She is twenty-three, has a dog named Joseph, dances well and dislikes parsnips. Her father is a distinguished writer on sociological subjects; her mother is Wilmot Royce, the well-known novelist, whose last work, Sewers of the Soul, was, you may recall, jerked before a tribunal by the Purity League. She has a brother, Crispin Blakeney, an eminent young reviewer and essayist, who is now in India studying local conditions with a view to a series of lectures. She only arrived here yesterday, so this is all I have been able to find out about her as yet."

Chester's mouth was still open when I began speaking. By the time I had finished it was open still wider. The ecstatic look in his eyes had changed to one of dull despair.

"If her family is like that," he muttered, "what chance is there for a roughneck like me?"

"You admire her?"

"She is the alligator's Adam's apple," said Chester.

I patted his shoulder.

"Have courage, my boy," I said. "Always remember that the love of a good man to whom the pro can only give a couple of strokes on eighteen holes is not to be despised."

"Yes, that's all very well. But this girl is probably one solid mass of brain. She will look on me as an uneducated wart hog."

"Well, I will introduce you, and we will see. She looked a nice girl."

"You're a great describer, aren't you!" said Chester. "A wonderful flow of language you've got, I don't think! Nice girl! Why, she's the only girl in the world! She's a pearl among women. She's the most marvelous, astounding, beautiful, heavenly thing that ever drew perfumed breath." He paused, as if his train of thought had been interrupted by an idea. "Did you say that her brother's name was Crispin?"

"I did. Why?"

Chester gave vent to a few manly oaths.

"Doesn't that just show you how things go in this rotten world?"

"What do you mean?"

"I was at school with him."

"Surely that should form a solid basis for friendship!"

"Should it? Should it, by gad? Well, let me tell you that I probably kicked that blighted worm Crispin Blakeney a matter of seven hundred and forty-six times in the few years I knew him. He was the world's worst. He could have walked straight into the Wrecking Crew and no questions asked. Wouldn't it jar you? I have the luck to know her brother, and we couldn't stand the sight of each other."

"Well, there is no need to tell her that."

"Do you mean ——" He gazed at me wildly. "Do you mean I might pretend we were pals?"

"Why not? Seeing that he is in India, he can hardly contradict you."

"My gosh!" He mused for a moment. I could see that the idea was beginning to sink in. It was always thus with Chester. You had to give him time. "By Jove, it mightn't be a bad scheme at that! I mean, it would start me off with a rush, like being one up on bogey on the first two. And there's nothing like a good start. By gad, I'll do it!"

"I should."

"Reminiscences of the dear old days when we were lads together and all that sort of thing."

"Precisely!"

"It isn't going to be easy, mind you," said Chester meditatively. "I'll do it because I love her, but nothing else in this world would make me say a civil word about the blister. Well, then, that's settled. Get on with the introduction stuff, will you? I'm in a hurry."

One of the privileges of age is that it enables a man to thrust his society on a beautiful girl without causing her to draw herself up and say, "Sir!" It was not difficult for me to make the acquaintance of Miss Blakeney; and, this done, my first act was to unleash Chester on her.

"Chester," I said, summoning him as he loafed with an overdone carelessness on the horizon, one leg almost inextricably entwined about the other, "I want you to meet Miss Blakeney. Miss Blakeney, this is my young friend, Chester Meredith. He was at school with your brother Crispin. You were great friends, were you not?"

"Bosom," said Chester after a pause.

"Oh, really?" said the girl. There was a pause. "He is in India now."

"Yes," said Chester.

There was another pause.

"Great chap," said Chester gruffly.

"Crispin is very popular," said she, "with some people."

"Always been my best pal," said Chester.

"Yes?"

I was not altogether satisfied with the way matters were developing. The girl seemed cold and unfriendly, and I was afraid that this was due to Chester's repellent manner. Shyness, especially when complicated by love at first sight, is apt to have strange effects on a man, and the way it had taken Chester was to make him abnormally stiff and dignified. One of the most charming things about him was his delightful, boyish smile. Shyness had caused him to iron this out of his countenance till no trace of it remained. Not only did he not smile; he looked like a man who never had smiled and never would. His mouth was a thin, rigid line. His back was stiff with what appeared to be contemptuous aversion. He looked down his nose at Miss Blakeney as if she were less than the dust beneath his chariot wheels.

I thought the best thing to do was to leave them alone together to get acquainted. Perhaps, I thought, it was my presence that was cramping Chester's style. I excused myself and receded.

It was some days before I saw Chester again. He came round to my cottage one night after dinner, and sank into a chair, where he remained silent for several minutes.

"Well?" I said at last.

"Eh?" said Chester, starting violently.

"Have you been seeing anything of Miss Blakeney lately?"

"You bet I have!"

"And how do you feel about her on further acquaintance?"

"Eh?" said Chester absently.

"Do you still love her?"

Chester came out of his trance.

"Love her?" he cried, his voice vibrating with emotion. "Of course I love her! Who wouldn't love her? I'd be a silly chump not loving her. Do you know," the boy went on, a look in his eyes like that of some young knight seeing the Holy Grail in a vision—"do you know, she is the only woman I ever met who didn't overswing? Just a nice, crisp, snappy half slosh, with a good full follow through. And another thing. You'll hardly believe me, but she waggles almost as little as George Duncan. You know how women waggle as a rule, fiddling about for a minute and a half like kittens playing with a ball of wool. Well, she just makes one firm pass with the club and then—bing! There is none like her—none."

"Then you have been playing golf with her?"

"Nearly every day."

"How is your game?"

"Rather spotty. I seem to be mistiming them."

I was concerned.

"I do hope, my dear boy," I said earnestly, "that you are taking care to control your feelings when out on the links with Miss Blakeney. You know what you are like. I trust you have not been using the sort of language you generally employ on occasions when you are not timing them right."

"Me?" said Chester, horrified. "Who, me? You don't imagine for a moment that I would dream of saying a thing that would bring a blush to her dear cheek, do you? Why, a bishop could have gone round with me and learned nothing new!"

I was relieved.

"How do you find you manage the dialogue these days?" I asked. "When I introduced you, you behaved—you will forgive an old friend for criticizing—you behaved a little like a stuffed frog with laryngitis. Have things got easier in that respect?"

(Continued on Page 80)

The World Became Full of Shouts of "Fore"

THE PLACE PIG-ALLEY

What's Thirty-five Minutes Out of a Healthy Lifetime? Especially When the Girl Consents to Ride Through the Bois, and Stop for an Ice at D'Armenonville

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

AT THE sudden news that he was to sail for Paris by the first available steamer, Martin McKay didn't even exercise an eyelash. To Martin, who was a salesman of power installations, business was Business; but more than that, he believed that a good business man should be imperturbable, and present a marble front to all the vicissitudes of life. So that although, actually, he was landlord to a strong reaction of astonishment and pleasure, he exerted his resistless will to the utmost and didn't change countenance. He merely prolonged the broad grin which he had already been wearing.

"Then there's a hen on in Paris, is there?" he asked temperately.

The general manager leaned back and X-rayed him. He saw a remarkably handsome young man of twenty-four, built like an oarsman, with a very sturdy chin, but with eyes and mouth which suggested those of a boy. Most women, as well as most purchasing agents—indeed, the general manager himself—found Martin irresistible; none of them quite seemed to realize—perhaps because Martin was too polite to tell them—that he was thoroughly hard-boiled, and that regardless of his indestructible smile and his engaging manner, there was no use in trying to put anything over on him.

"No," said the general manager presently. "It isn't a hen; it's a goose, and a wild one at that. You aren't going over to sell; you're going over to buy. To buy five hundred shares of Grenoble Light and Power."

Again Martin was astonished; but he continued to register the implacable poise of an aquarium-trained salmon. He observed, "Well, that's all right with me, Mr. Howland, as long's I don't have to do it out of my own salary"; and persevered in his characteristic grin.

Mr. Howland's attitude was paternal. "Martin, we've got a franchise for a new plant at Vaucluse, Ohio—ninety-nine-year monopoly. But ten miles across the river, at Grenoble, there's this outfit that could be expanded very cheaply to twice the capacity they'll ever need. So we've been trying to buy up Grenoble L. and P. ourselves, set up a unit at Vaucluse, hook onto Grenoble, and save half the cost of construction and installation. We could cut the price of a kilowatt hour 15 per cent and still make a killing. But we've struck a snag. The Grenoble common-stock issue was three thousand shares, all locally held. We picked up about twelve hundred quietly. Then the Grenoble Chamber of Commerce got panicky and ran a kind of civic-loyalty campaign—home control of home industries—and they jockeyed thirteen hundred shares, more or less, into a nonselling agreement, to keep us out. That leaves about five hundred; and one man owns the whole block, and he won't sell. Sell! He won't even talk, he won't even listen! We've had seven different men down there, and this chap Adams threw 'em out as fast as they came. He paid seventy-five for his stock; we've offered one hundred and fifty—and that's our limit—but nothing doing. He won't pool, but he won't sell. And now he's gone abroad, and we've got to start scratching ground at Vaucluse and putting in the factory orders. So I'm going to borrow you temporarily. You go over and bring back the certificate, or a bill of sale, or a proxy inside of six weeks and you get a raise of a thousand."

Martin's heart was leaping, but he prided himself that he maintained his granite exterior. "That's just what I need, Mr. Howland. That'll get me a summer suit and seven hundred jars of complexion clay."

The general manager, having made his choice between discipline and apoplexy, laughed without restraint.

"What your method of approach will be," he said, sobering, "I don't know. Everything's been tried. The Securities Department says it's a waste of time to follow it up. But I'm going to imitate Steve Brodie, Martin, and take a chance—on you. How do you feel about it?"

Secretly Martin was bloated with compliment. He assumed that at last Mr. Howland had learned how to appraise him. Mr. Howland had waked up to the fact that one cold fish can usually speak the language of another. But Martin's mask was impenetrable. He said: "Feel? Why, I don't know. I guess I feel like slipping one across on the Securities Department!"

It was well for his vanity, however, that he couldn't overhear what Mr. Howland said to the sales director ten minutes later.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Howland, "he's a good enough technical man, but that isn't why I'm borrowing him from you. I'm doing it because he's so darned ingenuous he's likely to make a bigger hit with an old grouch than a better salesman would. Or than seven of 'em have. Besides, he's worked so mighty hard lately, I'm really figuring it as a kind of extra vacation for him. The odds are just about forty-six to nothing. But we baited with everything else, and Adams wouldn't bite. All right; let's bait with McKay!"

Three hours after his advent in Paris, Martin wondered how any native Frenchman dared venture into the presence of a squirrel. From the Gare St.-Lazare his taxicab, honking madly, had torn through dense traffic as though Martin and the chauffeur were pay-roll bandits returning home from profitable toil. Subsequently his hotel had sent him up a small pot of aromatic lye, with two lumps of unsweetened sugar and an armored roll, disguised as breakfast. When he advised the office that the chambermaid hadn't left any bath soap they told him that it was a supplement; and when he finally got it, it smelled nobly of verbena, and didn't know how to swim.

There was no cigar stand in the lobby, and at the near-by *bureau de tabac* Martin discovered that if he wanted matches he had to pay for them, and that they would do almost anything but light. He then proceeded down a wide avenue which changed its name three times in six blocks, so that he thought he was lost, and had to be assured that he wasn't. And when, upon reaching the bank which was the only known address of Mr. Alexander Adams, he found it closed for Ascension Day, he surveyed the horizon and demanded audibly, "Can you beat it? You can't even tie it!"

It was spring in Paris, with romance lurking in every recess of the gardens, and illusion blooming in every angle of the boulevards; but as he retraced his steps Martin was chiefly aware of lady street cleaners, American bars, and natives who all appeared to have taken the wrong hat by

mistake. He also perceived that Paris has extraordinary facilities for playing beaver. Incidentally he was accosted by four guides and three English-speaking panhandlers. Martin didn't object to being recognized as an American, but constitutionally he hated to be picked out as an easy mark; wherefore some of his comments to these gentry especially when they showed an inclination to accompany him for a few hundred yards—would have greatly saddened his mother.

The holiday irked him, for he had no acquaintances in Paris, and having come on business he had brought no introductions. Eventually he decided that after lunch he would ride out in the Bois and see how far it fell behind its reputation. But while he was having lunch it began to rain.

"My Lord!" said Martin as he gazed at the deluge "Now I know why they don't ever drink water in France. They don't need to. They absorb it through their pores!"

His French wouldn't permit him to derive much nourishment from a theater, and he wasn't fond of the movies; so that he spent the afternoon in the writing room, composing inscriptions for picture postcards, and dipping into the literature of Swiss summer resorts.

He dined, aloof and melancholy. He smoked, he deliberated, he yawned. He wasn't sleepy, he was inexpressibly bored. At length he rose with dignity, strolled into the office, and put down his watch, his cigarette case, his letter of credit and the bulk of his ready money.

"Lock those in the safe for me," said Martin imperturbably, "and then tell me where I can see some of this—gay Paree they talk so much about."

And if his intonation hadn't been warmed by his grin anybody whose veins held enough French blood to fill an ink bottle would have been fully justified in slaying him where he stood.

Halfway up the Mount of Martyrs there is an open square which in tourist French is often called the Place Pig-Alley. At one corner of this square is a popular cabaret consisting of gilt, red plush, a jazz orchestra, a dancing floor the size of a bed sheet, champagne, a cover charge, two hundred patrons, and a cubic yard of air per person.

It was past midnight, and revelry was just getting into gear. The lights were blazing, the floor was packed as in a subway jam, corks popped incessantly, and the orchestra was outsyncopating Syncope himself. Women from New York staring at women from Denver whispered to their husbands, "Look! Did you ever see anything so daring? That's French." Gentlemen from the Mid-West, attempting to dance in a dime's area, trod on the toes of gentlemen from the seaboard and exclaimed, "Zowie! Par-don, monsieur!" Gentlemen from the seaboard responded, "Holy smoke! I thought you were a frog! Let's have something." Toy balloons had been distributed, and were batted from table to table with high laughter. Watchmen's rattles were also provided, in case anyone desired to assist the band—which nearly everyone did. Confetti and feather ticklers were about to be served, as dessert; and from all sides echoed the same joyous slogan: "So this is Paris!"

In the background the proprietor counted the house and in the foreground Martin McKay, partly blinded, partly deafened and a third asphyxiated, sat warily inspecting a girl

As a hardened skeptic he had known in advance, of course, that "gay Paree" was nothing but the blurb of press agents and the delusion of the inexperienced. He wasn't deceived for an instant: the Place Pig-Alley was a come-on joint—of the Americans, by the Americans and for the Americans. All that had worried him was that somebody might think he thought it was the real thing; so that to obviate any such misfortune he had put on what he fancied to be a chill and derisive smile—but he hadn't gone home. It amused him to watch so many other people being flimflammed. And then this girl had occupied the adjoining table, and for thirty minutes her symptoms had been unmistakable. Sooner or later she was going to open a conversation.

But Martin never allowed his judgment to interfere with his eyesight, so that while he contemplated her he permitted himself to be cheered by her attractiveness. She was small but beautifully made; dainty but not delicate Her hair was jet black, her eyes were black, her skin so fair that it passed even the grilling test of that fierce illumination overhead. A soft color came and went in her cheeks as regularly as she breathed. Her frock was of the tint of apricots, and cut in the fashion of the '40's; her sole ornament was a necklace of pearls which, if genuine, would have been worth important money.

Moreover, she had behaved like a nice girl. She had drunk only a harmless sirup; and she had rejected, graciously, four separate men who had asked her to dance. She hadn't even volleyed a balloon or experimented with the mechanics of a rattle. But what would a nice girl be doing alone in a noisy cabaret on the Place Pigalle at one o'clock in the morning? Martin hadn't been more than ten years old before he knew that the teacher, in correcting papers, used a key to the arithmetic; he was a hard man to fool.

And now, as he had anticipated, she was speaking to him.

"I beg your pardon, but you're an American, aren't you?"

Her voice suited her admirably, but her question didn't suit Martin. He had heard it too many times today on the boulevards

"Why, no," he said pleasantly but firmly. "I'm a Senegalese."

She laughed. "Then you're the first blond one I ever heard of. But really—this is awfully embarrassing, but "

"Oh, don't bother to be embarrassed," said Martin benevolently. "What's wrong? '

She studied him for a moment. "Why, there were four of us—at the Cirque de Paris. We lost each other in the crowd afterwards. They'd said they were coming here, so I came—but that was an hour ago. And—and people keep annoying me all the time—and the head waiter says I can't have a table any longer if I don't buy champagne and all the money I had with me was twenty francs so ——"

Martin's smile was bland. "So you either want me to buy the champagne, so you can keep on waiting, or else pay your fare home? Is that it"'

The color in her cheeks was rising. "But you see—I don't know where I live!"

"Oh, whoa!" said Martin

She was adorable, but he was a cold fish, and this was Paris. And he knew that gangs of high-class crooks always employ beautiful sirens to lure in the victims

"Truly! I—I only landed this afternoon From London. They all met me at the station. I'm at a friend's apartment. But we were in such a hurry I never even noticed the name of the street. I ——"

"Let's look it up in the directory or the telephone book," suggested Martin helpfully

The girl shook her head. "But she only moved in last week! And she hasn't a telephone yet. It's somewhere near the Etoile. I think I'd know the house if I saw it. But to hunt for it all alone at this time of night ——"

Martin saw the point. Obviously he was supposed to aid beauty in distress; beauty would recognize the house when she saw it; her friends would insist on thanking him—and the dénouement might be anything from Mexican poker to the badger game. He smiled again as he imagined how quickly she would drop him if she knew how much wisdom he had—and how little cash.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if I were alone in a great and wicked city I'd go to a hotel, and look up my friends in the morning."

(Continued on Page 70)

She Was Adorable, But He Was a Cold Fish, and This Was Paris

READY MONEY—By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

"If You Wish to Remain With Us, Mr. Kerfbyle, You Will Pay Back This Seventy-Five Dollars You Borrowed"

IN THIS purse, Mrs. Hancey," said Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle, "is ten million dollars. Take it! And now, Alice, will you be my wife?"

The great azure eyes of Mrs. Hancey a slim and adorable blonde of some twenty summers—were very sweet as she took the ten million dollars; but, nevertheless, she seized a great alarm bell and began to ring it vigorously. In anguished fear, Mr. Kerfbyle grasped the bell. But it was still ringing when he awoke, choking his ninety-eight-cent alarm clock.

He groaned, said "Oh, dear!" and threw his legs out of bed. His high-arched feet hit the cold floor and promptly marched away to the open window of the furnished room, taking with them the sleepy and rebellious Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle in his pink pajamas. When he arrived at the window, which overlooked a commercial garage, his arms rose high in air and then swept stiffly down toward his toes and then rose up to repeat again and again this abject obeisance. He was fully awakened. Highly energized by his deep inhalations of the gasoline fumes from the garage, he set about getting his breakfast.

He hauled a heavy trunk from under his iron-bound bed and unlocked it. In the trunk were three dozen mortar-spattered North River bricks, a small saucepan, a pasteboard box of patent breakfast food, a can of evaporated milk and a packet of a patent preparation of powdered coffee. He filled the saucepan with water, dropped in a spoonful of the powder and warmed the mixture over the gas jet; he pulled the toothpicks from the orifices in the milk can and shook in some milk. Having this healthful and nutritious drink prepared, he went to the trunk again in search of solids. He moved the bricks about, picking them up and poising them speculatively; but in the end he decided to eat the patent breakfast food. There was really nothing else in the trunk with any reputation for edibility. He ate the breakfast food and drank the prepared coffee. He washed the saucepan and restored the several articles to the trunk, which he locked and pushed under the bed.

He went to the door and listened for noises in the bathroom. He popped from his doorway and popped into the bathroom. He returned with shining morning face and shed the pajamas. He now appeared as a tall and lean and sinewy gentleman in the prime of life, about forty-eight. He was evidently a man who took a proper pride in his physical condition. His abdomen did not protrude, his stomach did not sag from high living, he had the waist of an athlete. His shoulder muscles were flattening, his joints were asserting themselves, his neck was rather thin; but his legs were admirable. There was driving power in the swelling thighs, grace in the articulations of knees and ankles, a tremendous power for uplift in the bulging calves.

Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle was distinctly a man of his legs. Such legs might have stridden beside Weston on his hundred-mile jaunts; such springy underpinning might have hurled Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle high in air at Olympic competitions, or borne him amid rapturous applause through acrobatic Russian dances. Viewed now for the fleeting instant before their rather commonplace superstructure disappeared for the day under Mr. Kerfbyle's shirt, they were impressive and significant props.

He completed his appareling. He lifted the mattress, threw aside a newspaper and raised into view a pair of gray-striped trousers pressed to the minute. He unfolded a handkerchief which had lain on the pine chiffonier and took thence two shining cuffs and a standing collar. They had passed the night safely shielded from the invading smut of the garage. From behind a calico curtain he took a frock coat. With the satisfaction of a craftsman he examined the shoes which he had put on the window ledge to dry. The heels were of new rubber, and not only the heels but the erstwhile broken soles. He had renewed them with a section of an inner tube obtained from the garage. He put on all this fine raiment, and then added a new and immaculate shirt front. He peered approvingly at his dark and handsome face as reflected by the waved glass of the mirror on the chiffonier, and stroked with silver-backed brushes his black-and-gray hair. He draped a gold watch chain across his waistcoat, clipping it to the pockets in default of a watch and balancing appendage. He assumed his freshly cleaned panama hat, took stick and gloves and sauntered from the chamber.

His retreaded shoes fell noiselessly on the stair, but the stair complained loudly. Mrs. Rombout opened her door.

"Mr. Cobble!"

He held on his way, unhearing; indeed, he even quickened his pace.

"Mr. Cobble!"

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Rombout," he said with a musical and ingratiating intonation. "Did you call me?"

"Yes. Can I have the rent today?"

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Rombout! Certainly! Four dollars, isn't it? Hello, I do believe—I do really believe—I do believe I haven't the money with me. This is annoying. Shall we say Saturday, Mrs. Rombout?"

"At the very latest, Mr. Cobble."

"Oh, decidedly!" he exclaimed, flashing at her a brilliant smile. "Good morning, Mrs. Rombout; good morning. Lovely weather, isn't it?"

"Yes," she sniffed. "It must be lovely in the park, and a very good thing for them that has no homes. Let's hope it keeps up, Mr. Cobble. Saturday, then; and don't forget to remember."

When he had vanished in the hall below she came out of her room and climbed the stair, wheezing and holding a hand to her back. She was an excellent woman, hard-working, honest and God-fearing; she deserved to live on the best, and to sit in her own car and take a load off her feet; but New York denied her a soft living for the absurd reason that she was fat and old and rather stupid. She waddled into Mr. Kerfbyle's room, sighted the silver-backed hairbrushes and got down on her knees with a groan to look at the trunk. She pulled at it; its weight reassured her.

"Saturday, then," she muttered, rising.

Mr. Kerfbyle walked down Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street; Mrs. Rombout's stack of light and sunny rooms was just off Fifth Avenue in Harlem. Several gentlemen of means and leisure were strolling on Fifth Avenue on this beautiful June morning. A retired pawnbroker was taking the air, an old man with wise and secretive eyes. A bartender, one of the nouveau riche of New York, lounged in a new English lounge suit and smoked a bad cigar with inexplicable enjoyment. A bootlegger, holding in leash a seven-hundred-dollar Great Dane, leaned on the door of a five-thousand-dollar car and discussed with the occupant, another bootlegger, ways and means of keeping the small fry out and preventing free traders from infringing on a certain lucrative monopoly. Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle, strolling by, seemed as elegantly detached from rude toil as any of these gentlemen of fortune.

He turned west on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and strolled into the main entrance to Kidd's Big Store. He smiled brightly and nodded to two clerks who were arranging the bargain counter.

"It's a wonder he don't come in at the Hundred-and-Twenty-fourth-Street door like everybody else," grumbled a clerk.

"Who?"

"That floorwalker."

"You mean old Cobble? Oh, he's all right. He's a real good fellow when you get to know him right."

"I ain't saying about that. I'm only saying he'd ought to come in at the employes' entrance with everybody else, and not breeze in the front looking like a million dollars."

"Give him credit. If he can look like a million dollars on twenty-six berries a week, give him credit!"

II

"ONE hundred and fifty a month, Mr. Kidd," said Mrs. Alice Hancey, mildly but determinedly, "is no money."

"Oh, come," protested her employer, raising a chubby hand and pouting his thick lips. "I think it's very nice money. I think it's beautiful money." He threw himself back in his chair and interlaced his pink fingers protectingly over his big stomach. "I want to be fair, Mrs. Hancey," he said; "fair to you and fair to me; fair to everybody. And you want to be fair, too, don't you? I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll leave it to you; whatever you say. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"I think a buyer in a store like this," said Mrs. Hancey promptly, "ought to get at least four hundred a month."

"Now," cried Mr. Kidd triumphantly, "you show you're not fair! I was just fishing you out, to see if you would be fair, and you're not fair! I might consider two, if ——"

"Two won't do, Mr. Kidd," said Mrs. Hancey.

He compressed his lips, shrugged his shoulders and stared at the glass-paneled door of his private room on the mezzanine floor of the Big Store. He knew the value of his buyer, but so did she.

She waited calmly, watching him with pleasant blue eyes. To Mr. Kidd, in this conjuncture, she was disconcertingly balanced and rational. Her thirty-eight years had left her enough illusions to live along on; but few of

them concerned men in general, or Mr. Kidd, or the affairs of the Big Store. She had been a grass widow and was now a divorcée, having deliberately and inexcusably wearied of supporting a husband, and having refused to live longer in the good home which she had provided for him. He had divorced her for desertion and remarried. She bore him no active ill will. His only fault had been laziness. She hoped, for his own good, that he had fallen into the arms of some lion-hearted virago who would build a fire under him. Her eyes still held their twinkle.

"It's the one thing you can't cure a man of," she would say. "If he drank, if he gambled, if he ran after women but no. He was just lazy."

She had grown stout in a comely way; she had the frame to carry flesh She was handsome, with a lasting beauty of coloring and contours inherited from sound Middle-Western stock. She had a boy in boarding school, wherefore she had retained her husband's name.

She heaved a light and untroubled sigh and glanced at Mr. Kidd's desk clock, which showed ten minutes after six. A shadow fell on the ground-glass panel of the door. Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle opened the door and stood bowing and smiling on the threshold.

"Do I intrude?" he asked in his lilting voice.

"Come in, Mr. Kerfbyle," called Mr. Kidd, glad of the diversion. He pronounced the name correctly—Carbil.

"Mr. Kerfbyle," said Mr. Kidd with a grimness of accent which was directed obliquely at Mrs. Hancey, "what is the meaning of this?"

Mr. Kerfbyle took the tendered document, studied it, reddened, but smiled even more brightly.

"I fear I don't understand it, sir."

"Then I'll explain it to you," said Mr. Kidd dryly. "This is a garnishee. It is an order of court, directed to me as your employer, and instructing me under penalties to pay over to a firm of lawyers 10 per cent of your weekly salary. You have been borrowing money, Mr. Kerfbyle, and you have not paid it back."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Kerfbyle, turning away from Mrs. Hancey. "I dare say that is about it."

"We do not like to see our employes borrowing money, Mr. Kerfbyle," said Mr. Kidd forcibly. "We pay generous salaries here, very fair and generous, and quite as much or more than any of our employes could earn elsewhere. I say any of our employes, Mr. Kerfbyle, and that includes you. But if our employes will insist on borrowing on their salaries, we do not propose to be annoyed by legal proceedings instituted against us. I want you to understand, Mr Kerfbyle, that we are not going to pay any part of our employes' salaries to anybody but themselves."

"That is handsome of you, sir," said Mr. Kerfbyle, who was now quite flushed.

"We will avoid doing so, Mr. Kerfbyle, by discharging any employe whose improvidence or extravagance causes us to be annoyed with these garnishees. If you wish to remain with us, Mr. Kerfbyle, you will pay back this seventy-five dollars you borrowed; and please don't get into such a pickle again."

"Exactly, sir," said Mr. Kerfbyle, bowing gravely. "I am extremely sorry that you have been embarrassed."

"That will be all, Mr. Kerfbyle."

"Think it over, Mr. Kidd," said Mrs. Hancey, rising and following Mr. Kerfbyle.

"Say, Deuce," she called after him. "Oh, I say, Deuce!"

"Pardon, Mrs. Hancey?"

"Come in here. Where you running to? Come in here."

He followed her into her boxy little office, stood at attention until she was seated, and then seated himself. There was an understanding of a sort between these two—an understanding that was less than a secret treaty but more obligatory than the ordinary public covenant sanctioned against the will to break. It had been initiated a year before, when she had discovered Mr. Kerfbyle blundering politely and purblindly about the store, and when she had given an hour of her time to explaining to him the theory and practice of floorwalking, thus setting up for him some few landmarks and monuments in the unexplored world of business.

"Kidd's Big Store is not a pink tea," she had said. "You're not supposed to hold the doors for the little cash girls, Mr. Kerfbyle."

"Ah, yes, precisely—ha, ha!" said Mr. Kerfbyle, nodding knowingly. "Pardon me!" And he had sprung up to hold the door for a little cash girl of his acquaintance.

The lady clerks all liked him immensely, after having virtuously snubbed him for his supposed designs upon them. A few of the older employes had taken to calling him by his given name, whence eventually Deuce.

"What's all the shooting about, Deuce?" she asked.

"A matter of law, Mrs. Hancey. Just that!"

"I imagined as much," she said; "but it's nice of you to come right out and tell me all the revolting details. What's the matter? But I can guess. You've been trifling with some lady's affections, and now you're paying her hush money. Isn't that it?"

"Oh, not at all, Mrs. Hancey. You are mistaken, quite. It is a matter in connection with the settlement of the Kerfbyle claim."

She had heard of this claim. It was generally understood in the store that Ducey Kerfbyle would be a very rich man when he got the money

"It seems to cost you a lot of money to be rich, Deuce," she said gravely. "You never told me about this claim. Go on now and spill the story. I love to listen to stories about money."

"I had hoped to tell it to you, Mrs. Hancey," he said with a sudden wistfulness, "under happier circumstances. My new attorney had led me to entertain the highest hopes, and I confess that I had looked forward to—to telling you, Mrs. Hancey."

"Oh, sure!" She laughed merrily, but her blue eyes had dwelt on him kindly for a moment in pursuance of the unworded understanding.

"You are one of these strong, silent men, Deuce; the kind that hates to give out advance information. What was the seventy-five dollars for?"

She read the letter which he handed her:

MR. DUCEY KERFBYLE,
West 125th St., New York City. Feb. 2, 1922.

Dear Sir: I am at a loss to understand why you persist in neglecting my communications in reference to your case. You will recall that you agreed to meet all costs and disbursements in connection with the prosecution of your suit. I beg to inform you now that if I am not in receipt immediately of your check for $75 I shall be compelled to discontinue. In that event I shall look to you for full payment for my services in your behalf. It will be too bad if the matter ends so, as I had every reasonable hope of succeeding in the action; but you cannot fairly expect me to stand the loss.

Very truly yours,
ABRAHAM P. FLAMM.

She looked up and nodded.

"The documents in the case," said Mr. Kerfbyle, frowning ponderingly, "are in the possession of Mr. Flamm; but I can give you the gist of the matter, as it were.

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"Certainly, Alice," He Assured Her. "I Have the Check Here. But Wait! What is It? What——"

SELLING THINGS ABROAD

By J. R. SPRAGUE

London's Fifth Avenue—a View of Kingsway Taken From a Building in Aldwych. Above—A South American Railroad

IN MARCH of the present year an association of British manufacturers was having its annual convention in a London hotel and the main subject of discussion was the state of overseas trade. No gathering of this sort is complete without the member who views with alarm, and in this case he was a stout choleric-faced gentleman from a Midlands factory town who addressed the convention in most gloomy fashion.

"I want to tell you gentlemen sitting here," he boomed, "that this island is in a deplorable plight. Old England depends on her manufacturers and her exporters for her very existence, but what do we find? Bunglers, gentlemen! Bunglers! The markets of the world are open, but we don't know how to take advantage of our opportunities. Everywhere we are outclassed. Look at what America is doing! I warn you gentlemen that if Britain is to endure we must learn exporting from the Yankee!"

An hour later the choleric-faced manufacturer had apparently forgotten England's peril and was sitting in the hotel dining room stolidly eating a heavy Old English lunch. He had told his countrymen they were not so smart as other races, warned them of what might happen if they did not become smarter, and there his responsibility ended. All of which is very human and very like the trend of talk frequently heard on this side of the Atlantic. Over here we also have those who view with alarm our ventures into the mysteries of export business, and we are told that we must become a good deal smarter than we are now if we expect to compete with such professional operators as the English and other European nations. There are hundreds of manufacturers in the United States who would like to find outlets for their products overseas, but are discouraged by the stories they hear about the superhuman skill of other nationals and the failure of foreign campaigns started by some American firms. There are other manufacturers who are held back by an exaggerated idea of the knowledge required for successful export operations and by the fear that the initial cost will be too great.

American Shoes in London

DURING the past months I have talked with scores of export managers, both in the United States and in Europe, and invariably I have been told that selling goods in other countries requires nothing more superhuman than a sensible program and the same effort that would be expended on marketing the same goods at home. In many cases most successful results have been obtained with surprisingly small initial expense.

In England, as in other European countries, American shoes are in considerable favor, many stores handling them exclusively. A prominent dealer in London told me recently that he had the distinction of being the first merchant in England to buy a bill of American shoes, and described the circumstances. It was, it seems, about thirty years ago, and the Englishman was holding down his first executive job as manager of a small shoe store on the Strand, one of several establishments owned by an English factory. One day a man came into the place and the young Englishman, being a salesman as well as manager, went forward to wait on him. The man said he did not want to buy anything, but was interested in shoe stores because he owned a shoe factory in New York State, U. S. A., and always liked to see how things were done in foreign countries. He was on the last lap of a pleasure trip around the world with his wife, stopping in London for only a few days.

The Englishman was interested in his visitor's conversation and said he wondered how American shoes compared with those made in England, at which the visitor remarked that he believed American shoes had more style, particularly in women's numbers. Then suddenly the American said, "Why don't you let me send you a few dozen pairs? You've got a good location here on the Strand, and I believe you could do well with them."

The Englishman was rather pleased at the novel idea of handling American shoes and answered that he wouldn't mind looking at a line of samples. This was kind of a poser to the American manufacturer, on a pleasure trip and naturally carrying no samples of his goods, but his native resourcefulness came to the rescue.

"I'll tell you what I can do," he said. "My wife has got a couple of pairs of shoes in her trunk that represent our best selling numbers. I'll run down to the hotel and get them, and if they look good to you you can give me a little order."

It was thus, as the London merchant related it to me, that the exporting of shoes from America to England was started, the original transaction amounting to less than two hundred dollars, and the sample line consisting of two pairs of ladies' shoes, partly worn.

Winning Salesmanship

THERE was a little more to the story, which, the Londoner says, may have had something to do with the quick popularity of American shoes on the London market. After he had given the order he became terribly worried over what he had done, because he really did not have authority to buy foreign shoes or any other kind without permission from his employers, and the chances were if his speculation turned out badly it would cost him his job. When the American shoes arrived he was so anxious to make good that he made the most energetic efforts to sell them, showing them to every customer he waited on and praising their good points to the skies. He went so far, he says, as to tell one old lady who admired them, but who doubted their wearing qualities, that all American shoes were made for hard use on the plains and deserts of that country, so of course they would wear practically forever in a city like London. Such salesmanship was sure to bring results, and he sold his entire import order in a week. Then he had the courage to tell his employers what he had done, and got their permission to handle American shoes regularly.

Probably the introduction of American shoes into the London market constitutes a record for economy that no one can hope to duplicate, but in many cases the original expense of breaking into a foreign field is hardly more than that entailed in breaking into a new territory at home. Recently I met in Paris a young American representative of a prominent United States factory, engaged in a campaign to try out the French market. The factory makes a product sold through drug stores and grocery shops, and the idea was first to see if the Paris dealers would take kindly enough to the product to warrant a countrywide effort.

Paris may be Paris to some people, but for this young American it was just a place to work in. During the five months he had been there he had gone on foot up one street and down another, calling as he went on every dealer who

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

East of Suez—By Norval Richardson

BEFORE going to Japan I took a solemn oath to the effect that when I returned home I would not mention having been there—all this due to the fact that I had so many times suffered acutely from that class of bores who go to the Orient and come back so filled up with what they have seen that they buttonhole you and make you listen for hours to their experiences. There seems to be a very virulent microbe that gets into the system of most visitors to the Far East and creates a garrulousness that nothing can cure. Kimonos, porcelains, kakemonos and bronzes are brought out and shown to you and explained in detail. No matter if you have a mild preference for the art of the Western world and have courage enough to confess it, you are invariably made to listen to what this æsthetic culture of the Orient represents. It is a part of your education which must be forced upon you against your will; you just must know about it; it is only your profound ignorance that keeps you from becoming obsessed by it. Diplomats are usually worse than casual tourists, though they at least have prolonged residence there to excuse their lengthy descriptions.

When I admitted that I had actually been to the Orient and brought back nothing with me—this was a slight exaggeration, as I did fill my trunks with silk shirts and pajamas—one of my friends frankly said that he was bitterly disappointed in me.

"No screens, no lacquered furniture, no cloisonné, none of their beautiful and fascinating art! What is the matter with you?"

I explained that I had found very many exquisitely beautiful things there but did not think they should be used out of their own setting; they were perfect in Oriental surroundings; in our houses they would be entirely out of place and useless.

"But you can keep them put away and bring them out to show to your friends!"

Which was exactly the point I was trying to make. I know very few people who, when they come to see me or dine with me, want to be shown things. We have all suffered enough in our youth in being forced to look at and admire the plush-covered family photograph album.

The Forty-Six-Day Voyage

AFTER having taken this resolve and got it off my mind I set to work to find out how the journey of ten or twenty thousand miles—I'm sure it was the latter—from Lisbon to Tokio could be made, and ended by deciding in favor of the Suez route. That appeared much simpler than crossing the Atlantic, the United States, the Pacific, with all the necessary incidental changes. In going by Suez all I had to do was to go to Marseilles, get on a boat and get off at Yokohama—only a matter of forty-six days.

Forty-six continuous days on the same boat! I had never thought such a trip possible unless one were bent upon discovering a hidden pole or hitherto unknown land. In anticipation it sounded something like taking a long lease on an apartment and settling down for the rest of my life. Yet it was a most pleasant voyage in many ways. The cabins were large and comfortable and fitted up with hot and cold water and electric fans—those big wooden fans that hang from the ceiling; the food was excellent; and there was a great deal of deck space—an absolute necessity for a voyage that was to hover continually in the neighborhood of the equator. One of the most surprising things about the long voyage was that I was the only American on the boat. In fact there were only one or two people who spoke English. Almost the entire passenger list was made up of French officers on the way to their Oriental colonies.

Just before the ship sailed from Marseilles some consternation was caused by a lady who found out at the last moment that she was on the wrong boat. As she rushed madly ashore, carrying dozens of parcels and followed by cabin stewards with her trunks, she expressed her terror in a loud, nervous voice:

"Japan! Oh, là-là! Tangier is far enough for me—three whole days and nights! But Japan! Forty-six days on the ocean! *Mon Dieu!* Let me off quick!"

Perhaps several other passengers felt the same way. It did seem that we were cutting ourselves off from the world for an interminable time. But as soon as Marseilles and its Château d'If of Monte Cristo fame had faded into the blue Mediterranean there was an apparent acceptance of the inevitable on everyone's part, very probably accompanied by some sighs at leaving a country so intimately known for one so utterly strange and distant. As night came on evidences of the East began to crop out: an emaciated old gentleman, the color of bronze, appeared on deck wrapped in a voluminous white sheet; a Chinese lady, in what looked like black oilcloth trousers and loose jacket, and smoking a silver pipe, lounged comfortably in a deck chair; a Japanese youth in the latest effort of a Parisian tailor tramped up and down with all the jauntiness he had acquired from long residence in France; and the large assembly of French officers threw off their stuffy uniforms and appeared in cool duck. There seemed to be a hectic rush on everyone's part to get settled down to those forty-six days.

The first night at dinner proved that I was once more in for new subjects—just as new and unknown as when I was sailing down the west coast of South America. The conversation now centered about Indo-China. All the French officers were going there. What I learned that first evening about Saigon, Hai Fong, Tongking and Annam made me realize that a certain part of my education had been deplorably neglected. I had never even heard of half the places they mentioned; though later, when I consulted the map of the journey, I found them all printed in letters large enough to denote great importance.

Orange-Haired Africans

THE trip was a continuous series of flash-light views of vastly differing civilizations. The first stop was at Port Said, a sordid town which looked as if it had been hastily built and hastily inhabited by men who wore everything from voluminous white bloomers, with evening coats and red fezzes, to ladies who swathed themselves in black robes and decorated their foreheads with dangling gold ornaments. There was a weird mingling of East and West in a setting that was neither one nor the other. The Suez Canal sank into insignificance by comparison with the Panama, but offered one of the most mysterious and beautiful sights as the ship glided noiselessly along, surrounded on both sides by vast stretches of eternal desert. The next morning the Red Sea, so alarmingly hot that one actually saw red, was all about us. It was undoubtedly named by a symbolist. Mount Sinai rose on the far horizon like a lifeless mass; hot winds from the deserts parched and blistered the face; and the dismal yellowish water made one feel that the end of the world was rapidly being reached—the end which Dante has painted in such sinister colors. Jibuti appeared at the tip end of French Somaliland, filled with emaciated black people whose features were of classic Greek lines and whose hair had been burned a bright orange color; emaciated camels, emaciated plants—a town which the French told me had made tremendous progress during the last few years and was becoming the rival of Aden, just opposite. I hate to think what Aden must be like. Then a straight dash out into the Indian Ocean, which, combined with prostrating heat and a disturbing monsoon, kept every passenger either in his cabin or stretched out flat on deck.

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The American Legation at Tokio. In the Oval—A Pretty Japanese Girl Feeding the Pigeons of the Hongunji Temple

SINCE THE DAYS OF JACOB

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE living room at the Hutchinsons' faced the sea. It was a pleasant room, not elegant, but lighted by a small red-lacquer table that modified the gloom of the old mahogany and gave the key, as it were, to the color of the chintzes, which had a pattern of pomegranates.

One felt when Sue Griffith came in that she, too, should have been keyed up to the lacquer table by some touch of vivid color. She was a little thing with gray eyes, wistful brows, thick brown hair, and her personality was somewhat stupidly submerged by a dinner dress of dark blue. She was thirty-five and looked it. She would not have looked it if she had been keyed up to the lacquer table.

The front doorbell rang. It was Sunday and the maids were out; so Sue answered the bell and let in the night nurse, who was fair and ample, and who wore a rough coat over her white linen.

"What a heavenly moon," said Sue, seeing it for the first time, thin and silver, above the nurse's head.

"Is it? I didn't notice." Miss Ramsey was peeling off her coat. "How is Mrs. Hutchinson?"

"Very comfortable. Miss Ames thinks the new medicine is helping her."

Miss Ames was the day nurse. She met Miss Ramsey on the stairs and gave her instructions; then she put on her own rough coat and went away.

For four years there had been a day nurse and a night nurse in the Hutchinson household. Before that Sue had taken care of her sister. Mary had been an invalid for fifteen years. For eleven years Sue had been housekeeper for Mary's husband and had mothered her little girl, Yolanda. Then an uncle of Wallace Hutchinson had died and had left the business to his nephew. It had been possible to pay maids and nurses, and Yolanda had been sent away to school. They had bought this big house by the sea, and Wallace went back and forth to Boston. Yolanda came home from school every spring and went away in the fall. But this year she would not go away. It was June, and she had been graduated. The fact that Yolanda was at home for good would make a great difference to Sue. It was, in a way, her high moment—emancipation.

She hardly dared let herself think of it. She had supper to get. It was a simple meal, and with Sue the effect of simplicity was gained by a sort of superfastidiousness. She went from the butler's pantry to the screened porch, where supper would be served. She moved swiftly and surely, and seemed entirely intent on her task. But once she stopped and looked out towards the southeast, where Minot's Light winked above the horizon. There was always this moment every night when it flashed a greeting to her across the miles.

When Yolanda came in with her young friends supper was ready—sandwiches, three kinds on a Sheffield tray, coffee in the percolator, piles of plates, piles of napkins, a great uncut cake. There was much hilarity. The Dudley boy devoted himself to Yolanda—Stuart Dudley. There were six others. The bright sweaters of the girls were kaleidoscopic bits of color—jade and amber and orchid. Sue, moving among them, was aware of herself as a shadow shape. She knew herself as actually nonexistent in the scheme of their joyous energies.

"How's mums?" Yolanda demanded.

"Easier, darling."

"That's good"; and Yolanda cut the cake and fed bits of it to young Dudley and forgot her mother, who was another shadow shape, beloved but spectral against youth's triumphant background.

"Where's dad?" after another hilarious interval.

"He went sailing with the Grays. I was glad he could go. He was simply worn out with the hot weather in town this week."

"I'll say he was," said Yolanda as young Dudley swung her out into a fantastic teetering dance.

In the days of Sue's youth there had been no dancing on Sunday. She felt that even now it would hurt Mary to know it.

But, of course, Mary would not know. They kept such things from her.

After supper the young folks swept on. They were going to Salem in Stuart Dudley's new motorboat.

"Don't sit up for us," Yolanda warned. "We may go to a movie"

There would be, of course, no chaperon. Yolanda thought chaperons superfluous, mid-Victorian. Sue always smiled a little when her niece called her mid-Victorian. It seemed to put her so definitely far back of where she really belonged.

She stood on the veranda and watched the gray launch until it was lost in the shadows. The harbor was a heavenly place at night, with its lights like stars, the soft sighing and creaking of its sails, its hidden music.

When Miss Ramsey came down a little later, to get the invalid's orange juice and albumen, Sue told her, "I've put two plates of sandwiches in the refrigerator; one is for your midnight supper and the other for Mr. Hutchinson when he gets home. I am going out for a while. You won't mind answering the doorbell, will you—and the telephone?"

"Not a bit." The night nurse was cutting the white of an egg across with a silver knife. "It will do you good to go out, Miss Griffith."

"Yes," said Sue, "it will."

She did not tell Miss Ramsey how much good it would do her. No one in the house knew that this was the night of her great adventure—not even Mary.

"Tonight I am Saying Good-by to It All. Does It Sound Silly?"

When Sue was ready to go she looked at herself in the mirror. She had changed her dark dress for a white skirt and white sweater; she wore a little soft white hat pulled down to her eyes, and over her arm she carried a great white coat. No one in the family had ever seen her wear these things. They were new. She looked ten years younger than in the dark blue. She looked, indeed, so young that as the mirror gave back her reflection her heart jumped as it had jumped when she looked at the moon, and at Minot's Light, and at the long gray launch.

She closed the front door softly and went swiftly along the narrow streets At the foot of one of them was the ferry. Sue found a seat forward and presently they were off. They slipped silently among the anchored yachts. The water was an ebony sheet, picked out with the gold and red and green of the swinging lanterns. Voices came clearly from roundabout. A phonograph, its mechanism modified and given enchantment by distance, poured forth a lilting song.

The boat stopped at a yacht-club pier, then went on to the public landing of the Neck. A tall man was waiting. He helped Sue over the side, and together they walked the length of the floating wharf. There was a bluff to climb, a road to cross; then the rocks, and beyond the rocks the open sea. They could see little of it in the dark. But they could hear the waves surging in clamorously on a high tide. The tall man took Sue in his arms and kissed her. She gave him kisses in return. He whispered and held her close. At last she drew away from him.

"Oh, Kit," she said, "I adore your patience."

"My impatience, you mean."

The wind sang to them, the waves beat out a triumphant chorus. They found a place where they were sheltered and talked as people do who are starved for each other's voices. It was late when at last they took the ferry back to town. The lights of the little boat showed Sue, pink cheeked, her hair blown about.

"How young you look, my dearest!"

"I am young."

They laughed and his warm hand found hers. There was no one in the ferry but the man who ran the boat, and his back was turned.

When Sue reached home she found her brother-in-law and the night nurse in the dining room, eating sandwiches.

"Hello," said Wallace, "aren't you a bit late, old lady?"

His tone was affectionate. Sue was to him more like a sister than a sister-in-law. She hung her big coat on the hall rack and came in, slim and white in her new clothes. Wallace stared at her.

"What have you got on? You look different."

Miss Ramsey, who was from the South, said, "Well, I think she looks mighty sweet."

"Yes, she does," Wallace admitted. "White's becoming to you, Sue. Why don't you wear it more?"

"It's expensive."

Miss Ramsey agreed. "White is hard to keep nice. I know that with my uniforms." She rose. "I must run along."

"Don't," Wallace urged. "My wife is asleep, isn't she?"

"Yes."

The nurse sat down again. Wallace smiled at her, and took another sandwich.

"Want one?" he asked Sue.

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Where have you been?"

"On the Neck."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Was Jean Fleming with you?"

"No." Sue went over to the table and drew a cup of coffee from the percolator. "Did the doctor come, Miss Ramsey?"

Wallace was suddenly aware that Sue didn't care to be catechized before the nurse. So he picked up the thread of the story he had been telling Miss Ramsey when his sister-in-law came in. He really liked to talk to Miss Ramsey. She was pretty, and she listened with her eyes.

Sue Griffith, watching them, was also aware that Miss Ramsey was pretty. She hated herself for the little fears which always came to her when Wallace was attentive to a pretty woman. Of course, there wasn't anything in the world to fear. Wallie was devoted to Mary. His life had been given to her, and it belonged to her, for where would he have been without her?

A little later Miss Ramsey again rose and was not to be further persuaded.

"Mrs. Hutchinson must have her medicine even if I have to wake her. Has the doctor told you how it is helping her?"

"Yes, she's stronger than I have seen her for years. Of course, she'll never be well; but we can stand it better if she can be relieved from pain."

Wallace's lips tightened. It was always dreadful for him to see his Mary suffer.

After Miss Ramsey had gone Sue asked, "Are you sleepy?"

"No."

"Shall we sit on the porch? Yolanda went to Salem. I don't like to go to bed till she is in."

"It is nice to have her home, isn't it?"

"Yes; and to know she is not going away again. It is that I want to talk to you about, Wallace."

She was wrapped again in her big coat and was curled up in one of the basket chairs. The veranda was in darkness. They could hear the creak and squeak of the sails, the lip-lapping of the waves, and there was another sound, far off.

"Foghorns," said Wallace. "It came up quickly, didn't it?"

"Yes." Then, after a pause, "Wallace, I want to talk a bit about myself."

"Go ahead."

Wallace was smoking. Sue could see the red dot of his cigar, low down, as he lay stretched on the swinging bench.

"Wallace, I am going to be married."

Dead silence; then the red dot was higher as Wallace sat up.

"What do you mean—married?"

"Well, just that—married."

"Don't scare me to death."

"I'm not scaring you. Wallace, I was out on the rocks tonight with Christopher Howland."

His feet came down on the floor.

"For heaven's sake! I thought he was in India."

"He hasn't been in India. It's Ceylon. He came back because I asked him to."

Wallace crossed the porch and pulled the chain of the lamp. He felt he must look at this Sue Griffith who could summon a man like Howland from the end of the world.

"I asked him to," said Sue, who was sitting up in the basket chair, and who was transfigured by excitement and happiness, "because when he went away he told me that if I would ever marry him he would come."

"Gee whiz," said Wallace, "and I never knew he was in love with you!"

"You might have known if you had had eyes to see."

"Well, I thought he was at first. But when he went away—well"—awkwardly—"I thought ——"

"That he didn't want to marry me? He did, but I couldn't then. You know that. It was just when Mary was taken ill, and Yolanda was little. Think of it, Wallace, Yolanda was only five, and you didn't have anyone to keep house for you!"

"But, my dear girl"—Wallace's voice was sharp "we didn't want you to make a martyr of yourself for us."

"I haven't been a martyr. But what else could I do? Will you tell me that? It wasn't as if Mary had ever been selfish. But you know, Wallie, it was because she worked for all of us that she broke down. She put me through college." Sue's voice wavered. "Why, I should have been too ungrateful for words! So I told Kit, and he went away."

"Did he know you cared?"

"Of course! But I wouldn't be engaged to him—or anything. I just said—that he must find somebody else if he could, and he said he couldn't and wouldn't; and he told me that once a year he would write a letter, asking me; and when the letters stopped I would know he had found somebody else. But the letters never stopped. And now Yolanda is home for good and your affairs are in order I feel I am free to go, that I mustn't let Kit wait any longer."

Wallace, stirred by an exciting thought, said, "He's rich now—rolling in money."

Sue's face was white.

"Don't!" she said. "He knows that I would marry him if he were only a sailor on one of his ships."

He looked at her curiously

"I didn't know you were like that."

"What did you think I was like? A wooden Indian?"

He laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. You always seem to take things so easily."

"How else could I take them? I couldn't weep and wring my hands, could I? Looking after you and Yolanda was my job, and I've done it. But now—well, Kit and I are going to do the things we've dreamed of. He has planned it all. It sounds quite heavenly."

She was lighted by the thought of it. He surveyed her in frowning silence

Then he burst out, "But good Lord, we'll miss you!"

"Yes, you will; and I shall miss you. But it is the time for me to leave, when Mary is so happy in having Yolanda with her; and in a year I shall be coming back."

The fog was coming in. The foghorns moaned and groaned. Even Wallace's voice sounded muffled.

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"Oh," Yolanda Flung Out, "That's the Trouble With Your Generation! You Adore Self-Sacrifice"

PLAYING THE GOLD CAMPS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

COLD deck," "Cooler," "I run in a cold deck," "I slipped them a cooler," "I raised a fixed deck on the boys," were some of the expressions to describe one of the most common forms of cheating. The cold deck naturally was derived from the feel of the cards that were shifted into a game by sleight of hand to replace the warm and more pliable deck which was in play. Cold cards coming in contact with a gambler's hand have warned him many a time that a certain event has happened which was too quick for his eye.

Various methods were used by cheaters for replacing the deck in play with a fixed one. A large hand was a natural requisite for the best results in the performance of this act. This, combined with a quick eye, steady nerve, the art of judging the right moment, was usually successful in turning the trick. Cold decks were raised from the lap, side coat pocket, hat, back of the neck, shirt bosom, sleeve, and in fact from any portion of the body where they could be successfully concealed. I believe that the lap and armpit were most often used.

Young men were naturally more adapted to this kind of work than old men. However, one of the most successful hold-out and cold-deck artists that I knew was a man past fifty. He was constantly sniffling and wiping his nose with a large red handkerchief. His slow movements and innocent appearance gave no cause for suspicion. He was usually careful to sit so as to cut for someone who was known to be on the square and consequently was not closely watched while he dealt. As the deck was placed for Sniffles to cut he would just be raising his handkerchief to his nose. Apparently not wishing to delay the game, he would pause in the act and reach to cut with the handkerchief still held in his hand. As he cut and replaced the cards in play they were picked up with the handkerchief and the framed deck left for the dealer. The local man, entirely innocent of the switch, would deal the false hands around the table, and of course the best one always went to Sniffles.

"Shut Up!" Bert Hissed. "Get Out of Here. Keep Your Mouth Shut About This Little Affair and I Will Do the Same"

Cold Decks and Marked Cards

I ONCE knew a hop-head whose bug was placing cold decks. When full of the poppy juice he had the required nerve, but not the judgment. In fact his work was so coarse that he only furnished amusement for the gamblers. One day he approached a bartender for assistance in placing a cooler. That night while the game was at its best, and the hop-head was starting the deal, the bartender set a round of drinks on the table. His hand beneath the tray held a cold deck. The switch was quite simple, and the bartender carried the cards that had been in play, behind the bar with him. The hop-head grabbed the deck and started dealing at a furious pace. Ten cards quickly slipped from the deck, but the next one stuck. Again and again his thumb slid off the top of the deck, but the card refused to budge. Then the hop-head looked up and his gaze met a circle of laughing faces. Instantly he whirled toward the grinning bartender, and biff! the glued-together deck shot over the bar and crashed among the fragile glasses.

Built-up cold decks were not usually a very successful form of graft. Marked cards brought into play by this method gave better results. Framed hands had to be sorted prior to a game or by retiring from play for a short time. Then there were many disadvantages to overcome. A deck would be fixed for a five-handed game, and before it could be placed there might be four or six players. Or again, if the number was right the man who was to get the big mitt might quit or lose his money. Perhaps the cold deck would be red and the players would insist on using blue cards. This form of cheating was dangerous work, for the evidence was on you, and if caught your money was sometimes confiscated and you were booted out of the place.

Cold-decking was more successful on twenty-one games for the reason that more greenhorns tried banking this form of gambling. A cold-decker found these fellows easy picking. However, the greenest of them were never fleeced as I once saw described in a magazine. A dealer in a large gambling house goes to the bar to get a drink, leaving a house booster to guard the money. The gambler returns, picks up the deck which the booster has switched and loses a thousand to the booster's confederate. Foolishness! You could just as well state that a cashier in a bank had paid a check without looking at the signature as to say that a gambler dealt out the cards in a large gambling house, after removing his eyes from them, without first carefully shuffling.

Hold-out hands necessitated less risk than cold decks, and gave better results. One card in stud and three in draw poker were usually sufficient to get the money if successfully placed. However, some preferred to hold out the five cards which constituted a hand in draw, claiming that it was easier to switch all the cards than part of them. The coat sleeve was often used for hold-outs but, as with cold decks, all portions of the body were used at times. One very successful method was a body harness with a spring beneath the armpit. The proper pressure of the arm shot a metal rod down the sleeve, the cards were inserted in the clasp, the spring released and the hold-out flicked from sight. When the cards were needed in play they were propelled to the cuff edge and exchanged for those cards not needed, in the player's hand. Making the switch was not so complicated a process as it might seem, for liberal privileges were allowed a player to scan his cards. If sitting with his back to the wall he could raise both hands to a position opposite his chest and screen the switch with arm and hand. Cheap clasp hold-outs were often used by clamping them inside the sleeve or to outside portions of the clothing.

Raw Work

ONE of the most successful hold-out men I ever knew never removed his hands from the table. His hands were unusually large and he was an artist at palming cards. He would deal with three cards concealed in the palm of his right hand and work the ones not needed to the discard with his left. After hours of hard play and numerous drinks the players became less watchful and it was then that the sharper worked to best advantage.

I have seen the shrewdest kind of work fail and the rawest stuff win a big pot. As an instance of the latter I recall a draw-poker game at Prairie City, Oregon, many years ago. The game was five-handed, and a foreign-looking chap, a mining promoter and a local character by the name of Bill Dunn had mixed in a large pot. However, on the last play-back after the draw Dunn had dropped out, thus forfeiting all rights to any portion of the money. On the show-down the foreigner held the winning hand. The promoter had made the last raise, and owing to the fact that the foreigner lacked sufficient funds to call the full amount, the promoter was entitled to a portion of his money back. A heated argument arose as to the exact sum to be returned. The pot remained in the center of the table while the players stormily raged at each other.

During the quarrel I saw Dunn reach over, pick up the deck and in full view of players and spectators leisurely sort out five cards. He then shoved the deck to one side, spread four sixes and a deuce face up on the table, and said, "I don't see where you fellows have any argument coming when I hold the best hand myself."

The foreigner craned his neck, and his eyes bulged as he exclaimed, "Vot? Four sixes? Vy you not show them before?"

"Oh, I just wanted to hear you fellows argue," Dunn replied.

"Vell, you vin de pot. Vy don't you take it?"

Dunn had originally made the play only as a joke, but when the foreigner said take it, he did, and kept it. The

extreme anger of the two had driven all remembrance of Dunn's quitting the pot from their minds, and before they realized their mistake Dunn had left town with the money.

On a number of occasions I have seen the poorest hand win good pots on the show-down. It was in a draw-poker game in Oakland, Oregon, that I saw a traveling card sharp building up the discard into framed hands. He was an expert shuffler, and only a trained observer could see that the top cards were not disturbed in the process. When the cards were cut he was telling an interesting story and I was the only player who saw him pick up the cards and deftly shift the cut. He did it artistically and I knew beforehand just where the framed hand would light. It fell to a young sport who had a large roll in front of him. A good pot was built before the draw and each called for two cards on the helping deal. The young fellow made a strong bet and the gambler called and tapped him on the play-back. The lad then got nervous, for he had heard that the gambler was a sharp. He had not seen any crooked work, but the fact that the fellow had dealt made him suspicious. He made a long study of his cards, interspersed with numerous remarks. By this time he had settled in his own mind that the gambler held four aces and kept repeating his conviction aloud. However, he finally called, and the gambler at once spread his cards face up on the table—three aces and a pair of treys.

The young man gave one look and exclaimed, "Four aces! I knew it all the time and was a fool for calling!"

Winning on Two Flukes

AS HE spoke the hand which held his cards dropped to the table, and for an instant before he slammed them into the discard the astonished players and spectators gazed on four queens and a ten spot. Very slowly the gambler slid his cards together, facing them down in the process, tossed them to the deck and raked in the pot. Both had made a mistake. The gambler had built up three aces and three queens, and the betterment of their hands in the draw had been honest drop-in's. The gambler had played the kid for a queen full, and the kid felt so sure that the gambler held four aces that he plainly saw them on the show-down.

At this point some might ask why the young man was not told of his mistake. For their information I will state that each player in those days had enough rough-houses of his own to attend to without fighting the other fellow's battles. A man was supposed to be able to protect his own money. If the young man had started a fight he would have been assured of a square deal. No one but himself was to blame for losing the pot. If he had spread his hand on the table as the gambler did, he would have won the pot without protest.

One evening at Rosebud, Nevada, a fellow came to my tent and informed me that a draw-poker game was on in Happy Howe's saloon. An hour after my entrance into the game all the players had been eliminated but Jack Creel and myself. We had played single-handed draw but a short time when I got three sevens before the draw. There were several raise-backs, Jack making the last call. I drew two cards and Jack stood pat. I passed and he made an unusually large bet for the size of the pot. Though it was against my methods of playing to do much calling, I felt so sure that Jack was bluffing that I called, spreading my cards face up on the table as I did so. Jack glanced at my hand and said, "Good," at the same time tossing his cards to the deck. I raked in the pot, something like two hundred and fifty dollars, and we each went our way. Years later we met, and in our reminiscences of old times Jack asked me if I remembered that particular game.

I did, and he said, "You won on the poorest hand."

"Why?" I asked.

However, the Old Codger Was Lucky, and Soon Separated Me From My Money

"Well, I had just come from a camp where they played threes to beat a straight. The Rosebud rules were that a straight beat threes. It was only after throwing my cards away that I remembered that my hand was the best."

It was at Randsburg, California, that I entered a saloon one evening where a draw-poker game was on. With hundreds of dollars on the table before him, was a saloon keeper from a rival mining camp. Four of the Randa' best players were pitted against him and were not doing well. They were not at all scrupulous about methods of annexing this foreign money, as they termed it; but they were poorly organized and having bad luck.

Not So Good

IT WAS a matter of pride with them that they should send the stranger back to his camp broke

I declined the wink to sit in, as it was against my rules to play crooked poker; but I watched with much amusement the wonderful luck of the victim. A crowd soon gathered to see the fun, for our boys were plainly in distress. They bungled their work and often gave the advantage to the saloon man

Then Big Tex got desperate and began bringing in hold-out hands which he concealed from the players in the rear of his hatband. He would sit with his hands clasped on the back of his head during the deal and was

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I Knew That Luck Would Soon Turn. It Didn't Matter if I Did Have to Clean Out Pigpens Just to Get Money for Another Game

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

V

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS several moments before Laban could regain his feet, and several more before he could regain his breath. Then his mind cleared and he thrust a groping hand out through the darkness. He wasn't even sure, until his fingers touched the cool flesh of her shoulder, that the girl was there beside him.

"Are you hurt?" he heard her ask in a whisper. Then he felt her hand on his arm as he tugged uselessly at the door.

"No, no," she whispered. "We must wait."

"Not on your life!" he cried, rather drunkenly, dizzy with the indignities to which he had been subjected. "I've done nothing to deserve this!" And he continued his assault on the door panels.

"No, listen!" she commanded, holding him back. "Listen! Do you hear them? They're searching the room!"

Faintly Laban could hear the quick and frantic movements about the room beyond the locked door. Then came another sound, the shrill of the telephone call bell, repeated again and again. The girl behind him was shaking his arm.

"Will they find them?" she asked, with her lips close to his ear.

"Find what?" he asked.

"What I gave you," she said, and then he remembered.

"They're wonders if they do," he answered.

"But where did you put them?" she persisted.

"I'll show you when we get out," he told her.

"And just how are we going to do that?" she asked with a note of exasperation in her voice.

But he was listening, with his ear to the heavy door panel, and did not answer her question when he spoke.

"I believe they've gone," he whispered down to her after another stretch of silence during which she had dropped to her knees, apparently to examine the door lock.

"I was wondering if we could do anything with a hairpin," she explained, with her eye to the keyhole.

He knelt beside her in the darkness. She was at least game. But the hairpin suggestion, he soon realized, was of no help to them. He felt carefully about the door frame.

Then he said, out of the darkness, "I've got it!"

"What is it?" she asked.

"I can get the pins out of the door hinges," he explained. "I've got the top one now, and that's the middle one. But this bottom one is tighter. It would be easy if I only had something to pound it with."

"Try my slipper heel," she said, with one hand on his stooping shoulder as she pulled the slipper from her foot.

He took it from her, and using one of the already loosened pins as a punch he soon had the lower hinge free. Then came the hardest part of his job. That was to work the hinge end of the door far enough away from its frame to get a grip on it with his fingers, for the door, to save space for the room entrance, swung in instead of out. By using a coin as a wedge, however, he was finally able to pry the door away from its jamb, and the rest was easy. The lock bolt slipped out of its socket as the door was drawn aside, and they were free again and grateful for the fresh air of the outer room, where the ceiling light still burned and where no sign of the two interlopers with the automatics remained.

But it was not a pretty-looking room. It still bore every evidence of the quick and frantic search that had been made through it. The huge brass bed had been pulled out from the wall, the bedding itself was disarranged, and the camera which Laban had left under one of the pillows was gone.

But the metal cap which crowned the lower right-hand bedpost, he had the presence of mind to observe, remained in its place and had in no way been interfered with. Table and desk and dresser drawers, however, were all open and awry. Laban's suitcase lay on the floor, with his belongings tossed pell-mell about the carpet.

The first thing that definitely caught his eye was one of his five Okanagan Valley apples in a far corner of the room. He noticed as he picked it up and turned it over that it was not only bruised but also bore the mark of having been punctured by a thin knife blade. It was this ill treatment of his apples more than anything else that he resented, and his face was both a rueful and an angry one as he proceeded to gather up the rest of that scattered fruit. He was interrupted in this, however, by his slightly bewildered-eyed companion.

"Shut and lock those windows," she commanded.

"Bring the Young Upstart Over to Me," Laban Heard the Shrill Old Voice Command

He docilely crossed to the windows to carry out this order. But he first leaned far out over the wide sill.

"Yes, it could be done," he said as he drew back after his examination of the wall.

"What could be done?" was the girl's prompt inquiry.

"Anyone with nerve enough could work his way along those wall ledges," explained Laban. "It could be done, without even claiming to be a human fly."

He locked the two windows and closed the heavy-slatted blinds. When he turned about he saw the girl rearranging her hair in front of his dresser mirror.

"You didn't give me my slipper back," she said to him over her bare shoulder.

He went to the clothes closet for the missing slipper. But before returning it to her he threw back the key in the closet lock, readjusted the door and pounded the hinge pins down in place.

"There was a light in here we might have turned on," he called out to her.

"Was there?" she called back in a slightly thickened voice, for she had a mouthful of hairpins as she spoke.

Laban, with the slipper still in his hand, stepped out of the closet and closed the door. He paused a moment to pick a pillow up from the floor and toss it to the disordered bed. He was stooping for the second time when an unexpected sound arrested his movements. The sound, he realized, came from his room door. That door was thrown open, without ceremony, and a thick-bodied man in a black hat just as unceremoniously stepped into the room.

Involuntarily Laban moved towards the girl still preoccupied with the rearranging of her hair in front of his mirror. He did this because he suspected for a moment that the intrusion meant the return of his earlier enemies. But about this newcomer was an air of heavy authority which both quieted and disquieted the staring Laban, who noticed that the girl, catching sight of the newcomer in her mirror, wheeled about and stood wide-eyed and startled at his side.

Silently the black-hatted man inspected them. Then just as silently he inspected the room. Still without speaking, he stepped back to the still open door, where he waited for a smaller and more clerical-looking man to join him. There was solemnity on the face of each as the two stepped uninvited into the room.

"Is that your man?" asked the smaller of the two.

The black-hatted person shook his head from side to side.

"How about the woman?" asked the other intruder, as impersonally as though the pair confronting him were wax dummies in a shop window. But the girl beside Laban betrayed no intention of acting like a window dummy.

"How dare you come into this room?" she angrily challenged.

The heavy-bodied man looked at her with an apathetic eye.

"That's exactly the question I want to ask you," he retorted; and his face, as he stared at her, was a stolidly insolent one.

"And who are you?" asked the girl without giving ground.

"I'm the house detective," he informed her. "And this is Mr. Givens, our assistant manager."

The girl, however, betrayed no interest in that second announcement. Her attention was directed solely towards the larger of the two men.

"Then you're arriving a trifle late on the scene," she remarked with a valorous show of indifference.

"But not too late to put a stop to this sort of thing," announced the wide-shouldered official in the black hat, which still remained on his head. "It's one of the things this hotel doesn't stand for, and isn't going to stand for."

Laban stepped forward at that, with a flush of anger. But the solemn-eyed young woman in the yellow silk dinner gown drew him back. Then she faced the house detective, with her chin up.

"Have you any idea as to whom you're addressing?" she demanded; but her indignation, for some reason, failed to carry.

"That doesn't interest me," was the other's altogether listless retort. "All I'm trying to do is keep this house respectable, and I can't say you two birds have been making it any easier for me."

For the second time the girl held back the youth at her side. But it was the clerical-looking man who, with a movement of exhausted patience, spoke first.

"I think we've had just about enough of this, Burke," he said as he stepped past his house detective and confronted Laban. "We want this room, young fellow. You've got ten minutes to get what you own out of it. That'll give you just fifteen minutes, all told, to get out of this hotel, and get out of it for good!"

It was the heavy-jowled house detective who spoke next.

"How about the woman?" he asked his superior.

"She gets out, and she gets out right away," retorted that official, without so much as another glance at the girl.

It was Laban who turned and looked at her. He shared for a moment the detachment of the black-hatted man, still so impersonally eying her. She seemed to recede from him, so that he could stand there wondering why she should wear such a look of desperation on her agitated young face, wondering why the seal brown eyes should be so clouded with frustration. But she came closer again the next moment, reinstated by the sheer pictorial appeal of burnished brown hair and alert slenderness and orange colored cloak about sloping ivory shoulders. She was a wonderful young woman, Laban had to admit, with her head thrown back that way and the splash of red showing along her anger-whitened cheek.

"But this is all so stupid!" she was crying out. "So stupid—if you only understood!"

"Understood what?" heavily asked the black-hatted man.

"That this is the man I'm going to marry," retorted the girl as she linked her arm through Laban's; and Laban, without knowing it, stood with his shoulders a trifle farther back.

"Then you'd better get where the fact is better known," announced the cold-eyed man of administration. He stopped for a moment at the door. He stopped and glanced casually back, as though the matter were already a closed issue with him. "See that they're out, Burke, in the time I said."

"They'll be out," averred Burke with guttural-noted conviction.

"I guess I've got something to say about that," cried Laban, going from red to white and back to red again. "I'm going to stay in this room until ——"

The girl cut him short.

"No, we'll go—er Mr. Burke," she announced with a sort of painfully achieved patience. "Within ten minutes' time we'll both be away from your painfully respectable hotel. There'll be no difficulty about that. But before the honor of your hospitality is withdrawn I merely wish to warn you that you are making the mistake of your long and doubtfully varied career. I can quite see that you don't appreciate that particular fact. But I can assure you, you will before you hear the end of it. And now if you'll be so kind as to withdraw, and close the door after you, I can finish dressing and get ready to go."

Burke eyed her in heavy and unruffled silence, made a sound in his throat not far removed from a grunt, and slowly turned and walked out of the room

The girl, the moment the door closed behind him, ran across the room and locked that door. Then she turned about, with her back against its polished panel.

"But I say ——" began Laban.

"Quick!" she gasped. "Get ready! Get everything!"

"But I don't ——"

"Of course you don't! But we can't argue about that now. We're going, but we're not going the way you think For that man isn't the house detective and that other man hasn't anything to do with the management of this hotel!"

"Then who are they?" demanded the wide-eyed Laban

"That's what I'm trying to figure out," was the girl's reply as she motioned for Laban to make ready.

"But what makes you say they're not what they claim to be?" he asked, finding the pill a hard one to swallow

She laughed at his solemnity. It was an abandoned little laugh, and at the same time a confident one.

"Because my old dad just about owns this hotel," she announced with a smile still wreathing her willful young lips

Then her face, as Laban stooped to gather up his belongings, suddenly grew sober. Her tug at the slack of his sleeve made him look up.

"The jewels!" she reminded him. "Did they get them?"

His face went blank as he stood up and stared about the room. It went blank, not with consternation but with concern. Whatever happened, he remembered, it would be best to leave that double-barreled cache behind him. It would be safe enough for the time being. Circumstances had already proved that. And there was a riddle about this young woman in the orange cloak which he wanted to read before he went too far. She still puzzled him in more ways than one; and the solution of that problem, he felt, was not going to prove a disagreeable experience.

"They're all right," he finally acknowledged, meeting the studious eyes still bent on his face.

"But where?" she repeated with a sharp stamp of her foot.

He turned and faced her.

"Don't you trust me?" he demanded as their glances met and locked.

Her eyes, he noticed, were hard, and behind their hardness still again lay a tinge of frustration. But as they continued to study the face which she had so recently acknowledged to be an honest one the sternness went out of her gaze and the lines about the impatient red mouth relaxed a little.

"Don't you trust me?" he repeated, rejoicing, for all his guardedness, in the intimate nearness of that ebullient young face that made him think of a tip-tilted trillium.

"Sure," she finally acknowledged with her irresponsible little laugh; and Laban, manlike, nursed the momentary glow of the conqueror.

VI

LABAN, during the next few minutes, was quite content to play second fiddle. He was an outlander, unfamiliar with the ways of that strange city into which he had irrupted with such unexpected results. But the girl beside

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Her Hand Swept Under Her Own Equally Voluminous Drapery and Seemed to Conjure Out of Thin Air a Bright-Metaled Revolver

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $6 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1923

Blue Sky and White Paper

THERE have been times in the last few years when even the discriminating reader of the metropolitan press might easily and yet mistakenly have reached the conclusion that all that the more prominent bankers and financiers do is to attend luncheons and dinners where the sole topic of discussion is the protection of the people's savings. Certainly if heavy lunching and dining at the best clubs, if even heavier speechmaking and solemn resolutions could prevent the operations of get-rich-quick sharks, these gentry would have been exterminated long ago.

Naturally the bankers, the responsible dealers in securities, with reputations to maintain, and the business men in any community, feel it their duty to check as far as possible the depredations of crooked or merely irresponsible stock promoters and salesmen. But such efforts are too often confined to pious wishes and generalities. Bankers' associations, investment bankers, chambers of commerce, thrift committees, and the like, all these mean well, but they are relatively powerless to check the evil.

The newspapers of the country are the real weapons, potentially speaking, against the get-rich-quick shark. The newspapers—or at least those which carry financial advertising—could do more to end the appalling loss through the foisting of fraudulent securities upon the public than all the blue-sky commissioners and bankers' associations combined. They cannot do this through the publication of sound and conservative advice written by their financial and editorial writers, but solely through the refusal to accept the advertising of dubious securities. For, naturally, editorial matter which is contradicted by advertising in the same issue carries little weight.

For years it has been recognized by newspaper and advertising men that certain newspapers accept and others do not accept questionable financial advertising. It has been the policy of some papers to be decent and apparently the deliberate policy of others to be the reverse. Nor can it be said that as a rule the total net profits of those which have accepted blood money have been larger over a period of years than the profits of those whose policy took into account considerations of public welfare. It is merely that certain publishers could not forgo any money offered them, while others have tempered their selfishness with a sense of responsibility to their readers.

Whenever a newspaper is approached, or reproached, because of the buncombe character of much of its financial advertising, there is a tendency on the part of the publisher to say that he cannot censor his advertisers or separate the sheep from the goats. Perhaps he feels that he must accept any concern which has a perfunctory permit from the state blue-sky commission. He is running a newspaper, he says, and not a rating agency.

But the fact remains that there are and long have been papers able to discriminate, competent to separate the sheep from the goats, qualified to reject what all experienced business men and journalists know to be dubious and misleading advertising. Many years ago the advertising managers of large city dailies developed a thoroughly competent technic for making such distinctions, as far as their own protection was concerned. Indeed, it might be quite enlightening to the public if the larger city dailies which still accept dubious financial advertising would publish in detail the different methods of payment for advertising required of doubtful concerns as compared with those of firms known to be reliable, or the methods of forcing payment from the fakers before they blow up.

There are newspaper men who defend the publication of vile criminal news on the ground that the public wants it. Yet the public buys and reads papers which do not print such stuff. It cannot be said that the public wants misleading and fraudulent financial advertising. All that can be said of such a cancerous newspaper growth is that the publisher wants quick and easy money, even though in many cases he is the very one whose high-powered editorial writers talk the loudest about the rights of the downtrodden people!

"In every city where fake operators have reaped their harvest you will find most or all of the papers in league with them," says one newspaper which can honestly boast of no such connection. "You will find most of the papers carrying the cleverly baited advertisements. Instead of warning their readers against the crooks as they would warn them against the spread of an epidemic disease, these papers of peculiar principles print for money announcements that enable the fakers to rob their readers."

It may not be that all or most of the newspapers deserve such a flaying. Everywhere there are outstanding exceptions, clean and courageous. But there are enough of the other kind to constitute a great and as yet impassable stumblingblock to any real progress in cleaning up the business of selling securities. No doubt in many cases the papers have been of very real editorial assistance to state and other prosecuting authorities in financial clean-up campaigns. But their aid is surely very limited when they accept advertising of the concerns which are under suspicion or of those doing a business very similar.

In New York State, which has no blue-sky law, there has been more or less continuous wrangling between the Stock Exchange and various legal gentlemen as to the wisdom of adopting certain legislation designed to protect investors. In the same way for years the investment bankers' associations have argued with state legislatures regarding blue-sky laws, and at times have even resorted to litigation to test certain features of these laws. For several years, too, various committees of Congress have taken testimony concerning a Federal blue-sky law, and numbers of blue-sky bills have been introduced.

May it not be modestly suggested that, worthy as many of these efforts are, they are perhaps off the main issue? The newspapers have it within their power to put a really serious check on the stock fraud and get-rich-quick evil. The cleanliness of their advertising columns is the ideal blue-sky weapon. The protection of the investor can proceed no faster than the press of the country is willing to carry it.

Alas, the Poor Artist!

OF THE thousand and more pictures exhibited recently at the Royal Academy in London only about a hundred were sold. For every picture hung, there are scores painted; so it follows that the British artists have sold this year a very small percentage of their work. In fact, one of them was so depressed at the meager return and the prospect of lean years ahead that he broke into print with a prophecy. In thirty years, at the most, he declares, the sale of pictures will have ceased and there will be no more artists. He ascribes this condition to the commercialism of the present age, which, in turn, he blames on the people of the United States. "When in doubt blame it on America" seems to be the motto of the European calamity howler.

The real reason for the small sale of pictures in London is so plain that none but an overwrought artist could fail to see it. The people who usually buy paintings are taxed so heavily that they are stripping the walls of their picture galleries rather than buying new paintings. And the heavy taxes are the direct result of the war. It would be in better part, therefore, as well as entirely accurate, to place the blame where it belongs, on the busy Apologist of Doorn.

There is another reason for the cessation in buying, one that can be placed squarely on the doorstep of the artist himself. Of course the best artists had nothing to do with the flood of insanity that brought to the fore in successive waves Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, and all the other schools and isms. It was general enough, however, to convince the public that art and lunacy were sometimes closely allied.

We are back almost to normal in painting now. Earnest trail blazers, besmocked and batiked, still bear the torch of the new and the bizarre; but to most of the cubists of yesteryear the office stool and the ribbon counter have beckoned. Enough of the influence of the extreme schools is still left to make standards of judgment vague, however. Who feels safe in pronouncing a picture good when a few years ago barbaric splotches of formless color were acclaimed masterpieces? When a wealthy patron is paying a stiff price for a canvas he wants to feel that there are some fairly fixed standards in art to justify his choice. One thing is certain: the only class in England today likely to indulge liberally in the purchase of high-priced paintings, the war profiteers, will never get enthusiastic over the New Art. Natty still-life sketches—a fish on a platter or a slice of melon and a bunch of grapes—probably suit better the taste of these new connoisseurs. Not for your profiteer is the poetic landscape or the angular nude. This modern stuff, to use an Americanism, leaves him cold.

Finally, for the benefit of the dejected artist who precipitated this discussion, may we point out that neither the war nor the New Art originated in America?

Our Wheat-Raisers' Competitors

THE Rumanian Government has recently issued some data on export of cereals during the last two years and before the war. Using the exports of 1913 as 100, the exports during the last two years were as follows:

YEAR	WHEAT	BARLEY	OATS	CORN
1913	100	100	100	100
1921	7	103	95	79
1922	4	155	131	29

Striking is the falling off in exports of wheat and corn. The reduction in export of wheat has been due to low yields, to low acreage due to parcellation of land and to breakdown of transport. The low export of corn has been due to crop failure and breakdown of transport. The exports of oats and barley have held up well, in the relative sense, though the quantities were not large. Rumania could spare these largely because the domestic animals are still far below normal in numbers, and in addition the new boundaries of Rumania include excellent oat and barley land. Taken as a whole, Rumania has fallen off greatly in export of cereals. As consequences of this, the finances of the state and the balance of trade are in deplorable condition.

But this cannot last. Sooner or later, Rumania will enjoy again large crops, and these will pass out to export. The corn will go to Central Europe, especially Germany; the wheat will go to Italy and France. The American farmer cannot meet the prices of Rumanian grain; the low standard of living of the Rumanian peasant enables him to raise grain at lower costs than are possible in this country. We have been playing substitute for Eastern Europe. Is it not wise to be prepared to give up the rôle?

ELLIS ISLAND SOB STORIES

By Ernest Greenwood

WHEN Congress in its wisdom, or, as so often happens, in the wisdom supplied by someone outside of Congress, decided to abandon its traditional policy of considering the United States of America as a haven for the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations, it took a brave step forward. Incidentally, it raised the deuce. I will ask both the gentle and the roughneck reader to keep this well in mind, for the moral of this piece—which for the sake of originality I will now state—is that though everybody is in favor of a restrictive policy of immigration, nearly everybody objects strenuously to the fact that it keeps immigrants out. And what is not at all incidental, it created much trouble for the Secretary of Labor, the Assistant Secretary of Labor and a Second Assistant Secretary of Labor, whose office was created solely for the purpose of absorbing this excess trouble. It built a fire under the chair of the Commissioner-General of Immigration which has been burning brightly ever since. It provided an unlimited field for renewed activities of welfare organizations having departments dealing with immigrants and alien citizens. It created an unfailing supply of most excellent material for safe-and-sane speeches around election time. It dumped a gold mine at the feet of lawyers specializing in deportation appeal cases.

But to get back to Congress and its departure from the well-lighted blazed trail of tradition into unexplored fields. Literally hundreds of statisticians, economists, near and alleged statisticians and economists—most of them lacking in terminal facilities—were quickly provided with remunerative employment by various industrial associations to discover just how soon we might expect to find ourselves face to face with a serious crisis due to an unprecedented shortage in common labor. These scientists and pseudo scientists were soon telling us all about the prospective rise in the cost of production due to damming the stream which filled our constantly increasing need for labor and the consequent increase in the cost of living, which might be expected to soar to such heights that the average citizen might as well hunt around for some place to die without any hope of leaving his family enough to give him a decent burial. Other statisticians and economists were quick to refute these statements and demonstrate that the change in the traditional attitude of Congress was the only thing which had saved the nation from the clutches of a rabid, radical European proletariat. Biologists proved—to their own satisfaction, at least—that the new policy would go down in history as the savior of the sturdy American stock, while others proved that there is no such thing as an American race, and without the constant addition of new blood from Europe the good old melting pot would grow cold, rusty and nonproductive. The whole nation has become involved in a series of debates centering around the dear old immigrant or alien citizen, as the case may be. And the sob sister? Ah, yes, the sob sister! It is with the kind of literature in which she deals that this story has to do.

For the past two years the editor of the daily newspaper has counted that day lost when at least one edition did not contain a heart-rending immigration story. Combined, these stories have formed an endless serial of unjustifiable adverse criticism of the administration of a public office. What is the real story? What actually are the facts?

Not many months ago the papers were filled with what became known in the Bureau of Immigration as the case of the Milanese banker's wife from the Argentine. According to the milder accounts, a prominent Italian woman, the wife of a banker of Milan, coming to this country for a brief visit to relatives, had been taken from her first cabin, detained at Ellis Island and ordered deported because the quota for Italy was exhausted. Of course, the fact that the quota law does not affect bona-fide visitors would have spoiled the story if printed, and if the facts had been as stated it would indeed have been a bonehead play. The more rabid stories told lurid tales of the manner of her removal to Ellis Island, the withholding of her luggage and clothes, and might have been an account of the cheerful and encouraging manner in which the authorities of soviet Russia handle persons who for one reason or another have incurred their displeasure.

The story crept from the news columns to the editorial page. The following editorial, taken from a prominent paper—Republican—is typical:

> Isn't it about time for the Secretary of Labor to take the officials at Ellis Island in hand and try to instill into their minds a few intelligent ideas? It is hard to imagine a more stupid and blundering crew in a responsible position. The latest performance is of a piece with hundreds of others. Because the quota of Italian immigrants for June has already been exhausted, the wife of a Milan banker, traveling first class on the American steamship Reliance, was sent to Ellis Island as soon as the vessel reached New York. There it was decided to deport her, and she would be on her way home now had she not refused to sail without her baggage. Unless the relative she came to visit returns to New York in time, she will probably be sent back at the next opportunity. Meanwhile she remains among the immigrants at the island.

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THE SKEPTIC

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Comic Supplement Child

BEHOLD the Comic Supplement Child,
His ways are rough and his manner wild,
He clips off his sister's golden hair,
And he puts big tacks on his teacher's chair.
But you hardly can blame the misguided youth
If his manner is crude and his speech uncouth,
For just think of the awful example he's had,
And consider the Comic Supplement Dad.

The father who lives on the comic strip
Has six mangy hairs on his upper lip,
And his shoe is as big as a small-sized barge,
And his clothing is several sizes too large,
And his body grows stiff, and he falls straight back
When the Supplement Child makes a funny crack,
So you can't blame the child for his ill-bred play
When he sees his own father behaving that way.

So pity the Comic Supplement Lad,
For really at heart he is not so bad.
Though he blows up his schoolhouse with dynamite,
Pours glue in the baby's bed at night,
Drops wriggly worms down his mother's back,
Puts a great big rock on the railroad track,
Though hundreds are killed, yet you know it's done
In a spirit of harmless and innocent fun.

So consider his motives, and don't be r'iled
At the pranks of the Comic Supplement Child. —*Newman Levy.*

Will She Dive?

Th' Age o' Money Makin'

WE'RE livin' t'day in th' greatest period o' human existence, an age when ther is absolutely no alibi fer a travelin' umbreller mender, an age when it is almost a reflection on a feller t' be a pedestrian, t' say nothin' o' not ownin' a music box. Th' great industrial institutions are slingin' money right an' left an' screamin' fer foreign labor; th' newspapers are filled with ads fer good salesmen an' sober calliope players; our farmers are short-handed an' despondent thro' lack o' help; an' th' cry fer efficient men an' women in ever' line of endeavor is echoin' an' reëchoin' throughout th' land. It's nothin' short of a misdemeanor t' be out o' employment in this day an' age. Even if we've got th' neuritis an' can't work we ought t' be schemin'. Th' wonderful progress o' this country dates from th' appearance o' th' Eclipse Kraut Cutter in 1841, an' we've forged steadily ahead in ever' way. Marvelous inventions have annihilated space an' time an' drudgery, an' th' golden age is here with both feet. Even folks that don't deserve success are succeedin' beyond ther fondest hopes. It's almost criminal t' whittle or argue or play pool t'day when th' atmosphere is fairly teemin' with chances t' git t' th' front an' quit walkin'. Ther's a peculiarly fine opportunity t'day fer real fer sure mechanics that kin actually repair automobiles. It seems t' us that ther's no end t' th' possibilities fer a feller that kin really fix a car. With millions of motor cars in operation we don't know but twenty-one or two mechanics that actually know ther business. People o' t'day eat more, drink more fancy drinks, spend more, dress better, an' enjoy 'emselves more, than at any other period in th' history o' this nation, an' if they'd jest work more ther's no tellin' how we would thrive. Ther's too many fellers lookin' fer positions instead o' jobs. Forty-five cents an' hour fer pushin' a lawn-mower, an' ninety-five cents an hour fer common or barn carpenters is peak wages, while fifteen dollars per week with room an' board an' cast-off clothes fer sulky, inefficient dish breakers an' meat burners is like pickin' it off th' window sill. Times may not be jest normal enough t' suit th' pessimist, but they're mighty fine fer th' hustler, an' they must be way beyond the expectations o' th' dub. So th' big mature youth who hangs around home an' bunches his laundry with his father's till he finds somethin' t' do that jest suits him, is shy on th' peculiarities o' th' genuine if he can't hit his gait t'day. We've only got jest one little objection t' make in regard t' th' times—we're jest a trifle afraid that th' salaries o' bank cashiers is not keepin' abreast with th' cost o' speculatin'. —*Abe Martin.*

The Conquerors

Truthful Circularization

Re: Awful Crude Oil Corporation

DEAR FRIEND: Did you receive a 100 per cent cash dividend in the Awful Crude or did you miss your opportunity to purchase Awful Crude stock prior to January 27? If you did not receive a dividend you are only one of 10,000 stockholders now enjoying that unusual distinction. No dividend was paid and the directors have no intention of paying one, at least not while they are in their right minds. What do you think we went to all the trouble of organizing this company for? Certainly not to benefit total strangers. If you already have any stock, don't brag about it.

We offered a limited amount of stock for sale on January 1. To be exact—200,000 shares. Every share issued was fully paid and absolutely nonparticipating. We asked $2 a share for our stock, which price, we thought, was very reasonable. And we realized a handsome profit on this offering. After deducting for printing expenses and stamps, we had left, to our credit, the tidy sum of $398,782.69. The directors and officers then put the cover on the mimeographing machine and went to California.

Since the original offering was made the first gusher in Whackunder Field has been brought in. We herewith inclose a striking photograph of it, retouched by our artist. The golden flood from this well is now pouring in large quantities into the wells of the Standard Oil Company. It has as estimated initial production of 10,000 barrels a day. This well is located not over 45 miles from our office. We drive out every once in a while to see it. It is quite a curiosity and is really inspiring to those in the business. Our property lies just 1089 miles due

(Continued on Page 122)

famous for their delicious quality

Just taste Campbell's and get a new idea how good beans can really be! Slow-cooked. Digestible. Hearty and nourishing food!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE GREATEST GIFT

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

Being a True Daughter of Eve, She Considered Time and Place

UPON a certain page in an album of autographs are three entries. The sweetest singer of our day writes:

A beautiful voice is the gift of God

Beneath this, in very different handwriting, the queen of the Paris cabarets tells us that:

An ugly voice may be the gift of God.

An actor, even more famous as a wit, observes:

God's greatest gift may be—silence.

II

MISS DAPHNE CORLYN was walking with Captain Vicary in the paddock at Goodwood. A gallant warrior, now on the retired list, was at his best. He had backed three winners in succession.

"Will you do me a favor?" asked the young lady.

"You ask it and see."

"I want you to propose a very nice boy at your club."

"Which club, Miss Corlyn?"

"The Yorick."

"But—we don't have boys at the Yorick. There are one or two, sons of distinguished members. Who is your boy?"

"He isn't mine. He is in daddy's office."

Captain Vicary winced. The committee at the Yorick drew the line just east of Temple Bar. Daddy was a prosperous stockbroker. Daphne continued sweetly:

"His name is Jock McAlpine. He got his Rugger blue at Oxford. He's the quietest, most unassuming boy I know. Everybody likes him. Can't you do this to please me?"

"A blue, eh?" Of course it's no disgrace for a young fellow to be pilled at the Yorick. "I'll talk to my old pal, Maidment. We might pull it off. I remember the boy. Maidment and I met him at your father's house. He didn't cut into the talk. Our waiting list is diminishing."

No more was said at the time. But Daphne saw Jock when she returned to London and told him what she had done on his behalf. Words were not his strong suit, so he said nothing. Raised eyebrows expressed astonishment.

"At the Yorick you will meet the right men, the rising and the risen. They ought to be useful to you."

"How?"

"I don't know. Daddy says that a good club is a great asset to any young man. You may be pilled, but Captain Vicary can pull strings. To please me he will. That's that."

Jock left it at that. But he reflected with conviction: "They are sure to pill a mug like me."

He wasn't pilled. In all clubs you will find men who do nothing and do it incomparably well. They are accepted by fellow members as agreeable chatterboxes. They touch lightly upon themes of current interest; they acquire by constant practice a knack of imparting knowledge without seeming to do so; they are never didactic or argumentative. No club could carry on in the right—and occasionally tight—clubbable spirit without them.

At the Yorick, Vicary and Maidment were familiarly accosted as Tom and Jerry. They suggested the famous Corinthians. They had an air. Each had inherited money enough to live at ease. They belonged to what the Daily Herald stigmatized as the thoroughly comfortable class. Why it should be wicked to be thoroughly comfortable in this very uncomfortable world only a socialist can explain.

Tom and Jerry told Jock McAlpine that he had been elected. Tom said genially:

"I give you this advice that my dear old governor gave to me—he got me into the Yorick when, like you, I was on the young side: Don't tell a story to any member of the club, because it's a thousand to three that he has heard it before. And don't give information on any subject whatever to your seniors, because probably they have forgotten more about that same subject than you ever knew."

Jock accepted this advice humbly. When he entered the club for the first time as a member, Tom and Jerry entertained him at luncheon. After luncheon they introduced their young friend to their old friends after a fashion that Jock found disconcerting.

"This," said Tom, "is the Duke of Whitstable. Men have joined the club merely to look at him."

"And this," said Jerry, "is a sporting peer who has won the Derby, and the kindly gentleman on his left is our hanging judge. He doesn't look like it, does he?"

The three members nodded most affably to Jock.

Tom pointed out another member, whose classical features have been reproduced on picture post cards.

"That is our actor-manager. He asked us lately what was wrong with the British stage, and we told him that it would recover tone after he was knighted. Knighting actors, as you may not know, automatically puts 'em to bed."

Unhappily, Jock was shy. Tom and Jerry ought to have urged him to lunch at the Yorick every day for at least a fortnight. Perhaps our Corinthians took for granted that he would do so. Necessity constrained him to lunch instead at Pym's, in the City. When he did sneak into the club, at tea time, nobody noticed him; which is, perhaps, a privilege in first-rate clubs. If you want to sit in a corner, or read a paper at meals, you can. Tom and Jerry beheld the new member in corners.

"A dull dog, I fear," said Tom.

"Very silent cove," replied Jerry.

Probably Jock would have left the Yorick and forfeited a large entrance fee, had it not been for happy chance. He was leaving Mr. Corlyn's office, not far from the stock exchange, when two magnates whom he knew by sight and reputation collided violently. Each apologized to the other.

One asked carelessly, "Know anything?"

The other replied as carelessly, "Buy tins."

That was all. Jock reached the Yorick and ordered the best and cheapest tea in London. Before it was served, Tom came into the lounge. Tom greeted his candidate.

"Hullo, McAlpine, know anything?"

Jock, hardly aware of what he was saying, replied promptly, "Buy tins."

Tom's attention was arrested. He remembered that Jock was in George Corlyn's office. Jock had been pitchforked into that office by his guardian. He drew a very modest salary, and he was entitled to a small commission if he introduced new clients to an old-established firm.

He had not drawn any commission yet. Because his guardian was a friend of Corlyn's, Jock had been invited to his chief's house in Lancaster Gate, where he had met Daphne and her two sisters, Iris and Daisy. All three had seen him play football. Jock could go through a scrum with half a dozen stalwarts on his back, but the Yorick scrum terrified him. He didn't know—how could he?—that Tom and Jerry indulged in mild flutters when information was gilt-edged.

"Do you mean it?" asked Tom.

Jock nodded.

"A rise in tins is about due," murmured Tom.

Jock nodded again, and poured himself out a cup of tea. Tom ordered a whisky and soda. He was thinking to himself: "This chap knows a bit." They were alone in the lounge, but Tom lowered his voice. "Sure of your information, what?"

Jock nodded for the third time. He was perfectly sure, not of his information but of his informants. And then Vicary asked a natural question, which led, as will be seen, to remarkable results.

"Got this tip from George Corlyn, eh?"

"No; it's mine. I—I picked it up. Now and again one does pick up tips in the City. This is a bit of all right."

"I shall tell Jerry Maidment. Do you mind?"

"Why should I?" asked Jock.

He was reflecting that chance had thrust into his hand an opportunity of doing a good turn to his proposer and seconder. In the tube he had considered and dismissed sorrowfully the possibility of buying tins on his own account. His balance at his bankers' forbade that.

"I shall buy tins," said Captain Vicary with decision.

"What tins?"

Jock hesitated, and was not lost. Hesitation marked him in Tom's alert eyes as a man of caution. After a pause he said modestly, "I cannot answer your question offhand. But tomorrow at five I will submit a list of likely tins." (Continued on Page 30)

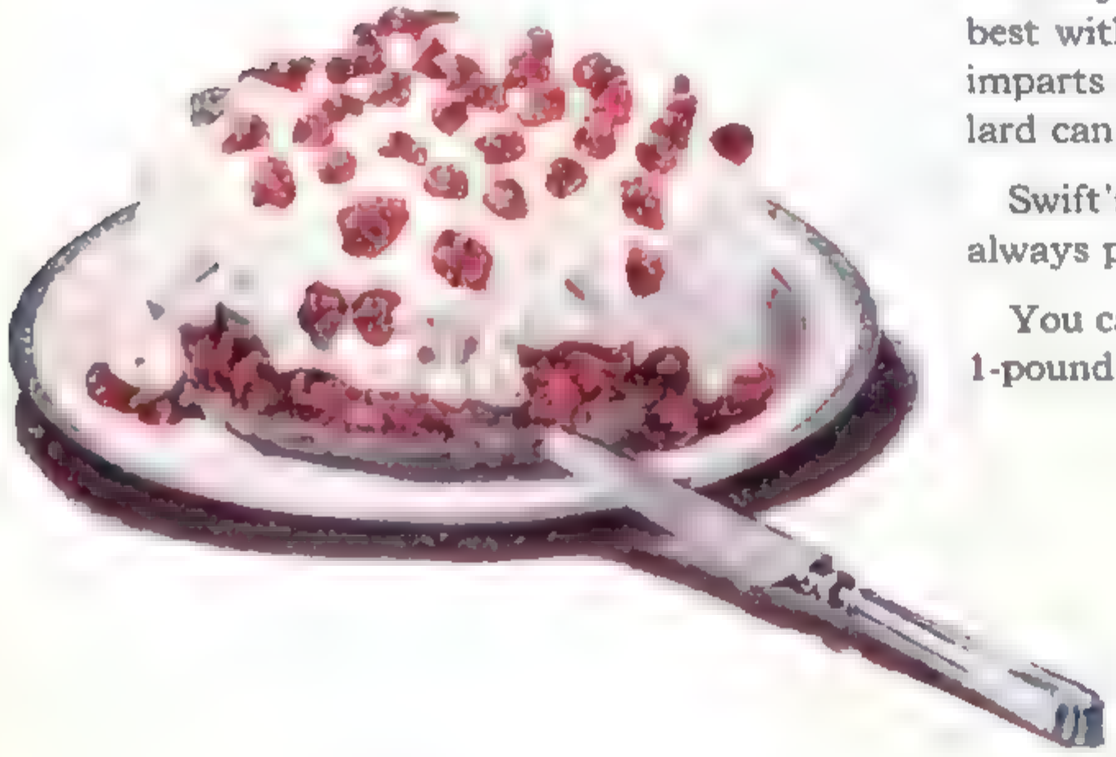
Strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots for filling

—*but shortcakes vary mostly in the crusts*

Raspberry Shortcake

½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
¾ cup milk
Fresh raspberries

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, work in Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard; add milk. Roll and bake in a hot oven. Split, spread with butter and serve with sweetened raspberries and cream



FOR most folks, no dessert can come up to the old-fashioned shortcake—the double-deck kind with its layers of biscuit fluffy, white; between them and on the top crushed fruit aplenty.

And now it's raspberry time. Give your family a treat tonight!

You can be sure of success if you use the recipe given here. It tells just how to make shortcake with light and tender and fluffy crusts. And that's where shortcakes vary mostly.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is the ideal shortening not only because it's of just the right consistency to work in best with the flour, but because, as older cooks emphasize, it imparts a certain delicacy of flavor which only a very pure lard can give.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is always uniform, always pure—and equally fine for frying or baking use.

You can buy it from your grocer or your butcher in sanitary 1-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 28)

"Right! If Jerry goes in with me, we'll do business through your people."

"Thank you," said Jock.

III

BUSINESS was transacted through Jock's people, and a young man earned his first small commission.

Tins rose steadily.

In the right company men are not too reticent about the favors which fortune may bestow upon them. Upon their losses they maintain silence. Jock became conscious that fellow members were looking at him with interest. Tom and Jerry spoke of him handsomely behind his broad back.

"Do you know McAlpine?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Who is he? He played Rugger for Oxford. That's nothing. You ask any fellow in the City who he is. He made a parcel for me in tins."

"Looks rather young."

"How old was Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi? Jock McAlpine, one of these fine days, will make Capel Court sit up and howl."

Thus easily is earned the bubble reputation.

The earning of his second commission was almost as easy. A distinguished novelist played a game of billiards with Jock. Somehow, Jock's command of the cue inspired respect. And the novelist, a shrewd observer, noticed that a youthful amateur played for safety when it served his purpose. After the game, the talk wandered eastward.

"Vicary is a friend of yours."

Jock replied with some enthusiasm, "He and Maidment got me into this club."

"You're a broker, so Vicary tells me."

Jock let this pass. He wasn't a full-fledged broker yet. The novelist continued: "Vicary says nice things about you. It's easier to make money than invest it. At least that's my unhappy experience."

Jock nodded. He was honored, so he felt, by this touching mark of confidence; but he remembered Tom's advice. He told himself that the novelist had forgotten more than a youthful member had ever known.

At the same moment the novelist was reflecting: "This young fellow must be somebody in the City or he wouldn't belong to this club."

"Can you recommend a sound industrial?"

The modest Jock replied as before, "I'll submit a list tomorrow."

"Do."

IV

UPON this occasion Jock sought his chief. Being a football player, he went straight for the goal.

"I was asked yesterday for a sound list of industrials by a man who has not been too lucky in his investments."

"Um!"

"His name is in the Daily Mail Year Book among the celebrities."

"Are you at liberty to mention his name?"

Jock mentioned it. George Corlyn smote the desk in front of him.

"I like his books immensely. I buy them. You say he's a friend of yours?"

Jock was sensible that friendship with a distinguished novelist was regarded by his chief with approving eyes.

He replied regretfully, "Oh, no; just a club acquaintance."

"What club?"

"The Yorick."

"Really? I congratulate you, McAlpine. I had no idea you belonged to the Yorick."

"Thanks to Miss Daphne, I do."

"What can you mean?"

Jock explained. Miss Daphne had spoken to Captain Vicary. George Corlyn listened attentively, but he made no comment. When Jock finished, he said briskly:

"Well, well, we must put our heads together over this. Um! Industrials? What's the use of submitting a list? I wish I could find a reliable list. There are one or two——" He frowned, rubbing an ample chin. "I owe your friend something. I'd like to do him well. You leave this to me."

Jock carried only one industrial to the Yorick. He spoke, for so young a man, portentously: "You can put your shirt on it."

"I shall put more than that. I'm much obliged to you."

"I have reason to believe," said Jock earnestly, "that this particular industrial is being quietly bought by the best people. I can't say any more." He couldn't. He was quoting his chief. But he added diffidently, speaking for himself, "If you care to buy through my firm ——"

"Why, of course, my dear fellow."

A much larger second commission was earned.

Some weeks later the novelist quietly thanked Tom for mentioning to him McAlpine.

"He put me in to a very sound concern."

"What did I tell you?"

"Do you think I could ask McAlpine to look through my investments?"

"That's a brain wave," declared Tom. "Why not? It's his business. I shall do the same."

Fortune, it will be remarked, was smiling upon Jock. The fickle jade went on smiling. Two lists of investments were submitted to Jock's chief.

He glanced at them, made no comment, and said to Jock, "I should like to meet your distinguished friend."

And again Jock replied humbly, "I cannot call him my friend."

"Tosh! He has submitted the list of his investments to you. If that is not a proof of friendship, what is?"

Jock held his tongue. He was beginning to learn that holding one's tongue may be a source of profit.

"Bring him to dine, McAlpine."

Jock nodded. Next day George Corlyn slipped into his hand three sheets of typed script.

"I have given these investments careful attention, my boy. Some are good, some are not. I have suggested certain changes. You will oblige me by not mentioning my name. I want to make the acquaintance of a man whose work I admire. You must manage that. But I don't want him or anybody else to think that I am bribing him to come to my house. Twig?"

Jock nodded.

Tom Vicary accepted his list and Jock earned more commissions. The novelist, more cautious, marked time. He intended to show his revised list to a member of the Yorick, Sir Claude Vansittart, a financial magnate of prewar days, retired from active business, but one who kept a shrewd eye upon his own investments. He, too, was anxious to serve a distinguished friend. When he saw Jock's list he expressed astonishment.

"You say that this list was revised by a member of the club?"

"A nice boy. He put me into that industrial."

"Did he?"

"And then I asked him to look over all my investments."

Sir Claude delivered judgment.

"I can only say this: I am frankly astounded. This boy—young McAlpine, you say has sniffed out some of the best things in the market. Accept his suggestions. I have no comments to offer."

"Thank you very much."

Sir Claude, as has been said, had retired from active business; but he retained an interest in his old firm and occasionally wandered into the city, where he was sure of a welcome from his former partner. It happened, by mere luck, that he paid one of these periodical visits the day after he had seen Jock's revision of the novelist's investments.

That would have dropped from his mind in forty-eight hours. But his partner, now the head of the firm, complained of the scarcity of competent clerks.

"I haven't a fellow who isn't a machine—good up to a point, useless beyond that point."

Sir Claude said sharply, "I have found the lad you are looking for."

That was enough, from such a source.

"Have you? Then please send him along."

Vansittart went back to the Yorick and found Jock having his tea.

"You know who I am?"

Jock nodded.

"And I know something about you. Possibly you are tied up. If not, I should like you to see the head of my old firm. He may make you an offer worth consideration."

"I'm not tied up," replied Jock, "but I'm doing fairly well with Corlyn & Co."

"What do you call fairly well?"

Jock mentioned what he had earned, salary and commissions, during the past month. Sir Claude looked surprised.

"Chicken food!" he muttered.

"No complaints."

"Really? From what I hear of you, you ought to be earning more than that. Have a talk with my old partner."

Jock blushed. Hesitatingly, he blurted out the truth:

"You are most awfully kind. I think I must stick to my own people. You see, I knew nothing when they took me in. But I'm learning—slowly. And Mr. Corlyn has been very decent. I'm not such an ass as to think that they need me, but they might think me ungrateful if I left them."

Sir Claude was pleased with this speech. He decided that Jock was a young man out of the common. And he decided, as swiftly, that such an altruist must be secured. Probably a civil word with young McAlpine's chief would do the trick. He couldn't possibly appraise his clerk at his true value if he paid him such a miserable salary. Accordingly, he rang up Lancaster Gate at seven that evening. Corlyn and he were acquaintances. Within five minutes Corlyn grasped the essential fact. A firm of brokers was willing to pay McAlpine three times his present salary to secure his services. What about it?

Jock's chief replied curtly that he would speak to Jock next day.

At dinner, alone with his wife and daughters, he said carelessly, "Do any of you think young McAlpine clever?"

Mrs. Corlyn, a candid woman, replied promptly, "I think him remarkably honest."

"He is clever," said Daphne.

Iris and Daisy remained silent. Mr. Corlyn looked puzzled.

"I must admit, my dears, that our young friend's cleverness has escaped me. Lately he

(Continued on Page 56)

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SELLING THINGS ABROAD

(Continued from Page 16)

might be interested in what he had to sell; altogether, he told me, he had visited more than a thousand establishments, some of them several times. A small stock of his product was kept in a rented warehouse, the warehouse man delivering the orders the young man secured. The total cost of operations amounted to less than a thousand dollars a month, which included the delivery charges, the pay of a French girl bookkeeper and the salary of the young man himself. He was speeded up in his efforts by the promise of his home office that he would be made manager of the French branch if the Paris campaign went well.

It was not from lack of capital that this American factory organization was starting its French business in this modest manner, because financially it is one of the strongest in the United States; merely it was a common-sense way to find out if its products suited the French market, without risking a great deal of money. Incidentally, the young man told me the firm had decided to go ahead, and already plans were under way to begin advertising largely in French publications, establish regular headquarters and push its sales throughout the country.

One of the best-informed export managers in New York gave the following advice for the benefit of the manufacturing firm that is thinking of foreign fields:

"The first and most important thing is to make up your mind precisely why you want to export. Leaving out the desire to expand merely for expansion's sake, there can be just three reasons: First, you may want to do an export business simply for the profit there is in it; second, because you want to manufacture in greater quantities and thus cut down the cost of production; third, because your product may be of a seasonal nature, and orders coming in from other countries can keep your factory going during the slack months of domestic business."

The concern which this export manager represents established its overseas business entirely for the last-named reason. It manufactures men's hats, which are a seasonal article, and on account of changing styles it is inadvisable to make up quantities of stock to carry over from one season to another. Formerly, depending solely on United States business, there was almost always a six-weeks period twice a year during which its factory had practically to shut down.

An Outlet in New Zealand

As any manufacturer knows, shutting up shop is about the most expensive operation there is; and this hat firm figured an actual loss during these periods of idleness of close to two thousand dollars a day. Besides this, it was hard on the employes, who had to find other work during these enforced vacations or be out of income altogether. Three years ago the president of the firm decided to try to eliminate these losses through establishing an export department, and engaged the present export manager. After a thorough survey of conditions the export manager approached the president something like this:

"Our best chance for immediate results in export," he said, "would, of course, be near-by territory like Canada, Mexico and Cuba; but that wouldn't relieve the situation, because their seasons run along with ours and we should simply be piling up more orders for the already crowded working months.

"What we want to do is to go into south-of-the-equator territory, where the seasons are just the opposite of ours and the business will come in during our ordinarily slack times. Suppose we try it first in Australia and New Zealand."

This proposal was considerable of a shock. The president wanted to export his hats, but his imagination had never carried him quite so far as New Zealand, and the idea of shipping them to such a far-off place and taking chances on being paid for them when they got there seemed a shadowy business. Sensing what was going on in the president's mind the export manager produced government figures proving that business is not at all shadowy on the other side of the world, but established on an exceptionally firm basis. In Australia and New Zealand the dealers as a rule are long established, and the percentage of failures compares favorably with similar occurrences in the United States. Having fairly satisfied the president on the subject of credit losses the export manager proceeded to propose a still more startling idea:

"Of course," he said, "we shall have to make big price concessions to those fellows out there in the antipodes in order to compete with European manufacturers and somewhat to meet them halfway on the heavy freight and customs charges. I figure we ought to let them have our forty-dollar-a-dozen grades of hats for about thirty-five dollars, or even thirty on a pinch."

This was a point at which the president balked. He had, he said, built up his factory on a strictly one-price basis, even to the extent of refusing to make reductions to the largest dealers in the country, who wanted lower prices on account of quantity purchases. Anything else would be unfair to the small man, whose money was just as good as that of the biggest dealer in the world. The president added somewhat heatedly that to sell his hats to foreigners at bargain prices and to charge his old customers regular figures, seemed neither fair nor good business, nor even quite honest.

A Successful Venture

"I know just how you feel," the export manager answered, "but let's look at it in another way. You are closing your plant down at least two months every year because all the domestic business comes in at the same time and you have to make up the hats to fit the seasons. It costs you at least a hundred thousand dollars every year to shut down, to say nothing of the hardship on your employes in having to take enforced vacations twice a year. That hundred-thousand-dollar loss has to be made up in the prices you charge your American customers for your hats or you couldn't stay in business. Suppose, now, we go into that south-of-the-equator field and during the next few years work up a trade amounting to half a million dollars annually. Maybe we shall have to give those fellows such low prices that we actually lose 10 per cent on the business; in such a case the loss will be fifty thousand dollars. But with that business coming in, as it will, during our dull seasons, we won't have to shut down the factory at all. We shall save what it now costs to shut down, so in reality the net gain will be fifty thousand dollars. If you want to, you can pass on that gain to your American customers in the form of lower prices on the hats they buy. Looking at it that way, certainly there is no injustice in giving bargains to dealers in Australia and New Zealand."

The president was finally persuaded, and so far the export business has worked out better than expected. The credit problem practically solved itself by the fact that the Australians and New Zealanders have been used for years in buying from European manufacturers to pay for merchandise upon receipt of invoices, taking their cash discounts. Often, the export manager states, he gets his money for hats sent to Australia in a shorter time than for hats sold on time in the United States. He has not yet been able to work his south-of-the-equator business up to the half-million-dollar mark, but for the past two years it has resulted in cutting the annual shutdown period of the factory practically in half.

A good working knowledge of the laws of the country where merchandise is to be sold is one of the important things in the export business. A few months ago an American clock company doing business in Spain got into a tangle through a vagary of Spanish law that looked for a time as though it might be serious. This company has had connections in Spain for a number of years and has worked up an extensive business, particularly in its cheap alarm clocks, which are subject to a reasonably low duty inasmuch as they are classed as one-day timepieces. One-day clocks, it seems, have to bear only a third of the duty imposed on timepieces that run a week on a single winding.

This American company, in its desire to give its customers good measure, has in recent years made its alarm clocks with an extra-long mainspring that causes the mechanism to go more than thirty hours on a stretch, and this generosity was the cause of the trouble, which, the factory representative believes, was instigated by a competing German firm.

One day the American representative was called on by a government official, who told him he would have to submit samples of the alarm clocks for government inspection. This was done, and a few days later the American received notice to report at the official's office. Arriving there he found his clocks lined up in a row, each one tagged to show how long it had run on a single winding. From the standpoint of efficiency the tests were all in his favor, for the records showed that none had run less than thirty, and some as long as thirty-six hours. This very efficiency, however, brought up complications.

"It grieves me to inform you, señor," the official said, "that you appear to have been importing your clocks into the country under a false declaration. Under the law we recognize only two classes, those which run one day and those which run a week; plainly, yours cannot be classed as one-day timepieces, because they run much longer than that. It will be necessary for you to pay the higher duty which is levied on eight-day timepieces."

That was bad enough, but there was still more. Under Spanish law the American company would have to pay the higher rate of duty on all the alarm clocks it had brought into the country for several years back, as well as a fine for the apparently false declaration. Fortunately the American representative was on friendly terms with certain influential Spaniards who got the ruling changed; but without this influence his company would have had to pay an amount far more than it had ever made in all its Spanish operations.

Legal Complications

Another American firm ran into a situation in Portugal which turned out less fortunately. This firm, which manufactures small tools, sold, a year and a half ago, through its native agent in Portugal, merchandise amounting to a good many thousand dollars. There were some unavoidable delays at the factory and other delays of transportation, so the merchandise arrived in Lisbon several months after the orders had been given, during which time the rate of exchange had gone down sharply. Most of the dealers who had ordered the tools refused to accept them, using the argument that under the circumstances they could not afford to buy in American dollars and sell in depreciated Portuguese currency. There was a good deal of correspondence between the Lisbon agent and the American factory, the matter dragging on for the better part of a year, and at last the factory directed its American representative in Paris to go to Portugal and see what might be done by personal contact.

This man did as he was told. Arriving in Lisbon he hunted up the Portuguese agent through whom the merchandise had been sold, and explained that his company could not allow the matter to drag on longer. The company had paid the Portuguese import duties, amounting to 50 per cent of the value of the goods, besides transportation charges; these expenditures together with the value of the goods ran into a sum that the company could not afford to be out of indefinitely. If nothing else could be done the company would like to have the whole shipment sent back to America.

The Lisbon agent was inclined to be indifferent. He had, he said, gone to considerable expense in securing the orders, and it was not his fault that the exchange had gone down to such an extent that the dealers would not accept their purchases. The boxes of merchandise were lying in railroad warehouses in the various towns where they had been shipped throughout the country, and it would be something of a job to bring them all back to Lisbon. He finally said he would do this, however, for a fee of a thousand dollars.

The American agreed to pay this amount, and after waiting a couple of weeks the boxes of goods were finally assembled and ready to be shipped back to America. Then one morning the Portuguese agent turned up with a discouraging report.

"I regret to inform you," he said, "that it will be necessary to pay an additional duty before you can ship the merchandise out of the country. The government demands 50 per cent on the value of the goods."

The American demanded to know why his company should have to pay to take its property out of the country when it had already paid to bring it in.

"Because," answered the agent, "the merchandise has now been in the country for a year, and under Portuguese law it is nationalized. The customs officers will not release it until this extra duty is paid."

The Customer In Genoa

This situation left the American factory high and dry so far as any profit on the transaction was concerned. It had paid 50 per cent to get the merchandise into the country; to pay another 50 per cent meant the total value of the shipment, besides the original selling expense, the freight across the Atlantic and the thousand dollars for the agent's trouble. The American told the agent to try to sell the stuff for what it would bring, and went back to Paris.

This discouraging situation might have been avoided if the American firm had studied Portuguese customs regulations, which state that goods left in the country for a year or more become nationalized and are liable to export charges. Exporting is no more hazardous than any other business if the rules are observed.

It is a matter of record that credit losses on foreign business average no higher than in strictly American operations, yet men connected with export trade have told me that many firms hold back from overseas business through a feeling that it must be a risky matter. Sometimes, even, the firm already in the overseas trade has a squeamish attitude toward its foreign accounts not warranted by the circumstances. A prominent New York export manager who handles the foreign business of a large manufacturing firm told me a story in illustration of this attitude.

"My firm has a customer in Genoa, Italy," he said, "who is in the electrical business and who has for the past couple of years been sending us orders for a special socket we manufacture. No one in our organization has ever seen this customer, but originally when he wrote to get our catalogue and prices he furnished very satisfactory references as to his standing and responsibility, all of which we had verified through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, in Washington. This correspondence resulted in a fair-sized order, which was paid for promptly when due, as were all succeeding orders.

"One day, however, during this spring my house received a letter from this man in regard to a shipment we had made him; he had, it seems, ordered a lot of our sockets which had been billed at our regular credit terms of ninety days; the bill was about to fall due and he wrote to ask that we extend payment another month. His request was based on the fact that there had been a delay on the building job for which the sockets were wanted, resulting in a similar delay in his getting paid for them; and he asked us to cable the Genoa bank to hold up presentation of draft for thirty days.

"From every commercial standpoint the Italian's request was reasonable enough, but my firm's credit executive was considerably worried over it. He came into my

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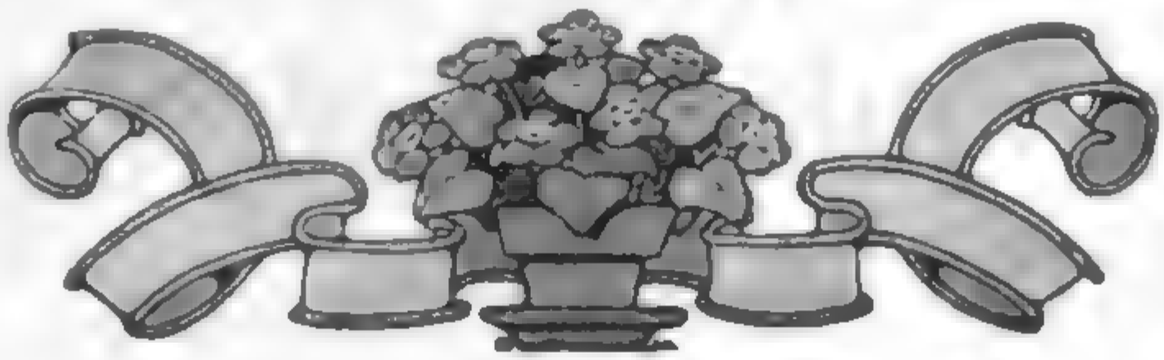

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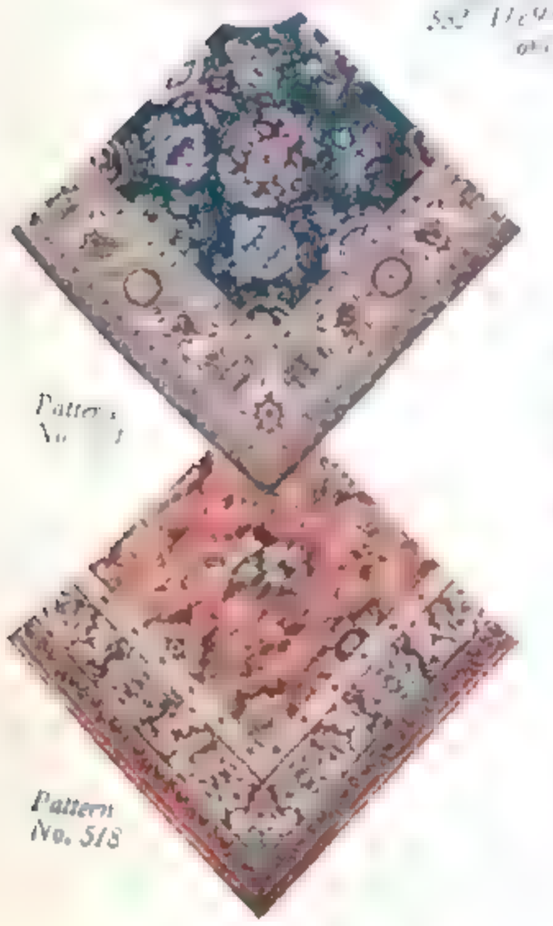

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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

(Continued from Page 32)

room to show me the letter and asked me what I thought ought to be done. I said if it were left to me I should ring for a messenger and cable the Genoa bank to do precisely what the man asked.

"'But look here,' the credit executive came back at me, 'this may be some kind of scheme to get out of paying the bill. That man has got our goods and he is four thousand miles away from here. No one in our organization has ever so much as seen him. It seems mighty funny that a fellow who has always paid his bills on time before should suddenly pop up with a request that we extend our regular terms. It looks fishy to me!'

"'All right,' I answered; 'maybe your fears are well founded, but let's look at the facts before we get heated up over it. In the first place, we investigated him thoroughly before we started dealing with him; if I remember correctly we had a letter from the Genoa bank stating that he was well regarded in local business circles, that his business had been established more than twenty years on one of the principal streets of the city, and that he was considered good for all obligations. This information was corroborated by an international credit bureau and by agents of our own Government. If some fellow from El Paso, let us say, should come in here with recommendations like that you'd be willing to sell him all he wanted, wouldn't you, and be tickled to death to do it?'"

A Policy That Paid

"The credit executive allowed that he would feel perfectly at ease in the case of an El Paso business man with such references, but El Paso was in the United States and Genoa was in Italy, which made a lot of difference.

"'Yes,' I said, 'Genoa is in Italy; but I understand the credit of individuals is based somewhat on the resources of the field they do business in. Now I don't know this fellow over there who owes us this money, but I have been in his town. It has a quarter of a million population, with one of the best harbors in Europe, and its back country is tilled closer than anything you ever saw, with a lot of manufacturing towns scattered about. Genoa itself couldn't be very well wiped out by a big fire, because so far as I know there isn't a wooden building in the whole place.

"'So much for this fellow's background, and now about the human slant, which I believe also goes into credit calculations. If he has been in business twenty years it is a pretty safe bet his enterprise is on a fairly sound basis, because those Europeans don't take chances as we do. They know they have got just one chance to make good; there is no such thing over there as a man's making a fizzle and then getting on his feet again. This fellow doesn't want a lawsuit on his hands any more than the man in El Paso would; even less, probably, because the consequences would be a great deal more serious for him.'

"The credit executive seemed still to have a lingering suspicion of any foreigner who would ask for an extension of credit terms, and so I suddenly shot this at him:

"'How many times in the course of a month,' I said, 'do customers of the house here in the States write in and ask for short extensions?'

"He answered that there were a good many.

"'And a lot of others,' I went on, 'take extra time on their bills without even bothering to ask permission!'

"I knew I was on a subject that is a sore matter with credit executives everywhere, so I didn't give him time for a come-back, but went on this way:

"'When a customer here in the States who has always paid his bills asks for a little extra time you always grant it to him, and the chances are you write him a nice letter also, saying the house is glad to extend courtesies to its good clients. Even when some customer takes extra time without asking for it, you don't go after him hammer and tongs, but you slip him a nice courteous note saying he has probably overlooked the account and you trust he will attend to it at his earliest convenience.

"'Now suppose we look at this fellow over in Genoa. Pretend for a minute that Genoa is down in Texas or out on the Pacific Coast somewhere, and visualize him as just an ordinary business man who is plugging away at his proposition with every incentive to pay his bills and with a past record that is all right. Probably the new high-school building, or whatever it was he wanted our sockets for, is delayed for some reason, and just like any other business man he finds it hard to pay us until he gets his own money in. We need his future trade, and the way to get it is to show him the same courtesies we would show anyone else. Why don't you send a cable saying his request is granted? If I were doing it I would pay an extra fifty cents and add a couple of pleasant words to the message. I'm betting it would be a good investment in the long run!'"

The credit manager accepted the suggestion and did send the cable according to the ideas of the export manager, with the result that the bill was paid at the end of the thirty days. Later a letter came from the Genoa man expressing his profound thanks for the courtesy of his American friends and suggesting that the firm send its catalogue to another house, in Milan, which would, he felt sure, be glad to purchase from so liberal a concern.

Other export managers have expressed the same ideas as the man above quoted on the subject of the comparative safety of doing business in foreign countries. One man who has had wide foreign experience besides having formerly been United States sales manager for a great manufacturing firm, said the following, which, as it contains statements that may be startling to some people, I am particular to quote precisely:

"The United States needs foreign business more than it ever did before, because during the past few years our manufacturing facilities have been geared up to such a point that when we run at full capacity we accumulate more stuff than the country can possibly buy, and then there is a slump when the factories have to shut up shop and people walk around out of work until the accumulated surplus has been used up. There is a place somewhere in the world for every sort of article we make. A lot of manufacturers would like to sell abroad, but the foreign field seems a mysterious thing, the main bugaboo of which is the risk of sending valuable merchandise to far-off places on credit."

Extravagant Competition

"The fact is, we are trying to sell too many things right here in the United States. Competition is so keen in many lines that it leads to the most extravagant methods. Take, for instance, the old brewery business. The factor that more than anything else put the beer industry out of business was there were entirely too many breweries. In most localities half a dozen were trying to do business where there was a normal sale for the output of two or three, the consequence being that they had constantly to set up new retailers in business. Often as not these men had no capital of their own, the brewery installing the fixtures and paying the license merely to get an outlet for its product. Under such circumstances a lot of things were done that had no business to be done, and the whole industry suffered.

"Exactly the same thing is happening today in some manufacturing trades that went on in the brewery business."

In one of the upstate New York towns there is a concern manufacturing builders' hardware which has built up a considerable export business during the past few years, the origin of which came in a somewhat unusual way. The concern has always maintained a New York City office, and some years ago, a vacancy occurring there, a young man from the factory was sent down to take charge of the New York City business. From the first, this young office manager was ambitious to try his hand at exporting, but for a long time could not convince his principals at the factory that foreign business might be profitable. One day, however, he happened to meet a broker on lower Broadway who had a request for bids on a large quantity of builders' hardware to be used on a big college building that was to be put up in Peru, South America, and he told the broker he would like a chance to put in a bid. His factory heads, he figured, would not object to his landing an order of the sort, and if it turned out well they might let him try for more export business.

When he came to look at the specifications for the college building in Peru he almost gave up his desire for foreign trade. Bids were asked for certain numbers of locks, hinges, bolts, and the like, but the drawings that accompanied the request were of so sketchy a character as to give little idea of what was actually needed. There was a picture of a building with openings for doors and windows, but nothing to show which were the doors and which were windows; and no information as to whether doors were to swing in or out, or how the windows were to work. Such information as accompanied the drawings was written in Spanish, but a Spanish so mixed up with local Indian idioms that no interpreter in New York would guarantee a translation. About the only satisfying part of the whole matter was the fact that the Peruvian consul in New York guaranteed that cash money would be waiting for the firm with the lowest bid.

The hardware manager hunted up a Spaniard of his acquaintance who was in the contracting business, to ask information that might help in making a bid on the materials wanted, but without results. The Spaniard was from Cuba and could not make out what the drawings meant or what the written instructions precisely were. He did, however, have a mechanic in his employ who, he said, had come originally from Peru and who might be able to help.

This man turned out to be a Peruvian mostly of Indian blood, and had served his apprenticeship in that country; he was not much of a scholar, but when the Peruvian-Indian text was read to him he could make out what it meant, and the drawings were what he had been accustomed to work from in the old days when on building jobs. With the assistance of this mechanic the hardware manager was able to learn which of the openings in the drawing meant doors and which windows, and how the hinges and other devices were intended to work. There was one other matter that was puzzling, it being the fact that the specifications contained no information as to the finish desired on the hardware. The hardware manager asked his mechanic friend how Peruvian people ordinarily liked their public buildings fitted out, and the answer was that the taste in that country was for fittings much shiny.

Having thus attained a practical if somewhat sketchy education in Peruvian architecture the hardware manager prepared to make up a line of samples to go with his bid on the job. Making a trip to his factory he selected a line of articles that he believed would be acceptable, and had everything finished as shiny as possible, the crowning piece being a door plate of polished nickel with a very shiny brass knob. From the Peruvian mechanic he had learned that locks with master keys were unknown in that country, and so he submitted a sample lock which, he explained in his bid, had its own individual key, but could also be opened by a master key that would open all the other locks in the building. Finally getting his samples ready he shipped them to Peru along with his prices, these being based on the actual cost of production plus the margin of profit that his firm regularly put on its goods in its domestic operations.

Getting a Hearing

In a couple of months he received official notice that his bid had been accepted, which was natural inasmuch as his figures were ten thousand dollars less than those of any other bidder. It seems that the South American capitalists had asked for bids on the materials not only from manufacturers in this country but also in England and France, and had sent the same crude drawings in all cases as a basis for the bids. All the bidders with the exception of the New York man had looked the drawings over, evidently decided they were too vague to base an intelligent estimate on, and then submitted bids that were sure to be high enough to cover any eventualities. Also, the New York man was the only one who had taken the trouble to fix up special samples to fit the taste of his customers. Perhaps the others had not been fortunate enough to locate South American Indian carpenters, and perhaps they had not tried; but anyhow they were not willing to take chances by quoting close prices on so vague a basis.

Thus the hardware manager had his export order and there was a deposit in a New York bank to guarantee that the South Americans were ready to carry out their part of the contract, but his troubles were not over. His firm had been mildly interested in his efforts to land a foreign contract, but the factory was busy with domestic orders, and when he demanded that an entire room be devoted to the Peruvian order there was considerable dissension. The factory superintendent was particularly strong in opposition. Foreign orders were all right, he allowed, but they had no business to upset the ordinary routine of the place; if foreigners couldn't use the regular kind of stuff that was used in the good old U. S. A., then they ought to make it themselves and not bother other people about it.

Even the president of the firm was lukewarm when he found the material for the Peruvian order required so much special treatment, and expressed his opinion that it would be an unprofitable venture, even though the price charged for it covered all the unusual operations. The hardware manager met this attitude with a practical argument.

"I know," he said, "that getting out this stuff is going to cut into our regular routine considerably. But you know every year during the dull season we have to lay off part of our help, and even looking at it purely from an efficiency standpoint that is a bad business, because some of our best people drift away from us, and we are continually having to break in new ones, which costs money. If we can work up a little foreign trade, even as much as 5 per cent of our total, it will go a long way toward taking up this slack. Anyhow, this order has got to go through, because we have signed up for it and we are liable for damages if we don't carry out our part of the contract."

The Power of Imagination

There was nothing to do but let him have his way, and a room in the factory was set aside for the work of finishing the material to suit Peruvian tastes, bronzing hinges, nickel-plating door plates that ordinarily were left plain brass, and buffing doorknobs to mirror brilliancy. Even then it was not clear sailing for the hardware manager, because the factory help did not much care for the unusual work, and the job dragged on until after the time it had been promised and the consul in New York began to threaten to cancel the order if it were not hurried up. The hardware manager made another hurried trip to the factory with the idea of speeding things, and on the way an idea occurred to him. He bought a large picture of a South American scene, showing a rocky wind-swept mountain with a quaint city nestling at its foot, and this he hung in the factory room where the special work was going on. He got the workmen together and made a little speech.

"I want to give you folks an idea," he said, "of where this stuff is going to be used. Perhaps you will never go to Peru yourselves, but every piece of this hardware you are working on in this room is going there. Isn't it something to feel that these things you are turning out will be loaded on a steamer in New York, carried all the way down the Atlantic Ocean, through the canal, out into the Pacific, and at last be used in a building on the top of that mountain you see in the picture? You are helping to make a building down there that you will always be interested in because you helped to build it!"

The picture that the hardware manager had hung on the wall happened to portray a scene in Chile instead of Peru, but it answered the purpose in giving the factory people a sense of romance in their work that helped to speed up the job. The hardware was finished, shipped and paid for. Some months later the South American consul walked into the hardware manager's New York office with the statement that his people were more than pleased with the attention given their order and had commissioned him to purchase a gift for the hardware manager. The gift proved to be a watch fob, suitably engraved and of such gorgeous design that the hardware manager has never had the courage to wear it, but keeps it at home in its fancy velvet case to show admiring friends.

There was, however, a more practical result. Some time later his factory received a letter from an important South American distributing firm stating that its attention had been called to the hardware used in the Peruvian college building; the hardware furnished showed such evident familiarity with the requirements of that country that the distributing firm would be glad to enter into negotiations for the handling of the product in its territory. This connection led to others, until now the New York State factory has a South American market that takes approximately 12 per cent of its output.

From Sea to Sea

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This map indicating the location of all Buick Authorized Service Stations tells a comprehensive story. It portrays vividly why Buick is the ideal car for tours of every length, and for all kinds of motoring. Seldom needed, but always ready, Buick Authorized Service completes the motoring satisfaction of all Buick owners.

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The principal value of a cushion tire is in the cushioning it gives. The new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tire gives more cushioning, over more thousands of miles, because it is designed for lasting resilience — hollow center, indented sidewalls, All-Weather Tread—and it has tractive power and long-wearing quality, too.

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

READY MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

"The first Kerfbyle in this city, Mrs. Hancey, was Jacob Kerfbyle, a doctor of physic and a graduate of Leyden, who established himself in practice here in 1649. I have letters written to him at his residence on the Heeren Gracht, which is Broad Street now. He married Elsie Provoost, daughter of a tanner and shoemaker who was prominent in Dutch society. The union was blessed with sixteen children—Susannah, Barent, Philip, Coenraet, Judith, Abraham, Kilien, Parocolus, Frederick——"

"In a word," said Mrs. Hancey, "he was the first father of his country. He died, I suppose?"

"While still in the flower of health and strength, Mrs. Hancey. In 1678 he attended a rural ball in New Jersey and danced with the parson's wife. He danced down eleven couples and fell dead on the floor without a word, a groan or a sigh. His excellent wife had preceded him by two months, and his children were inconsolable at being thus left alone in the world."

"'Alone' is not exactly the word," said Mrs. Hancey; "but I get what you mean."

"I shall now trace the descent of the several children," said Mr. Kerfbyle, drawing a deep breath. "You will find it an exceedingly interesting and instructive narrative; for whereas no less than two hundred and seventeen individuals were of the family blood in the year 1750, I today am the sole surviving descendant of the original Dr. Jacob Kerfbyle. Our family records are complete and accurate, and Mr. Flamm informs me that they are competent at law. I shall begin with Susannah, who was born in the year 1654, and who was married in the year 1670 to Cornelius Vanderveer, a sea captain."

"Let us begin, Deuce," interposed Mrs. Hancey, "with the assumption that you are the last of the family. Now what difference does that make?"

"That is the very point of the story," said Mr. Kerfbyle. "Doctor Jacob Kerfbyle left a last will and testament, made in 1670, whereby he left his entire estate to a brother in Holland. This brother, whose name was Oloff Stevensen Kerfbyle, came here from Holland and took possession of the estate, and sold it off and disappeared. Through his conveyances the present holders of the property trace their titles. But, Mrs. Hancey, it has since been discovered that Dr. Jacob Kerfbyle left a later will, and by that later will he devised and bequeathed his entire estate to his surviving children, share and share alike. When I have established that later will at law, the titles running through Oloff Stevensen will be upset and I shall come into the estate of the first Jacob Kerfbyle."

He spread his hands and beamed at her. She opened her mouth.

"You mean, Deuce," she breathed, "that you're claiming under a will that was made over two hundred and fifty years ago?"

"My attorneys have informed me," he said calmly, "that the elapsed time makes no difference in my rights in legal theory. The only question is a matter of proof. I confess that until I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Flamm the several attorneys to whom I presented the matter were not hopeful. Mr. Flamm has advised me that the other attorneys were probably in the pay of the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company, which has insured all titles from Oloff Stevensen and which would naturally oppose my claim.

"He gladly agreed to press my claim, under an arrangement whereby I was to meet his expenses. I convinced him that the later will is authentic. It was discovered in the year 1869, when the ancient residence on Broad Street was torn down. My father was not a man of business and did nothing to assert his rights. I took the matter up in 1912, when I retained an attorney to establish the will at law. This attorney led me to suppose that he could obtain a settlement from the title company; but he finally abandoned the attempt and told me that there was no hope. I sought other counsel, and finally secured Mr. Flamm, who has prosecuted the affair with the greatest diligence for several years.

He Mused the Bricks About, Picking Them Up and Poising Them Speculatively

"It has cost me considerable money," said Mr. Kerfbyle, pouting his lips; "but the property at stake was well worth it. Dr. Jacob Kerfbyle owned a small country estate of eighteen acres on the Bowery. The site comprises the several blocks immediately south of Fourteenth Street and west of the present Third Avenue. The value of that property today is between nine and ten million dollars. That property belongs to me. Mr. Flamm says that my title is clear, and that it is merely a question of raising the sums to pay legal expenses."

"Yes, I guess that is the only question that Mr. Flamm is interested in," nodded Mrs. Hancey. "I'm no lawyer, Deuce, but it looks to me as though you've taken a large order. How much have you paid this Flamm?"

"Hardly over a thousand or two, all told. I could not raise more, having expended a great deal of money before meeting him."

"Listen, Deuce," she said. "I've got a few dollars lying in the bank at 2 per cent. Supposing I lend you a hundred dollars——"

"Oh, no!" he protested. "It is very kind of you, and I appreciate it; but it is impossible—quite."

"At 6 per cent," she said sternly. "I'm talking business, Deuce. You'll be doing me a favor. I'll expect 6 per cent on the money, and if you're not ready with it in hand I'll come down on you like a thousand of brick. And, to make sure that you'll have it, you'll have to agree to pay no more money to Mr. Flamm until I get mine back. What do you say? You'll give me a note and I'll expect you to make me a present when you come into your fortune."

"If the matter is arranged on a business basis ——" he murmured hesitatingly.

"Strictly business, and nothing but!" she said strongly. "I need every dollar I can lay my hands on. I'm saving up until I get the price to open a little fur shop down on Fifth Avenue. I can coin money there. I know the buying end, and I can get the credit; but I have to have a lump of cash to begin. Oh, I'm not making any gifts! I don't need such an awful lot; I can get the stock on consignment. That's where the money grows, Deuce—forty thousand dollars for a sable coat that costs the jobber about twenty. Say, you'd do well down there, Deuce, handling the swell trade. You're wasted up here in Harlem. You've got the high-class retail manner. You know, Deuce, nine-tenths of the trick of making money is to work in the right place; it doesn't pay to save on rent and location. It is like a farmer trying to work an old New England farm because it is cheap, when he can go out to the wheat country and pay the price and make a living. We're working the wrong location up here, Deuce. What do you say? It's all right about the hundred at 6 per cent, isn't it?"

"I will take it," he said in a low voice, staring at the wall of the darkening chamber. "I do not know what else I can do. But you shall be repaid, Mrs. Hancey. You shall be under no necessity of opening a shop on lower Fifth Avenue when I come into the Kerfbyle estate."

"That's fine of you, Deuce," she said, getting out her check book. "I don't object to gifts a bit."

"It will not be a gift, Mrs Hancey," he said. "I—I have thought at times that you understood how I felt toward you. There is something that I cannot say to you now, in honor."

"Why not?" she said, bending over her writing and speaking in a tone that was light but evocative. "Money is not everything, Deuce. You mean that you would ask me to marry you if you were rich?"

He was startled into silence—surprised, as so many men before him had been surprised by the almost unsentimental openeyedness of the female approach. Marriage is women's business. In contemplating the relation, they are not blinded by the fog of sensuous excitement, though they dearly enjoy it. They are not ordinarily so frank, fearing to startle.

"If I were not such a poor devil, Alice," he said breathlessly, "would you ——"

(Continued on Page 38)

Buyers have come to expect greater beauty of design and finish, superior construction and finer equipment, in those motor car bodies which bear the symbol—Body by Fisher. These distinguishing qualities are the natural reflection of the immensity of Fisher resources, and of the pre-eminent talent which such immensity invariably attracts.

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Watch This Column

for

"Pictures Worth Seeing"

HOOT GIBSON is what the cow punchers would call "a ridin' fool." What he can't do on a broncho isn't worth discussing. I want you to know him. He is young and talented and all of his pictures are full of the wholesome excitement and humor of the West. Please see his picture "Shootin' for Love." Not much of a title, but it's expressive and the picture will make you jump.

* * *

By the way, have you noticed that *all* Universal Pictures are wholesome, very much alive, splendidly cast? Have you noticed that we choose our stories from the best authors? For example, here's a list of "Pictures Worth Seeing," every one by an author you know: ***"The Storm," "The Flirt," "Human Hearts," "Driven," "The Abysmal Brute"*** with REGINALD DENNY; ***"Bava," "Trifling With Honor," "The Leather Pushers"*** — and then ***"H. A. Snow's Hunting Big Game in Africa with Gun and Camera."***

* * *

The name Universal on pictures has come to be regarded as a guarantee of a good evening's entertainment. If Universals are not shown at your favorite theatre, you are certainly missing many of the best pictures of the year. Is your theatre going to show ***"The Shock,"*** with LON CHANEY and VIRGINIA VALLI — will it show ***"The Gumps,"*** not the drawings, but regular actors and everything? Will it show ***"Merry Go Round"?*** Don't you think you had better speak to the Manager?

* * *

All the best theatres should show Universal Pictures because you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals. You ought to help bring them to your neighborhood for your own sake.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

"Must you wait until you are better off, Deuce?"

"I must."

"But you are such a poor devil, Deuce," she said, refusing an answer to his hypothetical question. Her hand rested momentarily on his sleeve as she passed him on her way to the door.

III

"I CAN make it two hundred and fifty, Mrs. Hancey," said Mr. Kidd. "That is positively the best."

"With a contract?"

"No."

"When does it begin?"

"On the first."

"It will have to do for the time being," accepted Mrs. Hancey, rising. "Thank you, Mr. Kidd."

She returned to her duties. The disposition of her time was her own. In the afternoon she left the store and took the Subway to lower Manhattan, and so to a small and dingy office building on Exchange Place. The single rattletrap elevator lifted her to the sixth floor. She walked along a gaslighted hall, scanning the office doors, until she came to that one which bore the black-lettered legend, Abraham P. Flamm, Counselor at Law. She pushed this one open.

"Is the lawyer in?" she asked the stenographer, who was typing furiously.

"What do you want to see him about?" called the young lady above the clatter and bang of her machine.

"About the Kerfbyle case."

"What about the Kerfbyle case?"

"I might possibly be interested in buying up the claim," said Mrs. Hancey after vainly rebuking the young lady with an unfriendly stare.

"He's in," said the typist, jumping up. "You said buying, didn't you?"

She left her crowded alcove and opened a door in a glass partition. The office had been originally a single small room, and had been converted into sanctum and dark antechamber. "A lady to see you about buying something," called the stenographer. "You can go in," she said, returning to her piled work.

The counselor nodded to her and indicated a chair, without breaking the thread of the conversation which he was conducting on one of his two desk telephones. He had evidently the valuable knack of doing several things at once. While he talked, his black eyes studied Mrs. Hancey. She was impressed by his evident ability to study her while losing nothing from his talk. The black eyes were large; soft and velvety when the counselor's voice grew persuasive, then hard and insolent again. They were set in a large and half-bald head, and accompanied by thick red lips, a bulbous nose and full and sallow cheeks. The head was too large for the counselor's body, which was short and small-boned, smartly clothed. His delicate and black-haired hand sawed the air beside the telephone.

"The rents are ten thousand dollars," he said. He had an accent that defied isolation. It escaped Mrs. Hancey when she strove to catch it. It was the accent of an educated foreigner, or perhaps of a native-born New Yorker whose parents spoke no English.

"Well, about ten thousand dollars. The expenses? Wait a minute—here they are. Interest, three thousand; taxes, two thousand sixty-two-fifty; coal, nine hundred. . . . What's that? About seventy-five, yes. . . . Get me an offer."

"I didn't get your name, madam," he said, pushing away the telephone on its steel arm.

"Harmon," said Mrs. Hancey. "Miss Harmon." He nodded. "I am interested in buying the Ducey Kerfbyle claim," she said. "At least, I would like to ask you if —"

"How did you hear of it?"

"I don't care to say, at present. But I am quite familiar with it. I know that it is founded on the will of Dr. Jacob Kerfbyle, and concerns the property south of East Fourteenth Street which used to be the Kerfbyle farm."

"Whom do you represent, Miss Harmon?"

"Myself," she said, smiling.

His black eyes stared at her unwinkingly, their searching gaze alternating from one of her eyes to the other.

"You want to buy the claim?"

"If it could be arranged as I would have it, I might be interested."

"It can be arranged, no doubt," he said, and his eyes were velvety. "Everything can be had at a price."

"That is what I wished to talk to you about. I am not in a position to put up a large sum of money, and I thought that possibly I could buy it on time."

"You mean—an annuity? How much are you prepared to pay?"

"I could do a hundred a month."

"Oh, nonsense!" he said contemptuously. "The claim involves a matter of ten million dollars! Let's come down to business. What's your price?"

"One hundred a month," she said flatly. "If the claim can't be bought on that basis, I'll lose no time talking about it. I may as well tell you that I've spoken to another lawyer about it, and he tells me that the claim is entirely hopeless and isn't worth a dollar."

"What then do you want it for, Miss Harmon?"

"I do not care to say," she said. "Is a hundred a month satisfactory?"

"You mean a hundred a month during Mr. Kerfbyle's life?"

"That might be acceptable."

He bowed his heavy head in thought.

"Are you fully empowered to negotiate, Miss Harmon?"

"I am negotiating—or, rather, I'm telling you the very best that I will do. You may take it or leave it."

"If I advise Mr. Kerfbyle to take the annuity, the money will be paid into this office?"

"No," she said. "It must be paid direct to Mr. Kerfbyle. But I must not appear in the matter. How can we arrange that?"

"It might be paid through a trust company," he suggested. "You could make your private arrangement with the company, so that you would not appear, and Mr. Kerfbyle could take the trust company's agreement."

"Would I have to give the trust company security?"

"You might make the arrangement contingent in some way. What are you going to do with the claim?"

"Nothing, Mr. Flamm."

A slow smile spread over his large face.

"Why be so mysterious, Miss Harmon?" he coaxed. "I know whom you represent and what you want to buy the claim for. You say that this claim is worthless, and that you don't propose to press it; and still you're willing to pay one hundred dollars a month for it during Mr. Kerfbyle's natural life. Come, Miss Harmon, let us be frank and aboveboard."

"I do not know what you are hinting at, Mr. Flamm," she said impatiently. "What do you mean by making the arrangement contingent?"

"I mean that the claim could be transferred to the trustee, subject to reverting to Mr. Kerfbyle if you failed to make the monthly payments. I offer this merely as a first suggestion. It would be an arrangement that gave you no advantage whatever, except that it would halt any suit on the claim by Mr. Kerfbyle. That, of course, cannot be your objective. If you wished to rid yourself of the annuity, you might provide to liquidate it at any time upon payment of a lump sum."

"You say that some plan can be worked out, and that is enough at present," she said, rising. "It is understood that I am not to appear in the matter. Suppose, then, that you communicate with Mr. Kerfbyle and secure his assent to some such arrangement."

"Shall I write you at your office?"

"No; you may write me at this address. Good day, Mr. Flamm."

She left the office. For several minutes after she left him Mr. Flamm sat in thought. Then he nodded satisfiedly and arose and left the suite and walked down the gaslighted hall. He entered an office upon whose door was written, Simeon Ellerbach, Real Estate.

Mr. Ellerbach was at his desk. His desk was beside a black window. A new building had been erected on the adjoining land and its masonry was flush with the opening. But Mr. Ellerbach, with his skinny and yellow hands clasped behind his bald head, was staring absorbedly through the glass pane as though he saw through the curtain of brick and cement and steel which was there, three feet from his Roman nose.

"Eh?" He leaped in his chair and made an involuntary clutch at the papers upon his desk. "My gracious, Flamm, you gave me a turn! Come in, my dear fellow, come in. I'm glad to see you."

"Do you remember my telling you about the Kerfbyle claim?" asked Mr. Flamm, seating himself before the desk.

"Yes, yes," muttered Mr. Ellerbach, busying himself with turning papers over on their faces as fast as Mr. Flamm's casual glance fell upon them. "I do, indeed—yes. . . . What did you say, Flamm?"

"Two years ago," said Mr. Flamm, "I was visited by a Mr. Kerfbyle, who had seen my advertisement of legal services in a newspaper. He was a crank who had a notion that he owned several square blocks of Manhattan real estate near Fourteenth Street. He brought a will with him."

"Ah, yes, I do recall something of it now."

"He had also a mass of material to prove his descent from the testator. You remember that I consulted you upon the matter, having the greatest confidence in your knowledge of real-estate law. I have always said, Ellerbach, that you were the best real-estate lawyer in the city, outside the title companies."

"That is very kind of you, my boy," bowed Mr. Ellerbach; "very flattering. Well, perhaps I did have some inkling of the law before the lamentable injustice of disbarring me was wrought by our high-minded and learned Appellate Division. I believe I advised you that this Kerfbyle claim was worthless, did I not?"

"You did," said Mr. Flamm. "But now I have the best of reasons for believing that the board of counsel of the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company disagrees with you."

"Is it possible? Do you not refer to the claim based on that will made some two hundred or three hundred years ago?"

"Exactly."

"I have the profoundest respect for that estimable board," said Ellerbach, sniffing. "We have, indeed, differed at times upon the cash values of certain clouds upon title which I have called to their attention; but we have not disagreed hitherto upon questions of law. On such abstract questions we have been in the most gratifying harmony."

He opened his mouth and rubbed his bony chin.

"As an attorney, Mr. Flamm," he said, "you do not need my instruction that our law provides that a will must be offered for probate within four years of the death of the testator if innocent purchasers are to be ousted. Nor need you call my attention to the provision that the four-year period does not apply where one who took in default of the will had willfully concealed it; there is no proof possible that that exception applies here. The titles of the owners of today are derived through a chain adverse to this alleged will; but it is impossible to prove that will. On what peg can you hang a plausible case? Who will prove the attestation and publication? Who will prove the handwriting of a man dead for two hundred years? I grant you again that claims as unsubstantiated are urged and litigated ever anew in our New York courts. There is litigation pending now on behalf of excellent people who are asserting ownership under royal grant of all Manhattan Island north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. There was the Dessauer claim, litigated for one hundred years, until the family was beggared, and settled only six months ago."

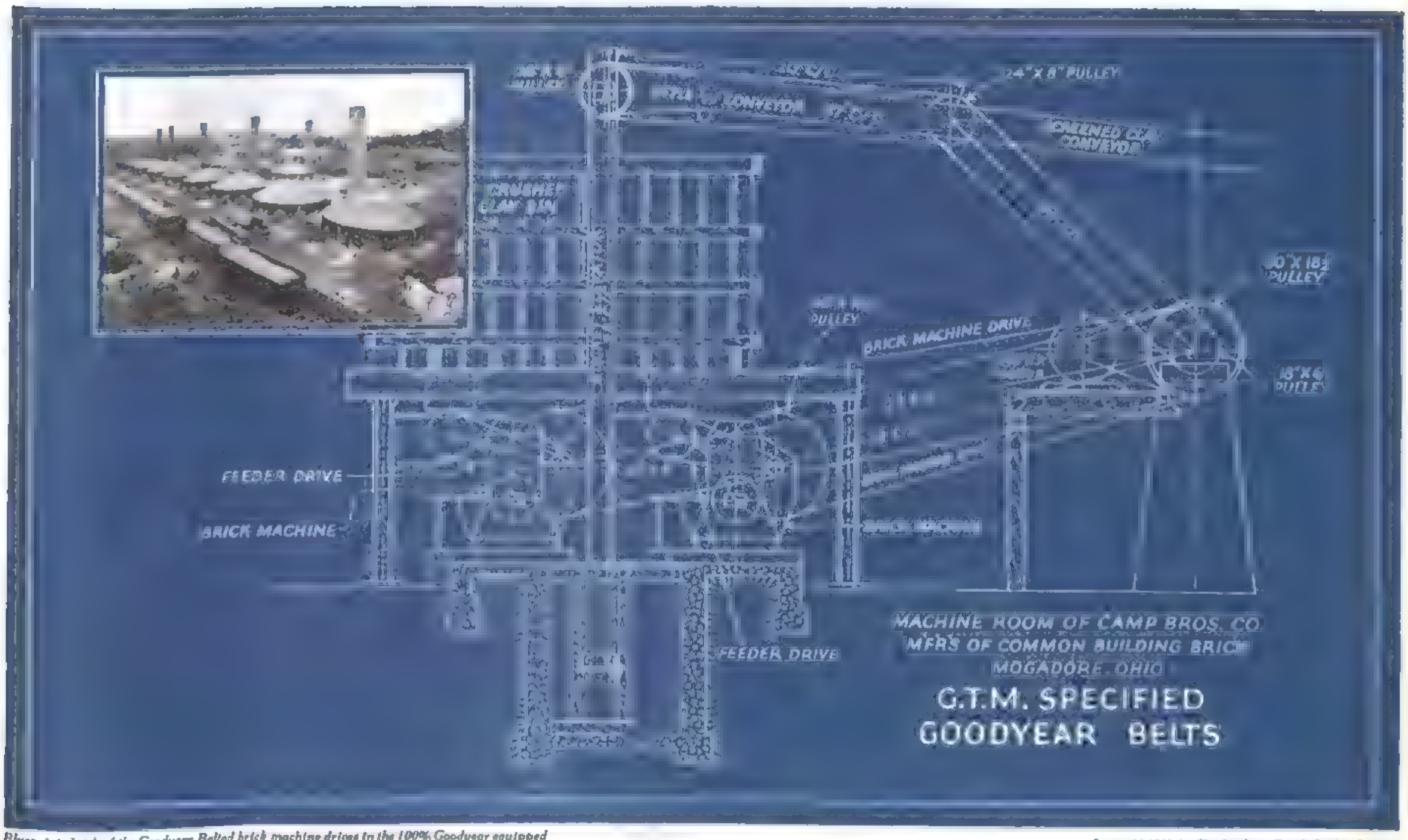
"The Metropolitan Title Insurance Company bought up the Dessauer claim."

Ellerbach shrugged his shoulders, with an inarticulate grunt.

"That was an affair of another complexion, my dear fellow. The heir had some case to build on. Do not be deluded. This Kerfbyle claim is, as the poet so aptly said, 'as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.' I do not know where you got the quaint notion that the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company considers it valuable or dangerous; but I humbly assure you that that company's board of counsel is not guilty of any such aberration of the intellect."

"Twenty minutes ago," said Flamm, "I was visited in my office by a lady, a smart-looking business woman, who offered to buy the Kerfbyle claim. She offered to pay for it by giving to Mr. Kerfbyle an annuity of one hundred dollars a month during his natural life. She told me that she did not wish to press the claim, but merely to hold it in abeyance, preventing further suit upon it until it should expire with Mr. Kerfbyle. Any actuary can calculate the cash value

(Continued on Page 41)



Blueprint sketch of the Goodyear Belted brick machine drives in the 100% Goodyear equipped plant of Camp Brothers Company, Mogadore, Ohio, with insert photograph of the plant

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100% Original Equipment—and the G. T. M.

They wanted the best of equipment in every respect, when Camp Brothers Company began the manufacture of brick, two years ago, at Mogadore, Ohio. Mr. H. H. Camp, President and General Manager, had been making good brick for 15 years, and in the course of his experience he had come to know that for all conveying and transmission duty in a brick plant, good belts are required. Therefore, he decided to use Goodyear Belts.

So the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—was asked what he would recommend. And in the painstaking, expert way required by the Goodyear method of Plant Analysis he studied minutely the dimensions and duty and prospective working conditions of every conveyor and drive. His recommendations covered an installation of 20 Goodyear Transmission Belts, in sizes ranging from 4-inch, 5-ply, to 18-inch, 8-ply; 10 Goodyear Conveyor Belts, ranging from 12 to 24 inches, and one Goodyear Bucket Elevator Belt.

The brick machine drives, shown in the blueprint sketch above, were the subject of especially thoughtful study on the part of the G. T. M.; for, as every brick maker knows, the brick machine drive makes heavy demands on the belt. It requires a belt that will not slip and is subject to the minimum of stretch. It requires a belt that is powerful, too, for the brick machines force a heavy mixture of clay and water into the dies. For each of these drives, the G. T. M. recommended an 18-inch friction-surfaced, long-wearing and powerful Goodyear Belt.

"***They have never been taken up,***" says Mr. Camp. "They have never been out of service a single day. The entire equipment has given two years of uninterrupted, efficient, economical service, and at the present time shows no appreciable signs of wear.

"***We are proud of the plant,*** and like to show it to everyone interested in up-to-date methods of brick manufacture. It has produced more than 35,000,000 bricks so far, and is now operating on the basis of 110,000 bricks a day. For this consistent and trouble-free operation we give their rightful share of the credit to our Goodyear Belts."

If you are building a new plant, or belting a particularly difficult drive, you may find it to your decided advantage to call in the G. T. M. He knows belting, and he knows the operating problems of many industries. He will go over your working conditions with your Plant Superintendent, and make a reliable recommendation. Whatever Goodyear Mechanical Goods he may recommend for you—Transmission Belts, Conveying Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—you may be sure will be built to give you the maximum of trouble-free, long-wearing service at low cost.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

BELTS · HOSE · VALVES · PACKING

Mothers - Let's be frank about Dirt

The Health Doctor

Children are constantly exposed to the danger of disease germs passing from hands to mouth, nose and food. Scientific cleanliness is their only protection.

YOU Mothers are *Health Doctors* of your families. We provide what is rated the world over as an invaluable aid to family health. So let us discuss freely and frankly this subject of dirt—of family cleanliness.

Does your sturdy son constantly tousle hands, face and hair against jolly school chums who unfortunately may live in homes less clean than yours—where contagious sickness may exist?

Do your children pet stray animals and touch hundreds of dirty, dangerous things—school and library books, fascinating junk piles, seats in public places?

Your husband too, is always touching car straps, door knobs in public places, stair rails, soiled money. Anything which many hands touch is almost certain to be covered with disease germs.

What can you do about it? Train your husband and children to purify their skin—many times a day—with Lifebuoy—*the soap that guards health.*

Lifebuoy is scientifically made by the world's largest soap makers for just one purpose—to protect health by combating the terrible dangers ever present in dirt.

Of course it is splendid soap—pure and bland as soap can be made. Its abundant, creamy lather of palm fruit oil and cocoanut oil is soothing to tenderest skin.

The Health Element

But it is the wonderful *Health Element* which gives to Lifebuoy its great protective value. This Health Element goes down deep into every pore, cleansing, purifying, guarding against the menace of germs.

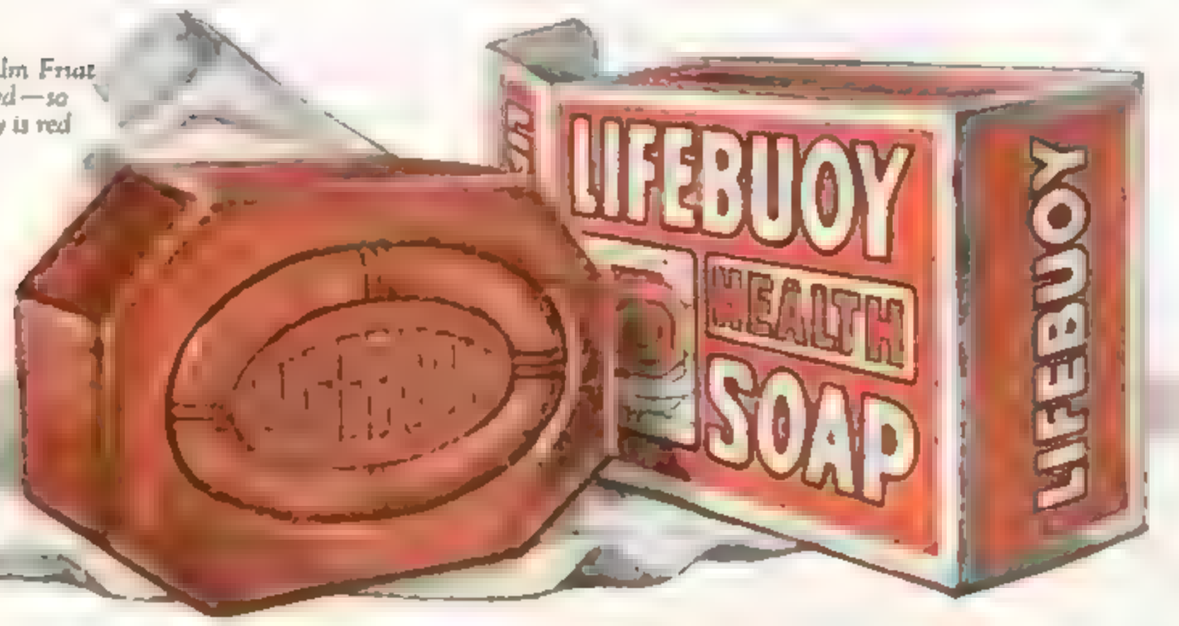
You know by its wholesome odor that Lifebuoy is a Health Soap.

The odor vanishes—the protection remains.

Lifebuoy removes body odors and is stimulating to the skin after work and play.

Let Lifebuoy protect your family. Place a cake at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Pure Palm Fruit Oil is red—so Lifebuoy is red



More than Soap – A Health Habit

Continued from Page 38

of that annuity. I should say that the expectancy is worth around sixteen thousand dollars. This was her own offer, unsolicited by me; no doubt the offer will be improved. I ask you to tell me who is most interested in extinguishing the Kerfbyle claim."

Mr. Ellerbach uttered a reflective moan; his close-set eyes shone with interest.

"On the face of it," said Mr. Flamm enjoyably, "the present owners of the property are interested. But the ownership is in many hands, and it is not thinkable that any one owner should assume the burden which is common to all. But the majority of them hold title policies of the Metropolitan, assuring them peaceful possession of their houses and lands."

"But it is absurd, my dear fellow," protested Ellerbach. "Why, the mere fact that these Kerfbyles slept so long on their rights after the finding of the will ——"

"Who else, then?"

Ellerbach arose and stalked about the narrow chamber.

"And yet," he said undecidedly, "if it were cleverly handled a great deal might be done with it. It might unsettle titles. If the owner of the claim were to watch his opportunities, he could institute litigation at awkward times—when building operations were projected, for instance. The claim might be used as a colorable pretext for unwilling purchasers to throw over their contracts. If properly advertised, it might depress values; no one cares to buy a lawsuit. If a decision on the merits were avoided, suit might be begun ever anew. And perhaps the title company has information bearing on the claim that we do not know of. But this is all very indefinite. The point here is that someone is willing to buy the claim; that puts an indisputable value on it."

"The title company would naturally not wish to appear," suggested Flamm. "The claim would be held at a very great figure if they once gave it countenance. Their solicitor was positive in his refusal to negotiate when I saw him about the claim two years ago. I should have dropped the matter then if it had not been that ——"

"If you had not felt obliged, in kindness to Mr. Kerfbyle, to let him litigate his claim to his heart's content. You must have made a handsome thing out of it, Flamm."

"Little enough. It was hardly worth while. You can't get blood out of a stone, Ellerbach. But there's a smell of real money about it now. It takes on a different look when someone is willing to pay the equivalent of fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars for it. We can't throw this over our shoulders. And it was her own offer—she'll do better. Shall we go into it? We've made a few dollars together in the past, Ellerbach. I know you can find plenty of cash for a good thing."

"And plenty of chances to spend it, Flamm. You did not do the fair and honest thing by me the last time, when I found the funds to purchase the property of the Lippitt estate. I have always felt that you could have made the price lower, since you were the sole trustee."

"The court would not have passed a lower price. But don't rake up old scores, Ellerbach. Let's study this thing out together."

And they put their heads together and went to studying—two wise men, two men learned in the law, two men skilled in reading motives and in exploring the hidden springs of human conduct. It would be a very astute rascal who dealt with these twain and succeeded in cloaking from them his designs.

IV

"TODAY, Mrs. Hancey," said Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle, placing the fourteenth olive pit on his plate, "I interviewed my attorney in reference to the recovery of the Kerfbyle estate."

Perhaps it was through his intercourse with Mr. Flamm that he had learned the trick of doing several things at once, and doing them severally well. His eyes shone with gladness, and his mind was taken up by the thought of his interview with Mr. Flamm and its sweet implications; but his hands went indefatigably about the business of stripping the table of stale foodstuffs. The blackened olives, the wilted celery, the horny bread sticks, the Norwegian herring in its stagnant fluid, the conventional table trappings of a regular dinner at the Maison Rosenberg, which had been spread before a score of patrons and had remained as intact as a Raines Law sandwich—these delicacies of yesteryear were vanishing before the unleashed appetite of Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle. The scandalized waiter hurried to the reacue and served the cream-of-celery soup.

"You told me you got a letter," said Mrs. Hancey. "Ask for more bread and butter, Deuce."

"Mr. Flamm wrote me, asking me to call. I saw him today, and he informed me that he had received an offer of settlement. The offer was comparatively small, but the considerations which Mr. Flamm pressed on me influenced me and inclined me to regard the offer with favor. There was another consideratien, Mrs. Hancey, which weighed even more with me and determined me to accept."

"I know that, Deuce," she said, avoiding his ardent gaze and looking down in time to push the bread basket within reach of his wandering hand.

"Mr. Flamm told me that he had serious scruples about pushing my claim to its logical conclusion. He did not deny its justice, but he begged me to reflect upon the hardship which it would visit upon a great number of innocent people. For two hundred and fifty years, Mrs. Hancey, people have been buying and selling and partitioning the eighteen acres which was once the country seat of Jacob Kerfbyle. The green meadows and shady dells and forest shrubbery which were once roamed by his sixteen little ones have become the home of a great population. Hundreds of honest and well-meaning people built their houses there, and paid taxes, and invested their little savings, and looked forward to handing their properties down to their children. It would be a catastrophe if I were to insist on my right of ownership now."

"I think it is lovely of Mr. Flamm to worry about those people," said Mrs. Hancey in a flat voice.

"I will not hide from you, Mrs. Hancey, that he was not entirely confident of his ability to dispossess these present holders. Indeed, he said that after two years of exhaustive study of the problem he feared the thing could not be done. He showed me copies of New York statutes which were quite discouraging. I felt that I owed him a debt of sincere gratitude for the efforts he had made in my behalf in the face of those statutes. And then he informed me of the terms of the proposed settlement, and earnestly advised me to accept them. Having always in view the private consideration which has been the mainspring of my ambition since I met you, Mrs. Hancey, I demurred at accepting a small sum and asked time for consideration; but he insisted that the chance might escape, and finally named a figure to which I agreed."

He put his hand over hers, which had drifted across the cloth.

"Mrs. Hancey," he said "Alice ——"

She pressed his hand quickly and withdrew to make room for the bustling waiter.

"Let's not talk about that now, Deuce."

"Things will not be quite as I would wish to have them for you," he said. "But I'll work hard, Alice, and try to make up."

"We'll both work and save," she said. "With your salary and mine and the money you're going to get—in no time we'll be able to go into business for ourselves I've had the boy to take care of, and I haven't been able to save an awful lot of money, or I wouldn't be working for Kidd now. I've been all over the proposition, and I know that I'd be on Easy Street if I had that little store down on Fifth Avenue. Ten thousand a year down there would come as easy as a thousand up here in Harlem. We could work together there, for ourselves. We'll work here together, and put the dollars by, and I'll bet a penny it won't be ten years before we have the money saved to start. But there was one thing I wanted to ask you, Deuce. If you were ever to find out that I had fooled you a little so as to get you—made things look a little more rosy, you know—you'd consider why I did it, and you'd forgive me, wouldn't you, Deuce? I wanted you, Deuce."

"Nonsense!" he said

"We might do it in less than ten years," she murmured calculatingly. "Maybe in seven or eight, and even then we'll be young yet."

When they left the Maison Rosenberg they walked over to Mount Morris Park. It was early July, and the evening was hot and close; it would be pleasant under the green trees, if they had the luck to find two unoccupied seats on the same bench.

"You'd better run up and get a wrap," he said with an assumption of authority.

She left him docilely and crossed One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street to her boarding house. Her landlady was sitting on a straw pad on the high stoop.

"There's a letter just come for Miss Harmon, Mrs. Hancey," said the landlady, who had been instructed to receive such missives. "You'll find it in on the hatrack."

Mrs. Hancey found the letter. She ran upstairs, switched on her light and read the letter before getting her cloak—read it hastily and then with closest attention:

Dear Madam: Referring to your offer to purchase the interest of Mr. Ducey Kerfbyle under the last will and testament of Jacob Kerfbyle, beg to inform you that I have learned today that Mr. Kerfbyle has already disposed of his claim. I have secured the name of the purchaser and shall submit your offer to him. I have not got much hope of his accepting the same, but feel confident that I can secure this very valuable interest for you if you will make a better offer, and offer all cash. The purchaser is a speculator, and could no doubt be persuaded to take a small profit. Let me hear from you about this at once, before he sells to someone else. I think an immediate offer of twenty thousand dollars, all cash, would interest him.

Very truly,
ABRAHAM P. FLAMM.

With the letter clutched in her hand, she hurried from the room. She ran down the stairs, fled past the landlady on her pad, and scurried across the street and into the lukewarm gloom of Mount Morris Park.

"Deuce!" she called. "Deuce!"

He came to her.

"How much did you get, Deuce? How much did he give you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," he said.

"Have you got it?"

"Certainly, Alice," he assured her, fumbling in his breast. "I have the check here. But wait! What is it? What ——"

She had caught his arm and was urging him westward.

"We're going down to look at the store!" she cried. "I want to show you the store I picked out, down on Fifth Avenue. We'll take it tomorrow morning. Hurry up, and we'll catch the bus. We can get the back seat on top if we catch it right away, before the crowds come out. Hurry up!"

"But, Alice, you haven't got the wrap. You'll catch your death of cold, sitting up on top of that bus in that thin dress!"

"I said we'd get the back seat. Bother the wrap! We can sit in a little close, can't we? Nobody ever caught her death of cold yet—sitting in that back seat. Gosh, I have so much to ask you! Hurry up, Deuce, hurry up! Here's two dimes!"

A Shaving Cream with Many Outstanding Virtues

Mennen Shaving Cream softens the beard so thoroughly that it is hard to believe that you are shaving, so gently, pleasantly and quickly do the bristles fall before the razor edge.

It keeps your skin radiant with health—soft as a child's—proof against the irritations of wind, dust and sun.

At first thought, 35 cents doesn't seem much to pay for months of perfect shaves and gorgeous skin health, but Mennen's has several other exclusive virtues. For instance:

Mennen's works just as well with cold or hard water as with hot or soft. A big convenience when you are traveling, boarding, camping or yachting. Besides, cold water is mighty good for the skin—very stimulating. Try it.

Mennen lather never dries on the face.

It will not irritate the most sensitive skin.

You don't have to rub in Mennen lather with fingers.

Blades last longer.

It is economical—less than a quarter of a cent per shave.

The after sensation of skin comfort is due partly to the absolute purity of the Cream and partly to Boro-glycerine—a healing, soothing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and provides a gentle, antiseptic protection.

There are two sizes—a 35 cent size for traveling and a 50 cent size for home use

Try a few shaves

Buy a tube at any drug store. Use it for a week. Compare these shaves with those to which you are accustomed. Unless you rate Mennen shaves as the finest you ever enjoyed and unless your skin is already in better condition, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

DIAMOND HEAVY SERVICE CORD

Running True to Form

When we first announced this Diamond Pneumatic Truck Tire as a better tire for commercial cars and busses many operators were induced to try it because it bore the good name of Diamond and was backed by the thirty years success of Diamond Tire brands in the passenger car field. What have these operators found? That their faith has been rewarded by remarkable tire performances, lower costs and the big Diamond is deserving of adoption as standard equipment on fleets. Have you examined it?

Diamond Distributors are well stocked with Diamond Pneumatic Truck Tires

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Akron, Ohio*

Diamond
TIRES
FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

him knew her ground, seemed to know every inch of it, and he was not unwilling, for the time being, to place himself in her hands. He stood passive while she used his telephone for two or three calls, during which he sought to be gentleman enough not to listen to her quickly murmured words; and he remained equally passive as she piloted him coolly but quickly down to the hotel office, where at her admonition he officially surrendered his room key. Then, having quite unnecessarily paid for a night's lodging which he had not as yet enjoyed, he stopped on second thought and checked his suitcase before rejoining his companion.

He was conscious of her standing, guarded and watchful, all the time they were detained in the almost deserted rotunda. And when they emerged at the carriage entrance he found a taxicab awaiting them and heard the girl's murmured "Quick!" as he climbed into the seat beside her. She watched through the door windows as they hurtled off. She looked anxiously back as they turned a corner, careened down a couple of blocks and turned still again. He once more heard her cry of "Quick!" as they skidded to a stop before a kiosk, and saw her thrust a bill into the driver's hand before she dived down a stairway which led below the street level.

He followed her, quite ignorant of the fact that he was entering a Subway station until he saw her drop two nickels in a slotted box and run for a vestibuled train which had just come to a stop on the rails beside the cemented platform. They stepped aboard, thundered on for what seemed merely a minute or two to the wondering Laban, and at the next station stop made for the door.

The girl, at the top of the stairs that led to the street level, looked carefully back to make sure they were not being followed; and with her fingers clutching at Laban's coat sleeve rounded the kiosk and threw open the door of a limousine which awaited her there.

The next moment, as they were off, without a word of explanation or order to the uniformed chauffeur on the driving seat, it impressed Laban as rather miraculous. And it was not until they were well under way that the girl, leaning back in the padded seat, emitted a long and luxurious sigh of relief.

Just once, after resting there for a moment of utter lassitude, she lifted the curtain that draped the rear window of their swaying cave of darkness and stared back along the light-strewn street.

"We've made it!" she announced in a tone of quiet triumph.

"Yes, we seem to have made it," agreed the young man at her side. "But the thing that's worrying me now is just where we're going to."

He heard her quiet little laugh in the gloom.

"It's funny, but I don't even know your name."

He told her his name, and she repeated it twice, as though the sound of it was pleasant to her ears.

"And incidentally, of course, I don't even know yours," he reminded her.

"Mine's Gale," she said after a moment's silence.

"Then, I suppose, Miss Gale ——" he began, but she cut him short.

"No, no; not Miss Gale. I'm Gale—Gale Rimelander. You've heard of the Rimelanders, I imagine."

He was reluctantly compelled to admit that he had never heard of the Rimelanders.

"That's what makes it all so—so absurd," she went on. "For, as I said before, dad just about owns that old Hotel Colbridge."

"Then why didn't they understand that?" asked the literal-minded Laban. "Why didn't you make them?"

"Isn't it all bad enough without announcing it to the world?" she demanded of him.

"Isn't what bad enough?" he had to inquire.

She could afford to laugh at his innocence.

"The awful way we've been hitched together," she told him as she leaned forward in her seat, as though making an effort to see more of his face in the meager light.

"It hasn't seemed awful to me," he announced, quite obviously satisfied with the situation.

"But that's not what the rest of the world would say," she reminded him. She leaned back in the padded seat before she spoke again. "You see, you really ought to marry me, after what we've gone through this last couple of hours!"

He caught his breath. She was joking, of course. She was a world above him in every way. But there was intoxication in the thought, and anything might happen in a night of mysteries such as this.

"I'm no quitter!" he proclaimed, with a half-defensive and half-quizzical grimness in his voice as he spoke.

He felt her movement as she leaned forward in the darkness again. She was apparently trying to decipher his face in the darkness.

"Do you like me?" she asked with the impersonal directness of a child.

"How could anyone help it?" he recklessly demanded; and he was rewarded for that speech by finding her hand thrust into his. It nestled there, warm as a bird, and Laban began to feel that life, for all its imminent perplexities, was a rare and wonderful thing. He even forgot about being hungry.

"You're a darling," announced the young woman at his side. "And you can kiss me if you really want to!"

Laban began to feel a little light in the head. They seemed, in the hooded gloom of the car, oddly remote from the rest of the world—as remote, for the moment, as though they sat on a lonely planet sailing through lonely seons of interstellar space. And already that night she had sent tumbling his trim little structure of suburban proprieties.

"You don't want to?" she asked, with a catch in her voice.

"I want to very much," he found himself saying, though he didn't quite know what he meant by that speech.

He didn't quite know, in fact, what anything meant. What he did know, a minute later, was that she lay close in his arms, that he had kissed her most unmistakably on the mouth, and that she was clinging to him and murmuring, "My hero!"

It wasn't until he had kissed her for the second time that she quite unexpectedly lapsed back into quietness. That sudden silence, in fact, tended to disturb the still tingling Laban.

"It'll be easier now when we see dad," she finally announced to him.

"See him about what?" asked the slightly tremulous Laban.

"We'll have to explain things, of course, before somebody else tries to. Can you imagine how it would sound without knowing what you and I know?"

He was willing to agree that it might not sound any too reassuring. But he was still disturbingly unsure of his ground, still prodigiously in the dark about it all.

"So let's get the rumpus over with," he heard the girl say as the car drew up at the curb.

It had drawn up, he noticed, before a manorial-looking residence of gray sandstone with a street door of silk-draped plate glass behind a barricading grille work of wrought iron.

It was an impressive-looking entrance, just as it was an impressive-looking mansion and an impressive-looking street. Laban, all things considered, wished that he could feel more at his ease.

The girl ran up the wide sandstone steps, pushed the bell button and then turned blithely back to him.

"It's just like something out of a fairy story, isn't it?" she cried as she hugged his rather listless arm close to her side.

They were admitted by a morose-eyed servant, on whom the girl's light-hearted nod seemed entirely lost. So dour did that servitor's face impress him, in fact, that Laban was glad to follow the girl up the stairway that cascaded in a ponderously ornate half circle from above. The light was dim, and a heavy-piled carpet muffled their steps.

He came to a stop at the girl's side before a dark-paneled door. She looked at him with one of her reassuring little smiles, and reached a hand out to turn the knob. But before she could effect that movement the door opened and a young woman in the uniform of a trained nurse stepped out.

"We want to talk to dad," coolly announced the daughter of the house.

(Continued on Page 44)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Be Independent With a Chevrolet

Fourth of July—Independence Day—celebrates the birthday of freedom for Americans.

The Government of the United States, each of the states, counties and municipalities maintains at public expense splendid paved highways and graded roads, public parks and scenic natural reservations for the free use and enjoyment of all. But those who lack automobiles derive little or no benefit from such health-giving, useful and educational public improvements.

The Chevrolet brings to its owner a fuller freedom than is possible for those who lack this modern, economical utility. He is independent of steel rails, time-tables and even of the weather. He goes where he pleases, when he pleases, and stays until ready to go on or go home.

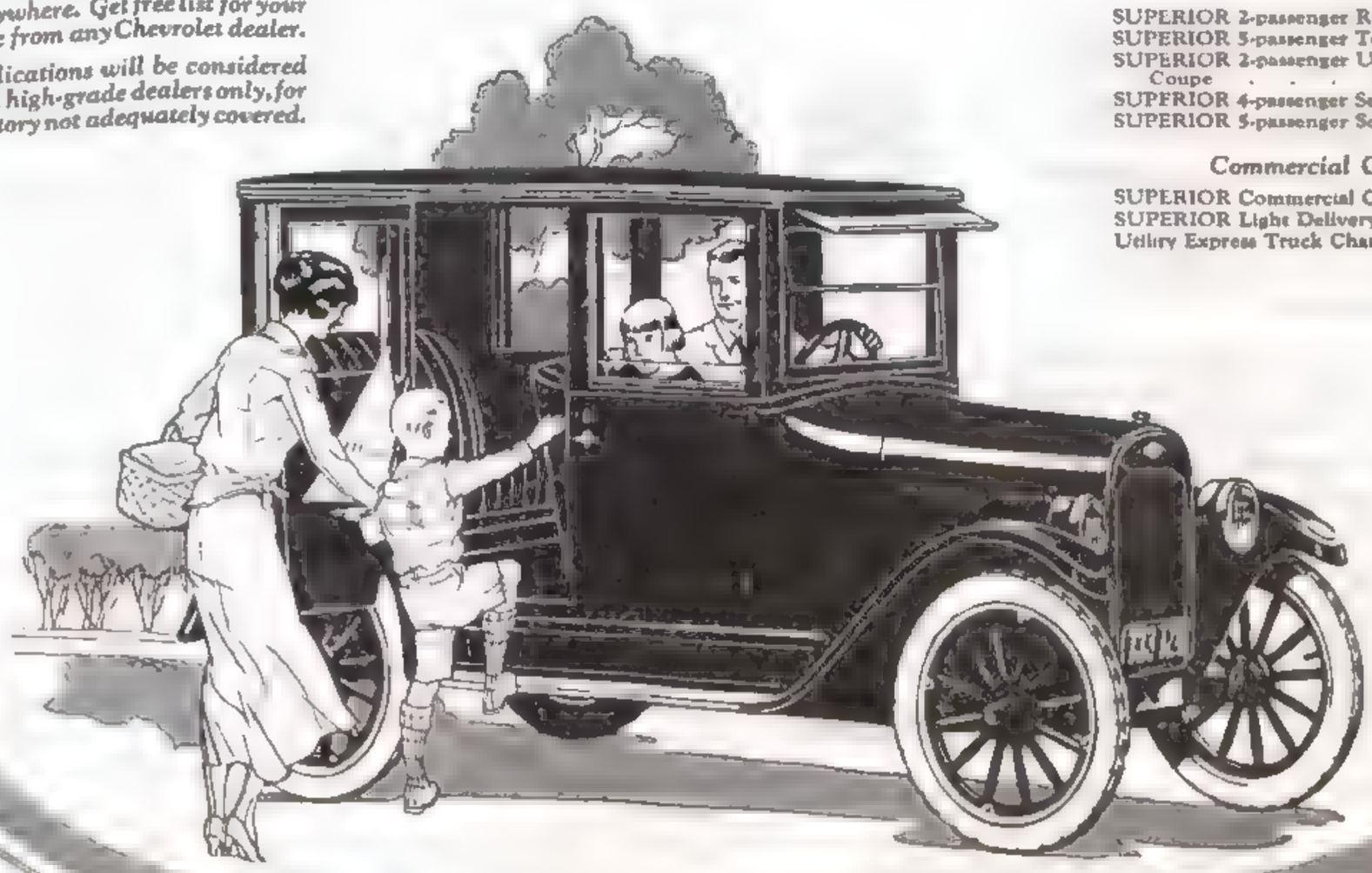
It provides the most economical transportation for himself or family, saves time and improves health. It enables the city-employed family to live in suburbs even when train or trolley service is lacking. It makes real independence possible.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Get free list for your State from any Chevrolet dealer.

Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.



Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

SUPERIOR 2-passenger Roadster	$510
SUPERIOR 5-passenger Touring	525
SUPERIOR 2-passenger Utility Coupe	680
SUPERIOR 4-passenger Sedanette	850
SUPERIOR 5-passenger Sedan	860

Commercial Cars

SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis	$425
SUPERIOR Light Delivery	510
Utility Express Truck Chassis	575

"Here comes Mr. Lend-Me to borrow our tire gauge"

Do you know Mr. Lend-Me, the motorist?

All he has is a car. When he needs a jack or a pump or a hydrometer, he uses yours.

If he needs a valve cap, he goes without it until he can pick one up somewhere. If he needs a new valve inside, he hunts up an old one. He has a lot of trouble.

Here he comes to borrow a tire gauge. He knows the value of a tire gauge, but he doesn't own one. Result is, he tests his tires when it's convenient for him instead of when it's necessary for the tires.

The Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge is a necessary part of a car-owner's equipment. Every motorist either owns one or occasionally uses one that belongs to someone else.

It is doubtful if there is a pneumatic tire in use today that hasn't had a Schrader Tire Gauge applied to its valve at least once.

Don't borrow a tire gauge
—own one

Own a tire gauge. It will save you worry about your air pressure. It will help you get full mileage from your tires. It will help prevent the hard riding that comes from too much air and the tire damage that results from not enough air. The Schrader Tire Gauge is accurate and will last for years.

This gauge is a product of the same factory and organization that makes Schrader Valves, Schrader Valve Caps and Schrader Valve Insides. Sold by motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores. The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge costs $1.25 ($1.50 in Canada).

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago Toronto London

Manufacturers of Schrader Tire Valves—Standard Tire Equipment

SCHRADER
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

(Continued from Page 42)

"I'm afraid that will not be possible tonight, Miss Rimelander," replied the nurse after a slight but not insignificant pause.

"But I've got to," persisted the other, quite unruffled.

"Mr. Rimelander should not be upset at a time like this," remonstrated the young woman in the peaked white cap.

"But it's going to be good for him, what we've got to say," averred the young lady of irrepressible spirits as she nodded for Laban to follow her into the room.

Laban did so, and in doing so he found himself in a large and luxurious-looking bedroom dominated by a mahogany four-poster overhung by a French canopy of Chinese flowered chintz with an apricot colored ground.

Enisled in the center of the bed, and propped up by two huge pillows with ridiculously lacy edgings, he saw a yellow-skinned old man who made him think of a Chinese mandarin. But that impression of Orientalism lasted for a moment and no more.

For the petulant-eyed man on the bed, when his gaze fell on the girl smiling at him from the footboard, blinked with condoning good humor at the daughter from whom apparently he had been taught to look for the unexpected.

"Well, Bobcat, what brings you here?" he asked in a thin but forbearing tone.

"We came for your blessing," said the girl, still smiling.

But she turned and pushed Laban gently back into the shadows. Her movement obviously implied that he was to wait in the background until she could approach her parent and discreetly break the ice. And Laban fell back, watching the girl as she circled about to the head of the bed, leaned over the ridiculously ruffled pillows and essayed certain whispered and intimate acknowledgments to the blinking-eyed old aristocrat on the four-poster.

"Bring the young upstart over to me," Laban heard the shrill old voice command.

The girl, still with a note of laughter in her throat, said quietly, "Dad wants you, Laban."

Laban crossed the room and stood halfway between the heavily shaded floor lamp and the canopied four-poster. He was conscious of the girl's retreat into the shadows which he had so recently left. But he was more acutely conscious of the shrewd old eyes which were inspecting him from under the brocaded canopy.

"Huh!" snorted the old tyrant. "So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"She seems to want to marry me," Laban was prompted to explain. But instead of surrendering to that impulse he merely replied, "Yes, sir."

"And what brought you to this?"

"She did," was the reply of the literal-minded youth.

"What?" barked the old man on the bed.

"Don't be unreasonable, dad," remonstrated the girl out of the darkness into which she had retreated.

"Who's being unreasonable?" queried her father. He turned and directed a quavering finger in her direction. "And who's always been unreasonable around here, I'd like to know, since they've been knee-high to a grasshopper? Who's giving me an even chance for a relapse with all this talk about love at first sight and getting married before the milkman can make his rounds? And what do you know about this young upstart who can't even ——" He broke off. He broke off and turned angrily on the still slightly bewildered Laban. "If I thought, sir—if I thought for one moment that you were marrying my girl for her money I'd put an end to this before that self-willed young minx over there could slap a slipper heel against the floor!"

"What's money to me?" demanded Laban with an airy gesture of repudiation.

"Huh! Have you got so much of it?" bit out the old tyrant in the silk-frogged pajamas.

"I've always had what I needed," asserted the youth, who objected to being snarled at.

The old man sank lower on his heaped pillows, wagging his head as he subsided.

"I'm not dead yet, remember," he mordantly reminded them. "So don't you two young blatherskites figure on what I'm going to leave behind me." He emerged still again from his pillows. "And you, Bobcat," he wheezed out, addressing his daughter with unlooked-for energy, "how do you know this young jackanapes gives a fig for you? I guess a man'd hitch up with a homelier girl than you for a cool three million and a half! I guess ——"

"But, dad, you don't know ——" began the girl.

"Exactly!" crowed the vitriolic old invalid on the bed. "I don't know. You've said it! I don't know! And you don't know! And the sooner we find out the easier this thing can be settled. So, first thing, who is this young cub? And how did he get here, and where does he come from?"

Meekly and methodically Laban explained his origin, his advent to the city and his earlier intention of promptly leaving it.

"And on what ship, sir, and of what line, were you to do this radio work?" demanded the bright-eyed old inquisitor, once Laban had identified himself as a wireless operator.

"The Aleutiana, the new boat for the Puget and Kyukuot Company," explained the youth.

"The Puget and Kyukuot Company!" echoed the other, sitting up. "Why, sir, I own that company!"

"You own it?" repeated Laban with a stare of incredulity.

A chortle shook the pendulous old throat of the man on the bed.

"Well, I carry enough of that company's stock to have the final say-so in its affairs. And if you're going to marry that Bobcat of mine over there, it strikes me you've got to be something better than a key pounder on a second-rate coaster. So what d'you want, sir? How'd you feel about taking over our Eastern offices here and running the whole shebang from this end of the line?"

Laban's head began to swim. There seemed nothing, in that sudden upheaval of his universe, to which he could cling and steady himself.

"I—I don't believe I'd have the equipment for a job like that," he hesitatingly explained.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the bright-eyed old man on the bed. "You get what you grab in this world, and I don't want my girl hitching up with a chicken-hearted molly-coddle. I want something more than a handsome head, sir; I want something in it!"

Laban felt flattered at the same moment that he felt indeterminately distressed. Things seemed to be moving too fast for assimilation. He was being crowded into bignesses that were too amazingly new to be swallowed neat. When he realized the old man on the bed was still eying him with the sharpness of a narrow bargainer, the bewildered youth turned back to the girl named Gale as though in quest of support from her.

The silence was broken by a sharp cackle of laughter from the old man.

"How about it, Bobcat? D'you really like the lad?"

"I'm crazy about him, dad!" that amazingly candid young lady promptly protested; and still again Laban was both flattered and distressed; for, with all his youth, life had already beaten a feather or two from the wings of illusion. What he was getting seemed too much for him. The tide of luck in some way seemed too incredibly beneficent.

"Then that's settled," announced the keen-eyed old invalid on the four-poster. "You get the New York office, young man, and you get my girl. She's a hot-headed young minx, sir. I warn you of that beforehand. But her heart's as warm as her head, even though she has a will of her own. And it will be up to the two of you, when I'm gone, to ——"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the nurse. She came into the room quietly but hurriedly, with a glance at Laban as she stepped past him that he did not altogether like.

"What is it?" asked her patient with a note of unlooked-for sharpness in his voice.

"There's an officer waiting down at the door, sir," was the nurse's answer.

"What's he waiting there for?" demanded the owner of the house.

"For this young man," said the nurse, with a nod towards Laban.

"And what does he want with him?"

"He wants to question him about a jewel robbery."

Laban felt his heart sink, but courage did not altogether forsake him. He swung about to the four-poster with his jaw set. But before he could speak the girl called Gale interrupted.

"That's all poppycock!" she cried. "I know exactly what the detective down

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PACKARD

It is not strange that those who previously drove cars of less than Packard price now make up a large proportion of the Single-Six ownership.

The reason is so plain and simple, it is so appealing to good business sense, that more and more Single-Six owners are men and women whose earlier experience has been with lower-priced cars.

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General Offices: Detroit, Michigan **INCORPORATED** *Branches in Principal Cities*

Service Stations Everywhere

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there wants to talk about, and if there's any talking to be done I'm going to do it. So come on, Laban!"

The girl had already slipped an arm through his and was leading him from the room. He was dazed, but he was not too dazed to notice, once the door was shut behind them, that instead of turning towards the stairway they were heading deeper into the house and facing a narrow flight of steps that led to the story above.

"Where are we going?" asked Laban as they mounted the thick-carpeted treads.

"To the roof," was the grim rejoinder. "Don't you see we daren't face that man down there? And the sooner we get out of here the better for both of us."

"But what good?" began Laban, following her up still another flight.

"Look out for your head!" cried the girl as she swung open the roof transom and half guided and half thrust him into the open.

He found himself on a sheet-metaled roof surrounded by a forest of coping tiles and chimney tops and roof hatches. The stars shone down on them and a cool breeze blew between them, and there was a thin but persistent sense of consolation in the thought that he was once more in the open. Yet wonder was still strong in him as he watched the slender girl slide over a glazed coping tile and drop in her precarious narrow slippers to a pebbled and sloping house roof slightly lower than the one on which he stood. He heard her half-whispered call, warning him to come quickly. So he lowered himself more guardedly, and turned to follow her as soon as he was once more sure of his footing.

But he could catch no trace of her as he peered through the shadowy half light. He felt for one foolish moment that she must have fallen over a roof edge. Then he felt that she must be awaiting him in the shadow of one of the walls or hatches which stippled that broken arroyo of tarry pebbles and metal and bricks. But he failed to find her as he crept forward from shadow to shadow. He even called out to her as he circled irresolutely about. But he soon stood intimidated by the sound of his own voice. It came home to him as he groped his way to a wall top and sat down on the coping tile crowning it that the situation was not one to shout over.

He waited there with a slow subsiding of hope, wondering why that midnight enterprise should suddenly seem so pallid. The girl was gone; there was no doubt of it. She had dropped out of his life again as abruptly as she had dropped into it. And with her going, in some odd way, the zest and color of that ridiculous midnight excursion ebbed dolorously away. It came slowly home to Laban that he had been expecting a trifle too much of life. It came home to him, too, that he was lost along the skyey ramparts of an unknown city, and that the true explanation of how he came to be a trespasser along that nocturnal sky line would neither sound reasonable nor stand investigation.

Yet Laban, for all his predicament, found his anxiety shot through with a sense of relief. He was grateful for the chill night air, which at the same time that it cooled his body also seemed to cool his reason. The whole thing, he began to feel, had been rather ridiculous and rather incredible. He experienced that indeterminate satisfaction which comes to a theatergoer at times when he emerges from an overcrowded playhouse of overcrowded action, and resumes once more the sane but sordid pace of the street. Already a haze of unreality was drifting between him and the scenes through which he had so recently been hurried. They seemed something fictitious and hectic. And even the girl called Gale, the girl whose voice he had heard not ten minutes ago, seemed to be slipping away into the phantasmal, like a figure remembered out of an overvivid dream.

Yet the predicament directly before him, he saw as he peered about in the darkness, was a sufficiently substantial one. He was a trespasser on somebody's housetop, where he had no business to be, and it was not the hour for casual explorations. As he pushed guardedly forward, in fact a sense of isolation overtook him, like that of a mountain climber lost in lonely and perilous altitudes. It seemed as though he was treading on sleepers with nothing but the skin of a drum between him and that army of outraged householders only too ready to resent his intrusions. He imagined armed figures confronting him from roof doors and portly men in pajamas demanding his surrender. He pictured himself being led docilely down to a police station and held for burglary or third-degreed as a second-story man taken red-handed in his wanderings. And his distaste for those solemn and gloomy housetops increased until the mere rattle of a clothesline pulley could send a thrill scampering up and down his spine, and the crack of a pebble under his cautiously advanced shoe heel could bring him up short. More and more he felt like an aerial adventurer keeling the ridgepoles of a sleeping city, and more and more he longed for the chance of dropping an anchor down to earth.

There were doors enough about him, hatch and bulkhead and scuttle doors, which he was quite without the stomach to investigate. For each of them, as far as he could decipher, led only to peril. So he kept morosely on his way, struggling up and down limy parapets, evading cat teasers and clotheslines, lowering himself over one party wall and mounting another, but always carefully veering away from skylights and treading more softly where rimpled zinc threatened metallic thunders under his feet. But always, too, as he moved so cautiously forward, he peered about for any reasonable avenue of descent. He ached to feel flagstone and asphalt once more under his feet. For until he was back on terra firma, he knew, he could not walk with safety.

Then he stopped abruptly. He stopped because his scalp felt cold and he remembered that he had no hat with him. His spirits went down at that thought, slowly and ponderously, like a freight elevator. He stared disconsolately about at the suffused amethystine light that hung over the city. He could hear the restless murmur of that city, remote and unceasing, punctuated by the occasional sharper note of a motor horn and the periodic crescendo and decrescendo of surface cars passing a street corner on some near-by track. Then he heard another and more definite sound. It was the whine of violins, the pulse and throb of music rising and falling in the night air somewhere ahead of him.

So he adventured further along that rugged rectangle of housetops, smelling out the sound that was so disturbing and at the same time so relieving. His eyes had become accustomed to the dark, and as he advanced he could discern a roof garden rising like an oasis out of that broken desert of brick and metal. He could see rustic railings and rows of tubbed cedars and a gray canvas awning flapping in the breeze above the massed greenery. There were no lights on this roof garden, but the reviving pulse of music came from directly beneath it; and as he stood studying it he caught the refracted luminous glow from a door that quietly opened and closed again.

His spirits revived at that, for here was a pathway where he could awaken no sleepers and intrude on no privacies. It was dance music that he heard, and he could even catch the hum of many voices from that house of open mirth and open windows. So he decided to make the plunge.

He lightly climbed the coping tiles, held two of the stunted cedars apart and swung heavily down to the slatted flooring of the verdure-inclosed aerie. Then he checked himself with a suppressed cry in his throat, for in making that descent he had come within an inch of treading on the trailing thin fingers of a woman.

She was a young woman, sheathed in pale rose, as far as he could see in the half light, and between her and the boarded roofing was spread a deeper red wrap edged with fur. Seated close beside her on this outspread wrap was a man. Laban could see the white oblong of his shirt front, the slash of white cuff at the end of the arm about the bare-shouldered woman.

The man had been kissing her, Laban knew. He did not even draw away his arm as the stooping, startled face stared down into the upturned faces, equally startled. Nothing was said during that moment of suspended motion. No word passed between them as the intruder indecisively drew back from the huddled figures so close to his feet. But some partnership of guilt seemed to impose silence upon them; and that silence fortified Laban as he straightened up, stepped quietly to the door at the head of the narrow stairway and swung it open.

He did his best to retain that air of quiet composure as light and warm air and a medley of voices confronted him. But his

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The
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Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

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heart was in his mouth, and he found nothing to say when a couple, halfway down the stairs, moved closer against the wall to let him pass. Yet his courage rose the next moment, for they had neither questioned nor stopped him, and a minute later he was lost in a crowded beehive of color and movement and noise.

He was so sure of himself by this time, in fact, that he deliberately side-stepped into a large and smoke-filled bedroom littered with men's hats and scarfs and greatcoats. He looked over the hats without trepidation, selected a modest one which he felt might suit him and knew would fit him, and calmly continued on his way towards the ground floor of the house. He pushed by couples too intent on their own ends to observe him, avoided the eyes of a hurrying footman, crossed a reception hall, and coolly opened the grilled iron-and-glass door that led to the street.

VII

LABAN breathed deep when he felt the fresh air once more on his face. He ignored the clump of chauffeurs smoking beside one of the cars lined up at the curb, but refused to accelerate his pace. He walked solemnly to the nearest corner, rounded it with a gulp of gratitude and once more caught the crescendo and decrescendo of a street car as it swept across the cañon of quietness into which he had turned. Seeing this, he decided to board the next car.

It was not until he was under way that he felt reasonably safe. Then as he slumped wearily down in his seat he surrendered to an unwilled but welcome mood of indifferency, to a feeling of tension relaxed and danger past. His night had been a busy one, so busy that one wave of sensation seemed to have obliterated another. It had made its demands on him. He wanted to rest, to reorganize the overtrodden aisles of consciousness. His head was like a department store at the end of a heavy day's business. He was glad to sit there in a languor of fatigue and let that undulating and half-empty car carry him into some fortifyingly remote quarter of the city; and some quarter of the city, he reminded himself, where he could sit down before a square meal and end that desolating ache just above the pit of his stomach.

He had no intention of falling asleep. Nothing was further from his mind. But there was something soothing in the modified rocking of the floor under his feet, in the rhythm of the wheel rims pounding the rail ends, and before he quite knew it the curtains of fatigue were quietly lowered over his eyes and his head drooped forward.

He awakened with a start, persuaded that he had surrendered to forty winks and nothing more. But he noticed that the car in which he sat was now well filled with passengers, and he further observed as he stared out of the window that they were in an entirely different part of the city. He could not be sure of the street, but it was one no longer bordered by sedate house fronts and the periodic illumination of lonely lamp-posts. He found himself in a valley of movement and color and sound incredibly crowded, a valley filled with light that was colder and harder than the light of day. This light came from a bewildering tangle of sources—from bulb-strewn foyers and brilliant shop fronts and multitinted sky signs in motion, with clustered globes on tall metal standards and terraced windows and lamp-lined façades and moving vehicles barking or clanking for their right of way under signal towers blossoming with nervous moons of pearl and green and ruby.

Laban suspected that he must be back on Broadway again, but he could not be sure. He did his best to catch sight of a reassuring street sign, but he was uncertain where to look for such things, and before his eye had time for exploration the car in which he sat swept on again. So he looked tentatively about the passengers surrounding him, hoping to encounter a face friendly enough to encourage a question as to his whereabouts. He looked from face to face, vaguely depressed by the self-immurement which he encountered there. His eye wandered on, right back to the rear entrance. There it stopped, arrested by a movement on the platform as the car slowed down. Laban noticed a man leap up on the steps, as alert as a newsboy snatching a sale. He noticed as he sank a little lower in his seat this man's quick yet seemingly preoccupied stare up and down the car's length; and Laban breathed a little easier as he saw the man turn away and swing down from the steps. For that swarthy-faced man with the nervously appraising eyes, he now knew beyond a shadow of doubt, was the same man who earlier that night had invaded his room in the Colbridge and held a pistol barrel against his ribs.

"Troll in Wit' Me an' I'll Show Youse a Place Joint Wit' the Lid Off"

Laban breathed easier, but only for a moment. For as the car slowed down again that swarthy-faced stranger once more swung aboard the platform, pushed his way into a freshly vacated seat, and innocently unfolded and quite as innocently proceeded to peruse an evening paper which he held well up in front of his face.

A large and sudden distaste for that car took possession of Laban. He watched two weary but rubicund old ladies, carrying opera glasses and souvenir programs, as they pushed closer in towards where he sat. Discreetly he rose and proffered his seat. But even more discreetly he fell back in the shadow of their generous bulk, keeping his eye as he moved closer and closer to the front car door on the man behind the paper. That man, he tried to persuade himself, had no knowledge of this retreat. The man, at any rate, had given no sign of such knowledge. But Laban was doubly grateful for the crowd at the corner when the car stopped and he stepped out. He dipped into that crowd like a frightened animal into cover. Through those massed units he wove an irregular course, with an occasional guarded look over his shoulder to make sure he was not being followed. But what made cover for his own body, he remembered, made equally effective cover for an enemy's; and he had no wish to skirt too narrowly the margins of safety. Like all fugitives, he felt that his best chances of freedom lay in movement.

So when, on the fringe of the traffic that eddied about him, he caught sight of a rubberneck wagon garlanded with the swaying paper globes of red and blue and yellow of Chinese lanterns, and heard the midnight barker announcing the last sightseeing trip to Chinatown, he circled about to the shadowed side of the wagon, climbed quietly aboard and buried himself behind the high-backed seats on the pretense that he had dropped a coin there. He maintained his search for that imaginary lost coin until it became ridiculous, and the last of the passengers to fill his terrace bench of a seat even became jocularly remonstrative. But the swaying lanterns were taken down, the barker climbed aboard and produced a worn megaphone, and the chariot of winged curiosity started on its way towards the realm of the tong and the tea house.

Laban wasn't much interested in that car or its mission. He was more interested in the fact that it was carrying him away from a certain swarthy-faced man, and at the same time closer to the water front. He remembered, from his earlier study of a map of New York, that Chinatown lay comparatively close to the East River, and that the East River lay between Manhattan and Brooklyn. This meant that he was moving appreciably nearer to where the Aleutiana lay at her berth, and his thoughts were now centered more and more on getting safely aboard his ship.

He found consolation in the fact that everybody aboard that rumbling and lumbering vehicle seemed, like himself, a stranger to the city. All about him were tourists and bridal couples and mild-eyed delvers into the enormities of night life, listening raptly enough to the nasal elucidations of the man with the megaphone. He knew well enough that they were being duped, in a way; that the ivory they were to buy would be polished bone and the jade a product of American factories, just as there would be a touch of the factitious about the opium-cellar scenes and the theatricalized fan-tan game at the end of some sufficiently intricate underground passage. He was a son of the Pacific Coast, and knew the Oriental and his ways. New York, he felt, could show him nothing new along that line.

He sat back in his swaying seat, impressed by the tameness of the nocturnal quarters through which he was being charioted. Even the Bowery, a region which the moving pictures and the printed page should have made wonderful to him, now merely tended to impress him as a well-lighted and sedately commercialized thoroughfare with no promise of romance behind its mask of respectability. Equally unresponsive did he remain to the clamorous ugliness of Chatham Square.

Yet a moment after the big car had swung out of that square a change crept over the tired and listless-eyed youth. At a breath, almost, they had rumbled into a new world; a new world that seemed incomparably old. For by this time they were in a darker and less decipherable region, a region of huddled walls and narrow and irregular streets, of crowded iron balconies strung with colored lights, of swinging vertical signs in scarlet and gold. Laban's nostrils were assailed by heavier and more exotic smells, dull odors, of sandalwood and chandoo and sen-sen, which took his thoughts back to the Oriental steamers that used to lie along the water front at Seattle and Victoria. He caught sight of narrow shop fronts that made him think of Canton and Shanghai, of curio dealers' windows crowded with lacquer work and jade and pottery and bronze, of the illuminated mouths of cellars stippled with

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You have them in your home—
put them on your car.

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EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

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moving figures in loose pantaloons and pongee blouses and senshaw skullcaps. Before a chop-suey house with red-and-black dragons along its walls he saw an old Chinaman in a queue and sandals, and in a doorway piled high with strange-looking greens and fruits and nuts he caught sight of a sloe-eyed child—who should have been abed hours ago—flaming like a night-blooming cereus in her straight-lined dress of brilliant raw silk. He saw tea houses, bright with Ningpo varnish and gold leaf, where yellow-faced smokers stared indifferently up at the invading omnibus. He passed a joss house whose carved images seemed more pagan than the totem pole of his native coast.

Then he caught sight of a more pretentious restaurant, with incandescent lamps along the galleries, and a bluecoat in front of it and a line of modish-looking cars parked close beside its curbing. He found something so fortifying in that repeated note of modernity that he decided, as the slumming party politely debouched from their parterres of seats to invade the gambling warren of one Sui Hau, to give his midnight friends the slip and work his way towards Brooklyn Bridge and the water front, where he knew his ship would be lying.

He aidled off, without comment, from that sedentary and preoccupied line. He had not gone twenty steps, however, before he became conscious of an extremely spare youth in a soiled sweater apparently keeping step with him. He drew up short before a window filled with gongs and images and diminutive glazed pottery, to make sure that those companioning steps meant something more than an accident. The lean youth came to a stop close beside him.

"Yuh did the right t'ing, kid, in cuttin' dat rubberneck scow. Dey's fakers, the whole bunch o' dem."

Laban's eye was a hostile one as he turned and inspected the interloper who stood so unpleasantly reminding the truant that he wasn't quite so free as he had imagined.

"Trail in wit' me an' I'll show youse a flop joint wit' the lid off," suggested the stranger, altogether undisturbed by Laban's studiously unsympathetic inspection.

"I'm not looking for flop joints," announced the young Westerner. "I'm looking for a place to eat."

At that the lean youth brightened perceptibly.

"Den I'll steer youse to one o' the kippiest chow holes in the quarter," he fraternally suggested, with a claw already clinging to the other's coat sleeve.

But Laban, who felt that he knew more of life than he had done one short day before, shook off that claw and turned, with a show of ferocity, on his oppressor.

"Say, you get to hell out o' here!" he proclaimed with a brusqueness which came as a surprise to his own startled spirit. "Save that bunco-steering stuff for the corn rustlers, for I happen to know as much about Chinatown as you know about coke snuffing."

Laban's chest was still a bit inflated as he continued on his way along the crowded street, for the withered figure had drawn back at that unlooked-for disclosure of sophistication and vanished in the darkness. And Laban felt surer of himself as he strode on to the next corner, though he was forced to pull up there for a moment, uncertain as to which turn would take him towards the river. He finally decided that it would be safest to veer back to the policeman for information. That officer could also tell him of a respectable place for a stranger to go in and get a decent supper.

His spirits rose almost miraculously at the thought of that supper. Then they sank again even more rapidly, for as he started forward he most unmistakably felt the weight of a heavy hand fall on his shoulder. He swung about, startled. He looked up to see a big man with a bony face and a chest like a gorilla standing close beside him.

"Wu Fang Low wants to see you," said the stranger, without so much as a look down into the face of the slighter-bodied youth.

VIII

THERE was something impersonal and fateful about that message so quietly delivered; and the receiver of it, as he stood squinting up at the bearer of it, had no liking for the mysterious huge hulk of a man whose paw still so remindingly rested on his shoulder.

Laban's first impulse in fact was to shake that hand off and writhe away, protesting that he knew nothing of Wu Fang Low and nursed no desire to be inspected by him. But Laban knew that this was not quite the truth. He also knew that his chance of escaping was microscopic. Flight, he remembered, would only muddle his case; and he had done nothing, after all, of which he need be afraid.

"What does Wu Fang Low want?" he asked, conscious of the power in the heavy hand that was already turning him about in his tracks. They were moving forward by this time, side by side.

"Wu Fang Low wants to see you," repeated the stranger.

That was all he said, and he uttered it in a tone which carried the implication that it was all he cared to say.

"You said that before," complained Laban.

"And once ought to have been enough," asserted his oxlike captor.

Laban began to resent this autocratic interference with his freedom. He resented the dictatorial way in which he was piloted around a corner and herded down a narrower but less noisy street, where yellow-faced figures clacked back and forth in list slippers along the shadowy shop fronts. He was pondering the most vigorous way of expressing this resentment when the stranger stopped, opened a black-wooded door and ushered him into a long passageway with its somber length broken by three gilded arches.

A silver bell tinkled as a door was opened at the end of this passage, and they crossed a small room with teakwood beams and brightened with gold leaf. Then his guide opened another door on the right, and descended a narrow stairway, where the air was pungent with the mingled aroma of hop and park nor mi. At the foot of this stairway Laban caught the sound of an alto violin squeaking to the accompaniment of a softly thumped drumhead. This music stopped of a sudden as the big man beside him knuckled a tattoo on the black panel of a door.

The door opened. It opened miraculously, swung back by no hand that Laban could see, for he found himself in an empty room.

"Wait here," said his thick-shouldered guide as he crossed the room and disappeared beyond a heavy portière of apple green silk shuttled with threads of silver.

Laban, as he waited, examined the room closely. On three of the walls, black-studded and filigreed with gold, hung three pieces of tapestry. These, in a confusion of soft colors, seemed to depict the adventures of a Celestial maiden sought by a youth in a sampan. The one wall without a tapestry was divided into two arches supported by carved and gilded panels representing, like magnified chinaware, conventionalized garden scenes of the Orient.

In one corner stood a heavily carved chest bound with bright metal. In the other stood a low dragon-claw table holding yellow tea dishes, and between chest and table lay a silk rug as soft in tone as the tapestries so companionably overlooking it from the wall.

Laban was still wondering why so simple an arrangement could produce so complicated a sense of beauty when the silver-threaded portière parted and a yellow-jacketed young Chinaman, advancing mincingly, uttered the one word "Come."

Laban, walking slowly, and finding in that tardiness of movement a perverse expression of his personal independence, stepped in under the rustling portière. He found himself in a brightly lighted room not unlike the one he had just left. But this time the room was not unoccupied. Across the farther end of this inner chamber stood a black table, low and large and heavy-timbered. Seated behind it was an old Chinaman in a flowered mandarin coat, and at one end of it, facing him as he entered, sat a thin-nosed and narrow-faced white man with a shining high forehead and an eye as intent as a rat's.

Laban from the first did not like the appearance of that white man. There was cruelty about the thin-lipped mouth and arrogance in the deep-set eyes, which studied him closely as he came to a stop in the middle of the lacquered floor. There a teakwood chair stood six paces in front of the table, as though it had been placed there with a scrupulous forethought as to symmetry.

"Sit down," commanded the thin-lipped man at the table end.

Laban resented the manner of that address, and showed it by the slow and slightly contemptuous way in which he finally seated himself. He was looking now, not at the white man, but at the old Chinaman directly opposite him. He saw a stout old man wearing horn spectacles and a large air of benevolence. This man's face, for all its incredibly intricate network of fine wrinkles, was as hairless as that portion of the blue-scalped head not covered by the satin cap which lent an air of the pontifical to the impassive and motionless figure. The great loose-folded tunic of brocaded blue silk added to this effect. The only ridiculous thing about him, Laban felt, was the rimpled right hand resting on the black-topped table, the unmoving right hand, where the nails were so long that they curled in towards the flaccid palm. This, in a figure less venerable, might have carried an accidental note of malignity, but in connection with a creature so mild it seemed to spell only timeless and tribal futilities. For never once did the placid-eyed old Chinaman look directly at Laban. His expression remained one of aloofness, of imperturbable tranquillity, of mellow indifference towards all that may overtake man on this momentary sphere of trouble. Laban, in fact, felt drawn towards the benignant old figure in its fastidiously ornate apparel of another world, just as he was repelled by the keen and challenging eyes of the narrow-faced white man, who should have stood closer to his sympathies.

And as though to confirm that impression, the white man suddenly and sharply broke the silence.

"You have been very clever," he said, with a note of mockery in his words that was altogether distasteful to the studious-eyed youth confronting him.

"Have I?" parried Laban, not quite sure as to what the other was driving at.

"You probably think so," retorted the man at the table end. "But you have shaken out your bag of tricks, and now we shall see just how far your cleverness is going to carry you."

Laban stared at his enemy, for already he had accepted this man as his enemy. He stared with the blank-faced sullenness of a harried schoolboy. He sat there, perversely exulting in this silence which he had imposed upon them. He could show them just how far their own cleverness would get them if they proposed to pull any of their theatrical third-degree stuff on him! And he withdrew into his blankness stolidly, as a turtle withdraws into its shell.

Yet there was something about the resultant quietness that disturbed him. He could not define it at first. But he began to understand as he waited and listened that the disturbing factor in that sustained hush of expectancy was a sound or a series of sounds so thin and remote that at times they became inaudible. It was a faint tapping that he heard, muffled and hurried, and at first Laban even thought it was some Oriental chef beating eggs in a metal bowl. But as he listened, with his eyes still veiled, he finally canceled that thought.

Then he let his gaze fall and seemed to be studying the motionless legs of the old Chinaman where the flowing pantaloons of light blue silk were held about the fat ankles by bands of black satin.

But his thoughts were not on those legs. All consciousness was focused on the fact that the metallic tapping which he heard was coördinating itself into intelligence and that he was listening to somebody, beyond the walls where he sat, operating a telegraph key. His trained ear could read the Morse by this time, and as he followed that staccato run of dots and dashes coming so thinly out of the distance it took an effort to maintain that beguiling air of blankness which he now felt to be more than ever an asset to him.

"Have the bird here now," cluttered the distant key. "Get word to Comrades Martens and Marinoff in Washington tonight by new code. . . . Federal authorities intercepted courier at border this morning and took him. . . . Still at Plattsburg. . . . Know this kid got entire consignment; but so cleverly disposed of we . . . no connection with Erickson. . . . And unless we recover. . . . loss of over three millions to Third Internationale. . . . Not wait for Hourovich, for it's the cream. . . . Kremlin and Winter Palace collections. . . . And Wu Fang says we must go the limit to get. . . seven hours . . . while we've got the bird in our hand. . . . Will leave it to Wu Fang. . . . Forty-three."

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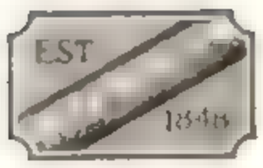

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That was all Laban heard: and even of that much was incoherent.

But he was not so dull-witted as he may have looked at the moment. He was still able to put two and two together, once those particular numerals had been made plain to him, even though behind them lay a vast hinterland of the unknown and the indecipherable. And if he was the bird they were exulting over he could at least show them that he intended to be something more than a tame robin. They had pretty well spoiled his night for him, on the whole, and he was tired and sick of the whole unsavory mess into which he had been projected at no wish of his own. If that comic-opera old Chink wanted any information out of him he'd have to have a smoother spokesman than this green-eyed Russian—for Laban was already fixed in his decision that this man was a Russian—who was still so pointedly and so balefully studying him. But Laban could not shake off the impression, on the other hand, that they were awaiting something; that something momentous was in the air about him; that they were merely marking time until that unknown something manifested itself.

The silence became abysmal. It became ridiculous. It became so absurd that the narrow-faced Russian finally twisted about in his chair, leaned back with a sigh of exasperation and once more confronted the youth with the unparticipating eyes.

"You know why you are here?" he suddenly half demanded and half asserted, with the exasperation on his face hardening into hate.

"I'd prefer hearing you tell me why," retorted Laban.

He thought he smelled fried fish, or perhaps wong ye too, and that sniff of far-away cookery still again reminded him of the fact that he was very hungry.

"You carried into this city tonight a package which did not belong to you, a package which was intrusted to you by another," began his oppressor.

"What was in that package?" asked the young man on the teakwood chair.

"We shall come to that later on," retorted his enemy, with a flash of anger from his narrowed green eyes.

"You seem to be taking your time over it," announced Laban, marveling at the immobility of the old Chinaman, who during this while had neither spoken nor stirred.

"You were sent word to deliver that package to Wu Fang Low here," went on the other, with a gesture towards his blue-clad companion.

"Well?" prompted the young man.

"It has never been delivered," slowly enunciated the other.

"Whose funeral is that?" demanded Laban, with an effort at lightness. A silence fell over the room.

"Yours," the Russian finally and slowly asserted; and the venom in his eye began to worry the young Westerner more than he would have been willing to admit.

"Is that a threat?" he demanded, with a valorous enough showing of anger.

"On the contrary," retorted the Russian, "it is merely a prophecy."

His eye met Laban's. The significance of his look was not lost on the younger man; and the younger man, resenting that look, was about to put his feelings into words. But he was interrupted in that intention by the abrupt entrance into the room of two figures already familiar to him. One was the wide-shouldered giant who had so recently directed him to the house of Wu Fang Low and the other was the mysterious woman in sables who earlier in the evening had so unexpectedly carried him in her car to the Colbridge.

They entered the room arm in arm. But there was small sense of the fraternal in that contact. Laban strongly suspected, in fact, that the big man was really holding the white-faced woman a prisoner there, just as if he had piloted her in between those walls practically against her will. The moment the big man spoke Laban found this suspicion confirmed.

"Here's the rib you wanted," was the cool announcement to the far from cool-eyed Russian.

But it was the woman who spoke next. She spoke angrily and with a crudity which went ill with the sables and the white kid gauntlet gloves.

"Cut out this manhandlin', you big stiff," she announced to her captor, "or you'll see me rough-housin' round here quicker'n you're lookin' for! So cut it out, and cut it out quick!"

The two men exchanged glances. Then the Russian, after an earnest stare into the immobile face of the Chinaman, nodded his head towards the man standing beside the woman. It must have been a nod of dismissal, for without a word the sullen giant withdrew his arm, swung about and walked out of the room. The woman looked after him with a sneer of contempt on her face.

It was the Russian who spoke sharply to Laban.

"Did you ever see this woman before?" he demanded.

Laban, before he answered, turned and inspected the woman in the sables. He looked her over wonderingly, impressed by both her beauty of face and the air of breeding which even her surrender to anger had not altogether obliterated.

"Sure," he finally retorted.

"When and where?"

The woman's short laugh of defiance did not escape the slightly bewildered youth.

"She very kindly took me for a ride in her car," was Laban's reply.

"When?"

"When I came out of the Grand Central Station tonight—I mean last night."

"And what happened?"

Laban had no wish to hurt the lady's feelings.

"She kind of mixed me up with her husband," he somewhat reluctantly admitted.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean she must have mistaken me for the man she's married to, or is going to be married to, or something like that," he admitted with a rueful glance at the woman so noncommittally studying his face.

"But what happened?" shouted the thin-nosed man at the table end.

"Why not consult the lady on that point?" equivocated Laban, once more resenting the overcoercive attitude of his interrogator.

"What did this woman get from you?" slowly intoned the Russian, with an air of sustained but sorely taxed patience.

"I don't know as she got anything much from me," Laban finally admitted.

The Russian gestured exasperation with his thin hands. Then he turned sharply to the woman.

"Ruzenka," he said, more quietly, "you've double-crossed me, and you know it."

"That's a lie!" cried the woman with sudden vigor.

"Then tell me just where I'm wrong," went on the other, maintaining his equanimity with obvious difficulty.

"You're wrong in trying to blackjack out of me something I haven't got," was the woman's retort.

"But something you have in your possession, and could say even now just where it —"

"That's another lie!" interrupted the woman, and the two confronted each other for a silent moment, with their glances locked.

"Listen," said the Russian at last. "You know what happened to Fania Pobloff!"

"That red-flaggery stuff can't throw a scare into me," maintained the insolent-eyed woman in the sables.

"But when you are bucking us, remember, you are bucking the whole organization; and that organization now extends over three continents."

"Then why doesn't it get busy?" taunted the quite unimpressed woman with her contemptuous stare directed towards first the sharp-eyed Russian and then towards the impassive and immobile Celestial behind the black-wooded table.

It was at this point that the unexpected happened. The imperturbable sphinx behind the table gave utterance, for the first time, to words. There was something startling about that unlooked-for guttural eruption into speech. It impressed Laban as oddly as human speech coming from a statue might have done.

"It glet busy velly quick!" was the flat-noted and throaty cackle that came from the obese squat figure in its incongruous sheathing of brocaded azure.

Laban could never be quite sure how it all began. It came so unheralded, in the first place, and its initial movements, in the second place, seemed so inexplicable to his startled senses.

But at the same moment that the woman ducked with incredible quickness before the pistol shot that spat from the voluminous blue sleeve of the Celestial, her hand swept under her own equally voluminous

(Continued on Page 54

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(Continued from Page 52)

drapery and seemed to conjure out of thin air a bright-metaled revolver that barked even before she stood upright again.

The old Chinaman squealed like a rat as he dropped behind the table, which overturned as he went down, and from behind which he shot again, at random. The Russian at the same moment leaped for Laban, who fell back towards the door as the woman promptly put a bullet into the electric globe above them, throwing the room into darkness.

"Kick out, kid, and kick hard!" he heard her voice call across the blackness as she groped along the wall. "Beat it or they'll knife you in the back!"

Then Laban ducked low, for a revolver was barking again through the gloom. He doubled back when he heard a call and shout immediately in front of him, tumbled over an empty chair, twisted about and caught it up. He advanced, flailing the air as he ran forward, collided with something soft and yielding, struck blindly, and trod over a fat and silk-clad arm as he ran forward. All he asked for was to escape, to break away from those imprisoning walls which were now ringing with unintelligible curses and cries of warning. Then came a sound of breaking glass, the remoter shrill of a police whistle and the spurt of a match quickly lighted and shaken out again, not six paces away from him.

Laban, before ducking and side-stepping in that momentary illumination which preluded another short tattoo of pistol shots, caught sight of an oblong opening in the wall. He ran towards it, bending low, and as he pushed through it, with no knowledge whatever whither it led, his outstretched hand came into contact with the fur, warm and moving, of a wild animal. He at least took it to be a wild animal for a foolish moment or two. It was not until he had called out, without being conscious of the act, that he found this furred monstrosity to be merely the woman in the sables, pressed flat against the passage wall.

She must have recognized him by that sound, for she gave a little hiss of warning through the darkness. He could feel her moving closer beside him.

"Get that panel shut," she whispered. "It locks on this side."

She was quicker than he was, however, to find and close what must have been a secret opening in the wall. The next moment, in fact, she was feeling for him in the ingulfing blackness.

"Hurry up!" she said with a half-tired matter-of-factness as they started forward along the narrow passage.

They turned twice, ran down a short flight of steps, turned again, and passed through a door into another passage. This passage was larger and lighted by three electric bulbs strung along the boarded ceiling. Laban saw, as they advanced, that it branched into two.

"This way is quickest," said the woman, turning to the right.

Yet she hesitated, with a frown of troubled thought on her face. Whatever scruples she may have nursed, however, she quickly overcame, for the next moment she was leading him down the passage at the end of which swung a somber black portière, and she hissed again for silence as they went.

Yet she stopped short before that swinging portière, with the frown of trouble once more on her face. She looked at Laban and still again studied the portière. Then, without saying a word, she quietly took from the youth's head the hat which he still wore. She motioned him back with one hand as with the other she held the hat between her fingers by the brim. She held it with an air of extreme fastidiousness, which puzzled its owner, as though it were something infected and to be avoided. She still held it in that manner, at arm's length, as she slowly and softly pressed it against the folds of the hanging portière.

Laban was still puzzled over the possible meaning of that tableau when the swaying black drapery beneath the outthrust hat was punctuated by a thin flash of light. It was a flash that lasted only for a second or two, and it had actually come and gone before Laban woke up to its actual meaning. For that stab of light had been a blade of polished steel, half as long as his arm, thrust silently through the swaying curtain. It was as thin and pointed as a rapier shaft, slightly curved like a Turkish saber, tapering to a thinness that carried an incredible air of malignity about its twisted point. And there was malignity, too, in the way it had struck, as quick and silent as an adder's fang, through the screening folds of cloth, and had as silently withdrawn itself.

It gave Laban a chill as he fell back an involuntary step or two. The woman followed him, with the tip of one finger pressed against her lip for silence.

"That was meant for us," she whispered as they fell back to the point where the other passage switched off to the left; and after a short glance over her shoulder she hurried him down this passage, where she found a ring in the floor, raised a trap and motioned him down a flight of steps.

They were in a subcellar by this time, amazingly close-packed with woven-grass bales and piles of glazed crockery and what seemed to be cases of Oriental household utensils.

Laban, as he followed the woman, stumbled over a heavy bronze lamp standard. His guide, at the sound, hissed softly for silence, but stopped him a moment later with a hand on his arm.

"Bring that along," she whispered. "There's a lock ahead of us here you'll have to break."

He groped about for the cumbersome bit of bronze, found it, and caught up with the woman, who was padding about a heavy door.

"Here!" she whispered, directing his hand towards a protuberant metal lock. "Smash it!"

It was massive enough, but one blow tore away the screws that held it to its mildewed wooden sash; and they were through the door the next moment and climbing a steep flight of steps, from which they turned at right angles down a wooden-boarded passageway faintly redolent with the odors of cooking food. At the end of this corridor they were confronted by a young Chinaman in a soiled white tunic, carrying a wooden tray piled high with fresh-gutted fish.

"Put us through, Tom," said the woman, tossing him a silver dollar.

The Chinaman, without speech or hesitation, conjured the disk of silver into his sleeve, balanced his tray on one hip, and with his free hand unlocked a small door which opened into a washroom heavy with ammoniacal odors and gray with cigarette smoke.

Laban followed the woman through this room, and was conscious the next moment of a sudden violent hubbub of contending noises. As she swung the farther door open he caught the relieving sound of clattering dishes and music and many voices. He knew, even before they rounded the black-and-gold screen ambuscading that door, that they had emerged into a Chinatown eating room crowded with its midnight patrons.

Laban saw a high-studded room stippled with crowded tables between which yellow-skinned waiters came and went. The air was blue with smoke, and many-colored lights twinkled about the walls decorated with imitation wistaria made of gayly dyed cotton. On a platform in a partly curtained alcove five garishly appareled Chinamen played five different instruments of musical intent, one a three-string banjo with a double head, another a mallet-shaped alto violin scraped with a bow of horsehair, another a drum entirely without resonance, another a moon-shaped sort of mandolin, and still another a long-handled two-string fiddle. They chanted as they played, but their music was not loud enough to drown the stream of talk from the crowded tables, where chicken and chow mein and rice and shark fin were being so busily washed down with park nor mi and plum-blossom tea. At the front end of the room stood a cluster of men and women, street girls and sailors, students and slummers, old gentlemen and officers and women in opera cloaks, waiting for seats.

An Eagle's Nest

"The quicker you lose yourself in that bunch the better," Laban's guide was saying to him, unconscious of the relish with which he was eying the passing trays loaded with suey and foo yung high.

"But how about you?" he asked, studying her face, which looked a trifle tired and flat even in that modified light.

"Don't worry about me, kid," she said with a curt laugh. "But you make your duck out o' here while the ducking is good!"

He started to thank her, but she cut him short.

"Beat it!" she said under her breath as she gathered up her skirts and began to shoulder along one of the crowded aisles to an alcove, where a ruddy-cheeked old gentleman in evening dress was sedulously attempting to teach what was apparently his grandson, in the uniform of a West Pointer, how to manipulate a pair of chop sticks.

So Laban did as he was told. He elbowed in through that waiting crowd. He dipped into that crowd and emerged again just in time to encounter the cicerone of the sight-seeing bus leading his docile charges in through the gaudily festooned doorway and indulging them in a fleeting glimpse of one of Chinatown's most popular chow houses.

Laban made for that line with the feeling of an exile heading for home. The dull-eyed barker greeted him with a recognizing eye, but did not address that strayed reveler until the completion of his official peroration on the Lotus Blossom Café.

"How'd you come to drop out of the party, bub?" he asked as he indifferently herded his people back to the comfortably canopied wagon with its tiers of hospitable-looking seats.

Laban laughed, but it was laughter without a great deal of mirth in it.

"I kind of got lost in the shuffle back there a bit," he noncommittally announced.

"Then you've sure been missin' the best of your night's show," averred the interpreter of the underworld as he swung aboard his wagon.

"Oh, I've been wandering into a little show of my own," Laban indifferently acknowledged as he watched the last of the sight-seers clamber wearily aboard.

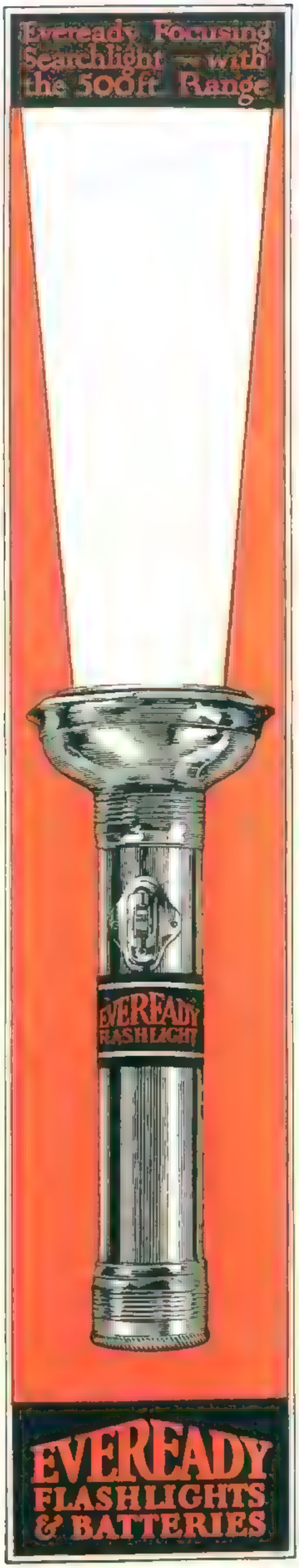
He drew a deep sigh of relief, however, as he caught hold of the iron handrail to swing in after them. He glanced carelessly up to make sure of his space. His right foot was still resting on the curb as he looked, and for one motionless moment it remained there.

For on the far end of the seat on which he had proposed to perch himself he caught sight of a big man with a bony face and a chest like a gorilla, and that impassive bony face under the lowered black hat brim was only too familiar to him.

His hand was still on the iron rail as he felt the car move forward. But his hold on that rail promptly relaxed and he ducked and slithered across the narrow street as the omnibus gathered speed. He ducked in between a row of parked cars along the opposite curb, pressed on with his eyes still turned back towards the swaying omnibus, and without once stopping rounded the next corner.

His walk was quickened into a run by this time, and he no longer tarried to look back. He raced on, with no sense of direction and no clear-cut thought of destination. But he longed for the water front as a harassed amphibian longs for the element that most readily harbors and hides its movements. He was sane enough to observe that the general slope of the terrain which he traversed was downward. This, he knew, meant he was at least wearing nearer and nearer the East River. He slowed down to a walk when he emerged into a side street more crowded with life, circled three sides of an irregular block, and once more followed the slope down towards the water front.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



"... A 500-FOOT BEE LINE OF LIGHT AN EVEREADY FOCUSING SEARCHLIGHT IS AN OUTDOOR NECESSITY"

Another Eveready triumph—the new Eveready Focusing Searchlight with the *500-foot range*—a real *hand search-light*—tears a hole in fog, smoke, or blackest night!

A more powerful longer range development of the noted Eveready Spotlight. The most intense light concentrated in a Flashlight for popular use —3,000 candle power at the focal point in a broad beam of piercing light. Automobilists, campers, vacationists. firemen, policemen, watchmen, seamen, sportsmen on land and water, let your experience with the Spotlight tell you what this Searchlight can do for you. Try it. We've priced it low —$4.50 complete with batteries, and extra Eveready concentrated filament Mazda lamp in end cap —in either corrugated fibre or nickel-plated case.

Kills insects without poison
Evaporates without trace

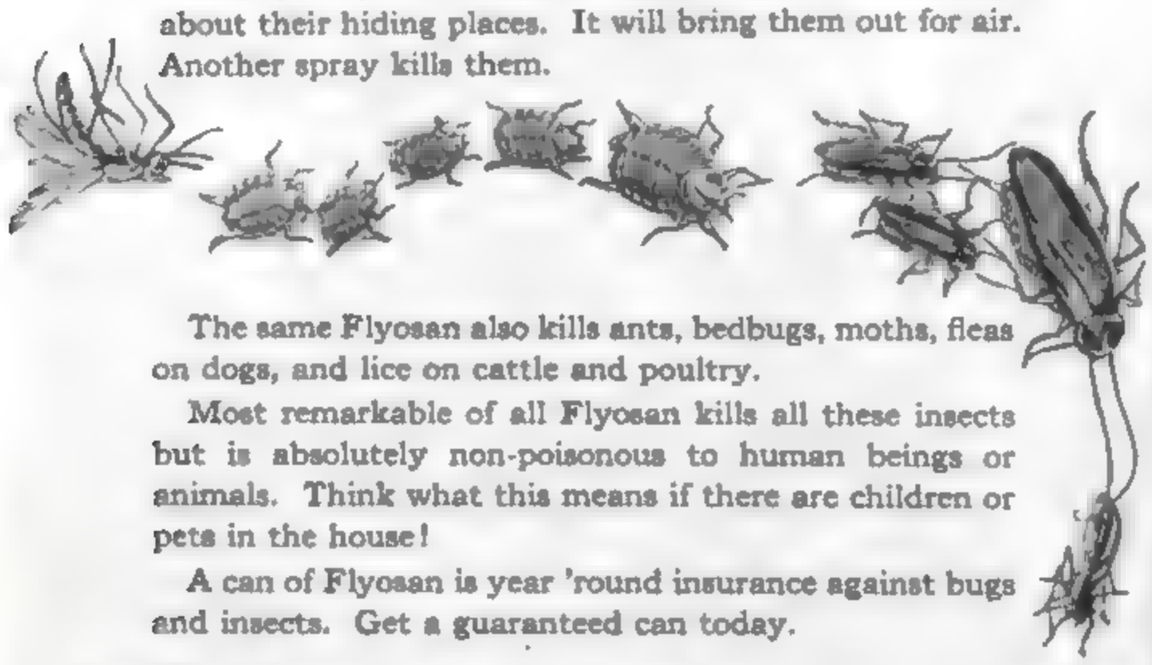
FLIES in the kitchen or dining room? That's easy. Merely close the windows and doors. Take your sprayer of Flyosan and pump several sprays into the air.

Now watch the flies. They struggle toward the windows. In five minutes the last one will be dead.

Open the windows. In fifteen minutes the last trace of Flyosan will have disappeared. No odor left, no stain, no residue of any sort—nothing but the dead flies which you sweep up and burn.

Mosquitoes in the bed room or on the sleeping porch? You kill them the same way, and even more quickly. Last summer thousands of families blessed Flyosan for mosquito-free sleep.

Do roaches or waterbugs scuttle to cover when you suddenly snap on the kitchen light? Spray your Flyosan about their hiding places. It will bring them out for air. Another spray kills them.



The same Flyosan also kills ants, bedbugs, moths, fleas on dogs, and lice on cattle and poultry.

Most remarkable of all Flyosan kills all these insects but is absolutely non-poisonous to human beings or animals. Think what this means if there are children or pets in the house!

A can of Flyosan is year 'round insurance against bugs and insects. Get a guaranteed can today.

Most drug, grocery and hardware stores have Flyosan. If yours do not we will mail you a complete outfit (pint can and sprayer) for $1.00 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and Canada).

If Flyosan does not do all we claim for it we will refund the purchase price without question.

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Flyosan

SAFE INSECTICIDE

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL
—MOSQUITOES, TOO

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package	1.00

(pint and sprayer) (West of Rockies and Canada) $1.25

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THE GREATEST GIFT

(Continued from Page 30)

has brought some good business to us. I was surprised to hear that he belonged to the Yorick."

As he spoke he looked sharply at Daphne.

That young lady murmured innocently, "Does he?"

"Just before dinner Sir Claude Vansittart rang me up. He, too, belongs to the Yorick. He asked me very civilly if I could let him have young McAlpine. He is prepared to pay him a salary which I consider preposterous. But this is the amazing thing: McAlpine hasn't jumped at the offer. He told Vansittart that he preferred to remain with us. But, really, he is under no obligation at all to remain with us."

Daphne smiled.

"He must be clever, daddy, to have hidden his cleverness from you."

Jock's chief was delicately flattered. He reflected that little Daphne had inherited sharp wits, not from her mother.

"I shall have a word with him."

"You won't let him go?"

"I'm in a bit of a hole. Vansittart is a shrewd judge of men. Why does he want this boy?"

"Boy?"

"Hardly five and twenty. However, there it is."

Daphne said brightly, "If you keep him you must raise his salary."

Mr. Corlyn grunted. Later, alone with his wife, he touched upon the same subject, approaching it from a different angle:

"It seems, mummy, that our Daphne persuaded Captain Vicary to propose young McAlpine at the Yorick. At dinner, the little baggage pretended that she knew nothing about it. But she thinks the boy clever. Now where are we? You don't know, nor do I. Daffy has brains."

"I'm sure that dear Iris and Daisy ——"

"Tchah! Iris is hardly more than a flapper. Daisy, poor dear, is a sort of Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire. Nobody ever gets a word out of her. What? Sweet? I never said she wasn't. Well, I must get to the bottom of this."

On the morrow Mr. Corlyn sent for Jock. Jock surprised him, inasmuch as he refused flatly to leave Corlyn & Co. Daffy's father may or may not have surprised Jock. In the end compromise was achieved. A small salary was raised and a higher commission offered and accepted. Jock assigned all credit to the goddess Fortune.

He said to himself, wonderingly, "My stock seems to be booming."

V

IT WENT on booming. Jock's chief knew what was paid to Jock, over and above a salary, in commissions. And he wondered how Jock worked this remunerative outside business. Of course, our Corinthians, Tom and Jerry, did the working with their voluble tongues. Jock made no attempt, direct or indirect, to secure new clients for his people. New clients came to him. They fell upon his honest head like dew from heaven. Among a certain lively set at the Yorick it became known that young McAlpine had a nose. Metaphorically, he never blew it. He never—to vary the metaphor—tooted his own little horn. He refused to talk business. His formula never varied. He promised to submit a list.

Tom Vicary said with a cheerful grin, "You must think an awful lot, Jock."

Everybody called him Jock—no surer index of popularity in a club.

Meanwhile Daphne was having her way with him. She had seen him play football. That accounted for much. But inherited commercial instincts counted for more. Daphne adored success. Success to her included a fine car, jewels and constant change of scene and frocks. Jock accompanied Daphne to select night clubs. He danced well, and he didn't chatter when he danced. Jock's chief and mummy began to smell orange blossoms.

"Does Daffy want this young fellow?"

Mummy was of opinion that she did. Knowing her daughter, she ventured to affirm that if Daffy wanted him she would get him. Jock's chief pursed up dubious lips.

"I can't size him up, my dear. He's honest as the day, a clean boy, and he seems to know the right people; but he won't talk. I'm told he's good at games—tennis and all that. He doesn't, strictly between ourselves, earn his increased salary, but, damn it, he does earn his commissions. That is indisputable. Leaving Daffy out ——"

"You can't leave Daffy out if she means to be in."

"Leaving Daffy out, it might pay me to secure young McAlpine ——"

"Secure him?"

"Let me finish. We might offer this boy a small junior partnership if he can plank down a few thousands. In that case I should be inclined to do without him in the office. He could work, as he has worked, outside. God knows how he does it. But I'll say this for him: He inspires confidence. Daffy scares me at times."

"Daffy knows what she is doing."

"Daffy, my dear, is the last young woman I should commend as wife to a poor man."

"But if he is going to be rich ——"

Jock's chief grunted and went his way.

At the first convenient moment he said lightly to Jock, "Could you lay your hands on a few thousands, my boy, if we offered you a very junior partnership?"

Jock was stunned. He had five thousand pounds invested long ago by his guardian before Jock came of age. It represented two hundred and fifty a year.

When he mentioned, hesitatingly, this modest capital, Jock's chief said curtly, "If it were ten instead of five we might talk business."

Jock left the august presence dazed. But he had made unwittingly a hit with Daffy's father.

Young McAlpine was apparently satisfied to leave his small capital in a gilt-edged security. Obviously, he was no gambler, and the head of an old-fashioned firm of brokers who had built up a fine business by disregarding the more speculative counters appreciated, perhaps inordinately, the bump of caution.

"There really is something in this boy," he reflected.

He had two sons. The sons, educated, perhaps, at the wrong schools, were not in the City. One was in a cavalry regiment; the other had married a rich woman. Jock's chief wasted valuable time regretting that Jock was not his son. At the same time he had misgivings about Daffy. If it had been little Iris, his third daughter, or even Daisy, the sit-by-the-fire ——

A week later mummy said decisively, "I'm sure that Daffy has made up her mind. Have we made up ours?"

They hadn't. Being sensible people, they confronted facts philosophically. It came really to this: Daffy might do worse.

"Has he spoken to her?" asked an anxious father.

"I don't think so. Daffy understands him. He is a gentleman."

"Certainly. He belongs to the right McAlpines, but they are impoverished. He has five thousand pounds, his wits and apparently no prospects."

Mummy smiled. She told herself that father must have been making inquiries—quietly.

She continued with greater confidence, "I like him, George."

"Same here."

"Can't you do something?"

He replied irritably, "What the devil can I do?"

"You spoke of a junior partnership."

"And you cackled about that to Daffy? You women —— However —— You are asking me to weigh in with a check for five thousand pounds."

"I'm doing nothing of the sort. Ridiculous!"

"Let us be perfectly calm. My partners must be considered. I can wangle a junior partnership for a prospective son-in-law, but the irreducible minimum is ten thou. Jock has five. If he was tempted to turn it into ten I—I should wash my hands of him."

"You will do as you think best, George."

VI

JOCK, in blissful ignorance, went on popping in and out of Lancaster Gate. He had acquired the habit. Daffy commandeered him. He took her to a fancy ball and wore the kilts. That did the trick—for Daffy.

"You ought to be the chief of your tribe."

"Clan—clan."

"Can you toss the—the—what is it called?"

"The caber? I dare say I could if I tried."

(Continued on Page 58)

Jewett Special Sedan—Perfectly Equipped

Comfort Adaptable to Every Need

YOU'LL agree the lines are good. The flash of full-nickeled bumpers front and rear; nickeled radiator and motometer; nickeled barrel-type head and side lamps—adds distinction. Trunk and trunk rack, at rear, against nickeled body guard-rails, are smart, and useful.

There's an extra cord tire, tube, rim and cover, carried forward at left. Cowl ventilator. Adjustable sun and storm visor. Automatic windshield wiper. Rear-view mirror. Combination tail and stop-light. Smart upholstery. Taffeta shades at windows. Dome light. Handsome fittings. Heater. Not a thing to buy but gas and oil.

Your family are comfortable in this Jewett whatever the weather. All side windows close easily—and tight—when the sudden storm breaks; open wide when balmy weather invites. Snug as your home—invigorating as an open car—whichever suits your whim.

But it's when you sit behind the wheel, go through the gears and gently touch the accelerator that you get the real thrill of Jewett's performance. Women love it in action. The Paige-type clutch and transmission insure quiet, easy gear-shifting; it is almost impossible to "clash" or jerk the car. And there's full fifty horsepower waiting the touch of dainty slipper on the accelerator. Jewett six popularity shows that sixes do beat fours in the opinion of thousands of satisfied Jewett owners.

Drive from 2 to 60 miles an hour in high—crawl along behind exasperating teams—then breeze quickly ahead when the opening comes. For Jewett accelerates from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. Up most any hill on high—fast or slow. Truly, Jewett Sedan is the sedan with "open-car" performance.

Owners have every confidence in Jewett due to its Paige-built motor, Paige-Timken axles front and rear; ball-bearing steering spindles; all-steel universal joints with sealed-in lubrication—good for 15,000 miles without oiling—without "back-lash" or rattles.

And, with all Jewett's pep and power, it stays good! Thousands of miles of silent, smooth running, because of the high-pressure, hollow crank-shaft oiling system which forces 2 gallons of oil per minute through all main and connecting rod bearings. Long life is sure with such construction!

Jewett comes to you with this distinction—it is the *only* car of its class made by a builder of finest quality cars! You will sense the confidence this gives when you and your family have your demonstration. (361)

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

A sturdy Keds model with athletic trim and ankle patch. For all sports purposes

Now vacation pleasures last all summer long

How a great change in our national habits has affected summer styles

Why confine summer pleasures to a couple of weeks of "vacation"?

All of America seems to have waked up at once to this idea! Every day—every week-end all summer long—means out-of-door comforts for millions. Motoring, picnicking, golf, tennis, —we've become the greatest outdoor nation in the world!

A striking evidence of our new ideas of summer comfort is the amazing growth of Keds. These cool, comfortable shoes with uppers of firm light canvas and flexible soles of springy rubber have become the summer footwear of America.

Keds let feet, cramped by months of stiff shoes, return to their natural form and breathe. Everywhere you see them—on city streets as well as at country clubs and hotels.

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Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. They make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic-trimmed—styles for men and women, boys and girls, out-of doors and in the home.

Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

Remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds—no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds. It will pay you to make sure.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. F-5, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg U.S Pat Off

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. High and low models—brown or white

(Continued from Page 56)

"I believe you could do anything if you tried. Daddy believes in you."

"He can't."

"He does, and so do I. Perhaps daddy, poor dear, doesn't really understand you as—as I do. Your silence, for instance, is far more eloquent to me than speech. I respect your silence; I do, indeed. So does mummy.

"All the same, silence, after—well, after a reasonable time, is—how shall I put it?—yes, unreasonable."

Her laughter tinkled deliciously. Jock stared at her piquant face, not entirely innocent of make-up. Words, long suppressed, came to him slowly.

"I—I think I catch on."

"I'm quite sure you do."

"All you people have been most awfully jolly and—er—friendly."

"Exactly. If you were not so modest, you might sum up daddy's attitude towards you as—as encouraging."

"It is," admitted Jock earnestly. "And that is what boils me. He doesn't ask the other fellows to his house—good chaps too."

"They are not quite in your class, are they?"

"But your father—I had a knock-out the other day. Without any sort of suggestion from me, he—he hinted at a junior partnership. Why?"

"You can't guess why?"

"I'm damned if I can! I beg your pardon ——"

"Not at all. You can take this from me: Daddy always knows where he's at. Daddy wants you as a junior partner. Mind you, he wouldn't want you unless you had made good. You have made good. Now—you ought to go ahead full speed."

She gazed at him beguilingly. Jock blushed. His pleasant voice sank to a whisper.

"I say, you tell me what to do and I'll do it. I'm a mug. But I know what I want. And I want it—desperately. It never occurred to me that your father had spotted something that, honestly, I hardly dared to think about except in—in my wildest dreams."

Daffy glanced about her. The Albert Hall is not exactly a backwater of the Thames. Couples were all about them. Being a true daughter of Eve, she considered time and place. But she was not blushing as she whispered:

"I will tell you what to do. Be as frank with daddy as you have been with me. See him, if you can, after luncheon. He's at his best then. I predict confidently that all will be well. *Toujours de l'audace!*"

"*Toujours de l'audace!*" repeated a youth whose face was wreathed with smiles.

VII

THE fateful interview did take place next day, after luncheon, in the chief's sacrosanct office. Jock soaped the ways by introducing a new client who asked for a sound lockup.

"He doesn't consider dividends, sir. He is making a big income. He fancies, so he tells me, land schemes. He's just laid down a bin of 1920 port. He's that sort of chap."

The chief smiled encouragingly.

"Well, McAlpine, we must find something which will mature with the port. Is that all today?"

"No, sir; if you could spare me five minutes on—on a very private matter ——"

"Certainly. Try that cigar. Carry on!"

This was a counsel of perfection. Jock lit a cigar and thought of Tom Vicary's powers of speech. He began, for a novice, not too badly.

"You have been very kind to me, sir ——"

A busy man reflected that cackle might be judiciously cut. He knew what Jock wanted, and thought the better of him because he rode slow at a formidable fence.

Accordingly, he said genially:

"We like you, my boy. I can make some sort of guess at this very private matter. It concerns you"—Jock nodded solemnly—"and somebody belonging, temporarily, to me?"

"Yes, sir. But I shouldn't have had the cheek to—to ——"

"No, no! But let us take it that you have received encouragement from me and her."

"It's quite astounding, but it's true. And yet if—if you ask me bang out whether I can support a wife, a wife—er—accustomed to Lancaster Gate, the answer is a—lemon."

Daffy's father lay back in his chair and laughed Homerically. Jock's candor, his puzzled face, his use of his mother tongue, were irresistibly comic. But he was expecting a magnate, who couldn't be allowed to cool his heels.

"My dear boy, to allay all these natural misgivings of yours, I think we must take you into partnership. You have a way with you. I can't help being personal, but Nature seems to have inscribed upon your face unmistakable credentials. Pass, friend! I take you as I find you. Has she taken you?"

"Bless her, she has!"

"Blessings in this case seem to be in order. You had better have an afternoon off, unless you prefer to use the telephone."

"Ever so many thanks, sir. She—she will be quite as surprised as I am."

This was too much for Daffy's father. He sat up in his chair, staring at Jock.

Then he said slowly, "Ought I to warn you?"

"Warn me?"

"Obviously, I ought. You have chosen a young woman much more wide awake than I am. She can give me seven pounds over any course, outside the city, and romp home. I have never bossed my girls. I have always hoped that they would choose the right sort when the right sort came along.

"But this young woman is never surprised at anything. She picked you before the flag dropped. She meant to have you from the word go. My one fear is this: Can you stay her course?"

"What course?" asked Jock.

Daffy's father replied testily: "You've been over it. Embassy Club, Grafton Galleries, Albert Hall. Keep a-moving! She may settle down. Some of 'em don't."

"We've talked all that over."

"You have, hey?"

"Again and again. We thought of a very small house at Woking, near the golf course. We shall start with a brace of servants. She'll make her own frocks."

"What? You tell me, her father, that Daffy is going to make her own frocks?"

"Good Lord, no! Daffy is a flyer. There seems to be some extraordinary mistake. I want to marry—Daisy."

"Daisy?"

Daffy's father looked apoplectic. His chin and cheeks above too tight a collar grew purple. But joy seldom kills. It was so exactly right that Jock should marry Daisy. And yet Daffy, his masterful child, seemed to forbid the banns. As Jock said nothing, Daffy's father was forced into ill-considered speech.

"Never have I seen you making up to Daisy—never!"

"We were jolly careful," mumbled Jock.

"Young man, you have made the running, hot and hot, with Daphne. You will have to settle with Daphne. I don't envy you. You will need a week off to make your peace with her. I tell you, the situation is appalling. You appear to have won my eldest daughter by making love to her sister."

Jock said helplessly, "Daffy was in the know from the first."

A pert office boy appeared.

"Sir Claude Vansittart, sir, by appointment."

"Certainly. Show Sir Claude up in one minute."

Daisy's father shook Jock's hand.

"You will have to attend to the outside business, Jock. Your silent methods are utterly beyond me, but somehow you get there. Sir Claude is here through you. It may lead to a lot of underwriting. Now hop it!"

Jock hopped it.

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is created to be the perfect complement for those fine motor cars whose quality is never compromised. Symbolic of DéJon perfection is the superior construction of the coil, the heart of a car's electrical system. It is designed and bakelized against insular breakdown. It unfailingly gives a hot spark in frigid weather without sacrifice to high speed performance.

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Bristol Steel Golf Shafts are in use everywhere. Golfers who have played with them speak in highest terms of their strength, durability, the way they "stay with the ball", the superior balance and "feel".

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They come in all degrees of whippiness. Any type of hickory shafted club can be duplicated in steel. Then, too, they will not warp, crack or rust—the "feel" will stay the same year after year.

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Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines are manufactured by the same company which makes the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft. If you want the best in tackle, demand these three. They have long been the leaders known by fishermen everywhere.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Fishing Catalogs sent free on request.

SINCE THE DAYS OF JACOB

(Continued from Page 19)

"I don't know how Mary will take it."

"I believe she will be happy to know that I am happy. She's like that."

He was dubious.

"It will be a great shock."

She had a moment of high indignation. But she did not voice it. Wallace had always had his mind on Mary. In all the years he had never thought of Sue.

The next morning Yolanda did not come down to breakfast; and Sue, going up at nine, found her niece having an orange, dry toast and a cup of coffee in bed. She was wrapped inadequately in a thin blue negligee.

"It is a heavenly morning," Sue said. "You ought to be out of doors, dearest."

"I'll take a swim before lunch."

"Is there anything I can do for you in town?"

"Are you going in? So am I. Stuart will drive me. We'll have room for you if you'd like to go with us."

Sue hesitated.

"I had hoped you wouldn't mind staying with your mother. My engagement in Boston is important. Can't you plan for some other day?"

"Why should I? Mother won't care if we are both away."

"I think she might. You see, yesterday your young friends took up so much of your time; and she wants to hear about—everything."

"Why can't she hear about everything this morning? I'll go in presently and talk to her."

"The doctor doesn't want her disturbed so early. Her nights are very hard."

Yolanda's voice was impatient.

"But, Aunt Sue, we can't key our lives to mother's demands."

"But we must think of her, Yolanda."

"Oh," Yolanda flung out, "that's the trouble with your generation! You adore self-sacrifice."

A deep flush stained Sue's cheeks.

"We don't adore it. But we can't all go our own way and forget what your mother did for the rest of us."

"We don't forget. I love mother a lot. But we may as well be sane about it. Her life is no more important than your life or mine."

"Her happiness is more important"—steadily—"her peace of mind. Except for us she has nothing. We have all the world outside. She has just that narrow room."

"Don't you think," said Yolanda judicially, "that we are apt to stress too much the dark side of a life like that? Mother has her little pleasures. In a way, they fill her life."

"If you had known her as I knew her, Yolanda—before she was ill—the vividness of her. Do you think this is easy?"

"I didn't say it was easy, did I? Only that we mustn't stress the dark side too much." She stretched her slim arms above her head. "Oh, don't let's argue. We'll both go to Boston, and come back with oodles of news, and mother will eat it up. You see if she doesn't."

Yolanda's fingers were busy with the silk handkerchief which banded her brows. She took it off. Her hair showed sleek and shining as a frame for her porcelain-tinted face.

"It's the new Spanish effect," she said, and slipped at once away from further discussion. "Give me my hand glass, will you, Aunt Sue? . . . I am going to wear jade earrings and a jade green dress at the yacht-club dance."

"I am not sure that I like you in earrings."

Sue was helpless before such insouciance.

"You'd look lovely in them yourself." Yolanda got out of bed, rummaged in a drawer and produced the long green drops. "Try them on."

Sue protested, "I'd look silly."

But Yolanda had made up her mind, and presently Sue saw her own somewhat glorified image in the long glass.

"I told you so," said Yolanda triumphantly. "Aren't they spiffy?"

The two of them motored into Boston that afternoon with Stuart Dudley. Sue had a feeling that she was deserting Mary, but Yolanda had simply swept her along on the tide of her own conviction that it was the thing to do.

She was to see Christopher, for the first time, in his office at the end of the long pier. They were to have tea together, and she would return alone in time for dinner.

Stuart dropped her in front of one of the big shops on Tremont Street, and from there she took a taxi. Christopher stood waiting for her when she reached the pier, and when she saw him her heart jumped in that queer way that it had when she was much moved.

With the door of his office shut against the world, Christopher welcomed the lady of his heart. There was gray in his curly hair and lines in his bronzed countenance, but no young lover could have overmatched the passion in his voice as he said, "You are here—mine. Oh, Sue, my dear girl, how I have dreamed of it!"

He showed her everything; the old furniture which had belonged to his grandfather in the days when sailing vessels had brought cargoes of spices and teas. On the walls were models of ships, boxed, with glass over them. There were quaint old compasses, brass spyglasses, a ship's clock that struck the hours. There were, too, the books which had been kept in the grandfather's neat hand, the diary of Christopher's father, recounting events when he had served in the Navy during the Civil War. Sue's own letters were there, hidden in a secret drawer; and it was from this same drawer that Christopher took at last a ring, a great emerald set round with diamonds.

His man brought tea to them—a young Scotsman.

"This is Alec," Christopher explained. "He goes with me everywhere. He knows that when I make my next voyage you will sail with me."

"I can't," said Alec, smiling, "serve him when he is married any better than I have done. But I can serve him with a gladder heart."

It was a hearty tea, and Sue ate with an appetite. She felt like a different woman from the one who had lived for fifteen years in the shadow of a sick room. It was, she thought whimsically, as if she had died and was resurrected. And Christopher was saying, "Think of it, my dear! I shall have you through all the years to come!"

On the way home in the train she kept planning when she would tell Mary. Perhaps tonight. It must not be delayed too long. Wrapped in her thoughts, they had reached the Lynn marshes before she roused herself and saw Wallace sitting a few seats ahead of her with Ethel Gray.

Ethel had always been a great friend of Mary's, and Wallace was often at the Grays'. Sue was glad that he could have the relaxation of such good friendship. But always when she saw him with Ethel she was clutched by the fear that had assailed her when he had talked to the night nurse.

Then over the enchantment of her afternoon with Christopher dropped once more the dark curtain of her solicitude for Mary. Remembering the old days, Sue's heart seemed to bleed with the tragedy of the difference. Mary's life and her husband's had once been so closely knit. They had been poor in worldly goods, but rich in understanding. Then, quite suddenly, Wallace's health had broken. Sue was at college, Yolanda a tiny tot. Mary had at once gone to work. She was a good housekeeper, and so she had opened a tea room in the old town where they had always spent their summers. After a time the thing had paid. Mary's energy and competence had kept Sue at college, and had given Wallace the year in the South that had saved him.

The result had been permanent invalidism for Mary. She had overworked, and she collapsed when Wallace came back. Sue gave up all other plans to nurse her sister and take care of Yolanda. She had no thought of shirking. Life was give and take, and that was the end of it. So she had sent Christopher away.

And now she was free. She would tell Mary. And marry Christopher ——

After dinner Wallace said, "You won't mind, will you, Sue? Ethel Gray wants me to take a fourth hand at bridge."

Her hesitation was momentary.

"I'll go up and sit with Mary. Yolanda is going to the yacht-club dance."

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Of course not."

When she went upstairs her sister was settled for the night, with her window open to the warm soft air, the light low and the moon shining over the harbor. Miss Ramsey was glad to sit outside on the veranda and leave them alone.

Mary was raised a bit on her pillows, a concession to the new strength which had come to her. She was a taller woman than Sue, but she was very thin, and there were deep shadows under her eyes. There was, too, a certain beauty about her that transcended Sue's prettiness. One was aware of a shining serenity. She had suffered much, but she had infinite self-control. The serenity was, therefore, hard earned. Sue sat down beside the bed.

"Did you have a good time in Boston?" Mary asked.

"Oh, yes." There was a rushing in Sue's ears. Surely this was the moment to say, "I am going to marry Christopher Howland. Oh, Mary, aren't you glad for me? Glad?"

But before she could say it, Yolanda swept in, ready for the yacht-club dance.

"How do you like me?" she demanded.

She wore the green organdie and the jade earrings. A great Spanish comb was stuck at right angles in her shining hair, and she was wrapped in a shawl of embroidered crêpe which belonged to her mother. The shawl gave her something of the air of an odalisque, but there was no denying her attractiveness.

"Do you like me?" she asked again.

"Oh, darling," Mary said, "I'm not sure. You don't look in the least like my daughter. But you do look like a very lovely lady in a play."

"Well, why not?" Yolanda demanded. "The thing is to be like myself—not like your daughter."

When Yolanda had gone Mary said, "She isn't like us, Sue. She has our energy, but not our patience. We had a long talk before she dressed. She told me about her trip to Boston. She went to see a friend who is going to take a course in journalism next winter in New York. Yolanda wants to take the same course."

Sue's world grew dark.

"You mean she wants to go to New York?"

"Yes."

"Why can't she take the course in Boston?"

"She insists that she would be hampered by her nearness to us; that she'd feel like a selfish pig if she didn't come down for weekends; that her mind ought to be on her work and on nothing else."

"That's perfectly idiotic," Sue flung out. "As if she had to go away! Why, I should think she'd be glad to be with you for a while!"

"Well, I had hoped so." Sue knew that look in Mary's eyes—of endurance. "I hoped so. But youth is impatient, darling, and Yolanda is only speaking the language of those about her."

"Well, I must say it's a selfish language. Suppose you had talked the way Yolanda does ——"

"Yes, suppose I had." Mary's voice fell away into silence. "I should have been well," she said at last.

Sue was gripped by a sensation almost of horror. To have Mary regretting would be intolerable. The thing that had made Mary's suffering sacred to all of them had been the knowledge that the sacrifice had been worth while.

"How silly," Mary said, "to be looking back. And if Yolanda goes I shall still have you and Wallace."

Every bit of strength seemed to go out of Sue's body. It was clearly impossible to tell Mary at this moment anything about Christopher. So she talked of other things with an effect of lightness, until she realized that Mary had slipped down among her pillows—and that her face was white and pinched. She bent over her sister anxiously.

"Has the pain come back?"

"Yes. Perhaps you'd better call Miss Ramsey."

Miss Ramsey, coming in, made a significant comment: "She hasn't been well since Miss Yolanda talked to her."

Sue sat alone on the wide porch downstairs until the moon sailed high. She had a numb feeling. She was cold, yet too inert to wrap herself up. After a while the telephone rang. Christopher was at the other end.

"Sue dear," he said, "I've rather upsetting news for you. I have to sail on Saturday."

"Saturday! Oh, Christopher!"

(Continued on Page 62)

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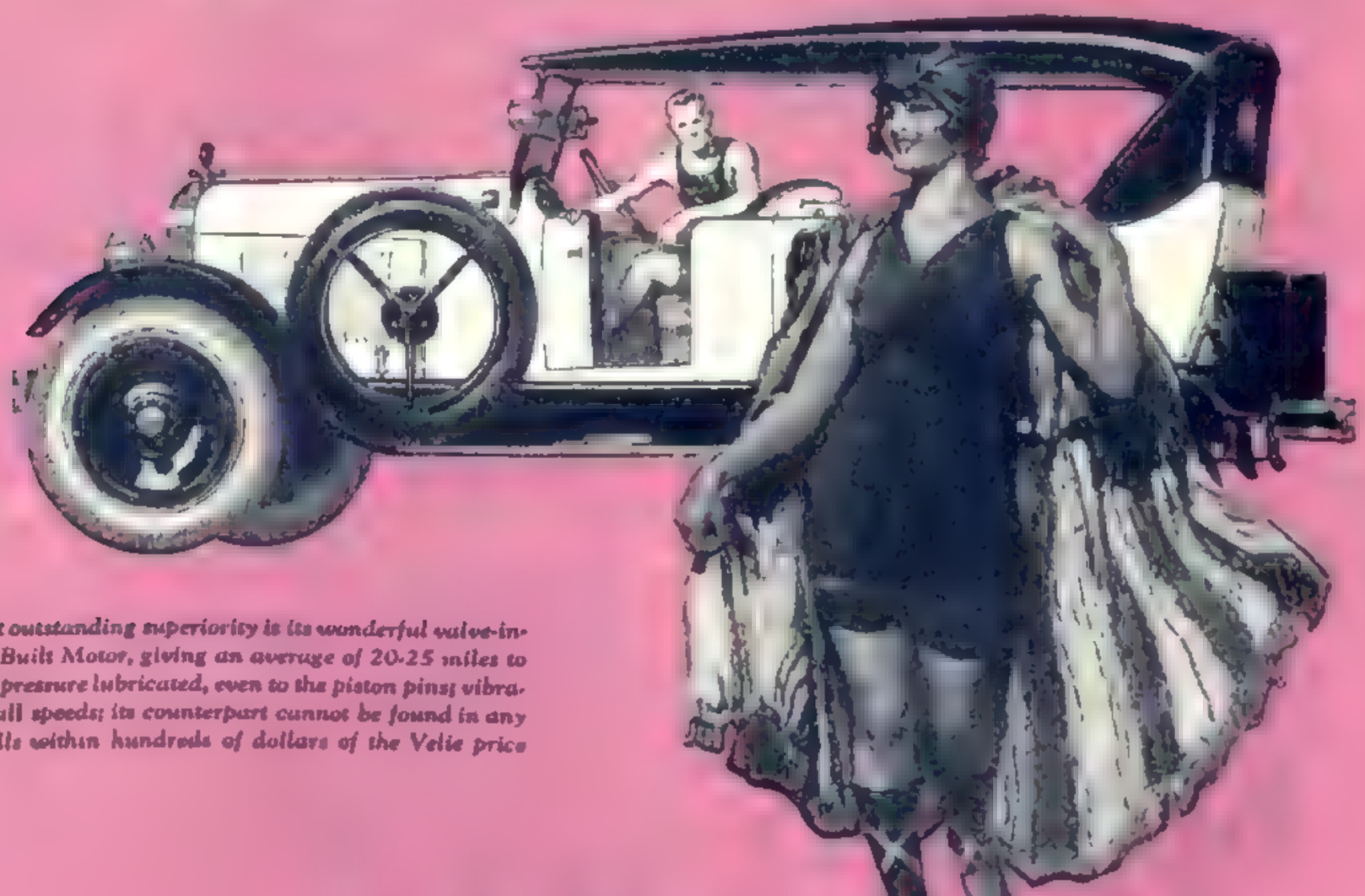

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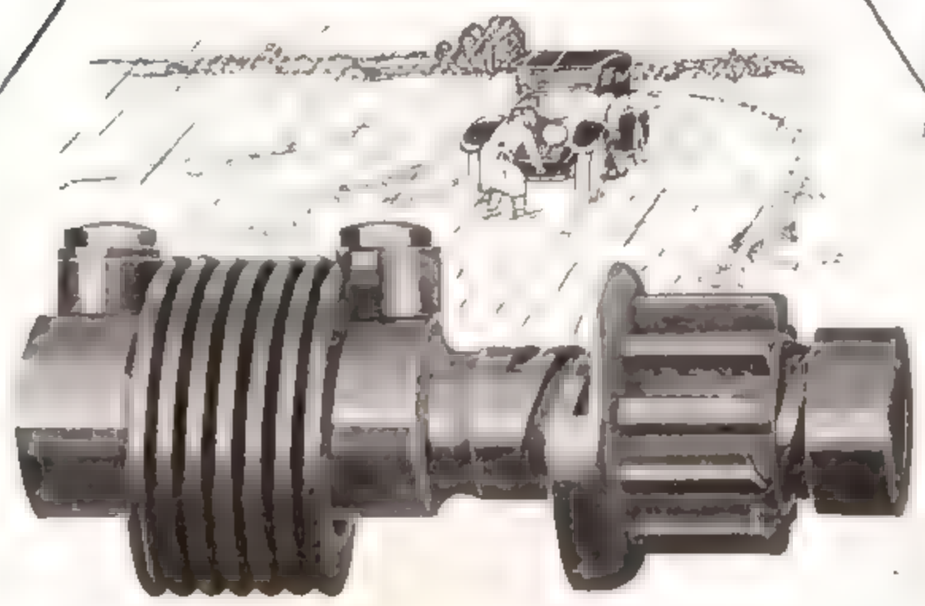

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Yes; the company insists that I get back to Ceylon as soon as possible. And, Sue, I won't go without you. We can be married on Saturday morning and leave that night."

"Kit, darling, I can't!"

"You can! It will be easy enough to get ready. A few trips to the shops, and there you are!"

"That isn't all."

"Look here, Sue, it isn't money, is it? You know that everything I have is yours, and we've waited too long to be conventional. I am just crazy to be buying things for you—your little shoes and lovely hats ——"

"Kit, you must not. It isn't money."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mary. I haven't told her."

"Tell her tonight."

"She isn't so well. And it's going to be a shock."

"But she must hear sometime."

"I know; but she's had upsetting news." She outlined Yolanda's plan. He was unconvinced.

"It is your turn, dearest. Well, we won't argue at long distance, but I'm coming out tomorrow morning and make you say yes."

She hung up the receiver and went back into the living room. Today was Monday. If she married Christopher on Saturday, there would be just four days between!

Wallace came in radiant.

"Anything to eat?" he asked. "I am hungry enough to eat a house."

"Why didn't Ethel feed you?"

"They've made a rule not to. Their little group meets twice a week for cards, and they don't want the trouble."

"It is silly to make rules," said Sue.

She brought from the refrigerator cold lobster, mayonnaise, lettuce.

"Want a cup of coffee?"

"I'll say I do," Wallace said, and sat down while she made it.

She reflected that men were like that—to be waited on. Yet why should she wait on Wallace when her own man wanted her? She was very silent thinking of it. But Wallace did not notice. His mind was busy with his own affairs.

"The Grays have asked me to go on a two weeks' sailing party."

"When?"

"Saturday."

"I don't see how you can, Wallace."

He laid down his fork and looked at her.

"Why not?"

"Well, Christopher wants me to marry him right away. The company is sending him back to Ceylon, and he insists that I shall go with him."

"And you have agreed?"

She faltered.

"No; but I hope it may be possible."

"Does Mary know?"

"No; I intended to tell her tonight, and then I found that Yolanda is making plans to spend next winter in New York."

"What do you mean?"

"She is going to study journalism."

His face darkened.

"She'll do nothing of the kind, of course!"

"I'm afraid she intends to have her own way, Wallace. And if she does—I can't leave Mary."

"You'll give up Christopher?"

"Oh, what else can I do?" wearily.

The droop of her little figure showed her utter depression. Wallace rose, went to the percolator and drew a cup of coffee. When he came back to the table he set the cup down and laid his hand in his sister-in-law's.

"Cheer up, old girl," he said with an effect of joviality. "I'll talk to Yolanda. It's all poppycock, this plan of hers. She's got to stay with her mother."

Yolanda and young Dudley came in before Wallace had finished his repast.

"We're starved," Yolanda announced at once. "Stuart wanted me to stop and feed somewhere, but I remembered the lobsters in the refrigerator." Her eyes were caught by the pink of her father's plate. "I hope you haven't eaten them, dad."

"There are plenty," Sue assured her. "Tim Macy had a big catch this morning and I bought them all."

"You two darlings needn't sit up," Yolanda informed her elders when she and Stuart had foraged and had brought back their filled plates. "Go and get your beauty sleep, Aunt Sue."

Sue shook her head.

"You can't get rid of me in that way."

"We don't want to get rid of you; but I thought it might save you and dad a shock when Stuart and I sit and hold hands and look at the moon."

"Yolanda!" her father protested.

"He really does it very nicely, dad. Platonic."

Her mouth was grave, but her eyes smiled at young Dudley. The boy laughed.

"It isn't half so bad as it sounds, Mr. Hutchinson. And you know what moons are—maddening."

Wallace held up his watch.

"Do you know that it is two minutes of midnight? No moons for Yolanda tonight—or madness."

"Oh, of course, if you are going to act like a father in a movie," Yolanda protested.

But young Dudley quite light-heartedly gave in.

"There'll be other moons, Yolanda. I'll go the minute I finish this lobster."

When at last he left, Yolanda went to the door with him. She was gone a long time. When she came in she started up the stairs.

"Yolanda," her father said.

She turned.

"Yes?"

"Come down for a moment. I want to talk to you."

"Oh, can't it wait? I am dead for sleep." She patted back a yawn.

"No, it can't wait," shortly.

"Oh, well." She came languidly down and threw herself into one of the chintz chairs.

Apple green and gold, her cheeks pink, her red lips curved in an enchanting line. Sue felt that Yolanda was bored to death to give them this moment which followed the excitement of her parting from Stuart. Wallace flung his challenge at his daughter explosively.

"Yolanda, what is this I hear about your going to New York?"

Yolanda patted back another yawn.

"Well, it's the only thing, dad. I can't stay here."

"Why not?"

"I'd die—shut up." She lifted a fold of the apple green gown with an idle finger, her jade earrings swung against the white curve of her cheek. "You can see that I'd die, can't you?"

"No, I can't," shortly. "Your Aunt Sue hasn't died, has she?"

"Aunt Sue? Oh, well, Aunt Sue has adjusted herself to it. She and mother are near the same age, and they're such chums."

"I haven't adjusted myself to it," Sue declared. "I have simply made myself contented because your mother needed me, and it is your turn ——"

"Why is it my turn?" Yolanda demanded. "Why shouldn't things go on as they have been?"

"Because," said Sue, and found herself flushing, "I want to get married."

"Married?" Yolanda sat up; she was not yawning. "To whom?"

It was Wallace who answered, "To Christopher Howland, head of the big tea company. He's been in love with her for fifteen years, and she wouldn't marry him on account of your mother."

Yolanda gazed at her Aunt Sue with a new interest.

"You don't mean that you wouldn't, Aunt Sue!"

"How could I? I was needed here."

"And he wants her to marry him and sail on Saturday," Wallace further elucidated, "to Ceylon."

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"Because," Sue stated, "we can't both leave your mother. She couldn't stand it."

There were sparks in Yolanda's eyes.

"I think you are utterly mistaken. Mother wouldn't want either of us to stay if she thought we'd be unhappy. She's bigger than that. And you are making a mountain out of a molehill, Aunt Sue."

"No," said Sue, "I am not. We owe her a debt we can never pay. And I simply won't break her heart."

"Do you mean if I go to New York, you won't get married?"

"Yes."

There was a dead silence out of which Yolanda said, "I am young. I want happiness."

"I was young," said Sue; "I wanted it."

Yolanda stood up.

"Oh, I don't know what to say! And I'm going to bed." She began to ascend the stairs. "I won't spoil my life for anybody," was the defiance she flung over the balustrade. Then she went up, her green draperies billowing about her.

(Continued on Page 64)

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Continued from Page 62

It was a long time that night before Sue slept, and it was toward morning that she was waked by a whisper out of the darkness.

"Aunt Sue ——"

"Yes?"

"May I sit here and talk to you?"

"Yes. Turn on the light."

"No. I want to talk in the dark. Aunt Sue, I've got to tell you. I want to go to New York because of—Stuart Dudley. You see I care awfully about him, and he lives there."

"My dear, if he loves you he'll come to you wherever you are."

"No; things aren't like that in these days. There are so many girls, and so many distractions for a man. And he's tremendously attracted. But if I am out of sight—oh, well, it might mean that I'd have to give him up. And I couldn't stand it, Aunt Sue, I couldn't!"

"Surely you wouldn't want his love if it wasn't big enough to choose you above all others!"

"Oh, that's old stuff. I do want it. The women of your generation waited for men to find out that they loved them, and sometimes the man never found out. We don't make that mistake; we have a right to our choice. Why shouldn't we help men to know themselves?"

Out of the darkness Sue said, "I couldn't do it."

"Of course you couldn't! But I can; and I'm not going to give Stuart up, Aunt Sue. I don't want to be selfish and make you stay. But each of us must decide for herself—and I've decided. I love you and I love mother, but I love Stuart more than anybody else in the whole wide world. I—I am his, Aunt Sue, and that settles it. And—and you ought to settle it in the same way. If mother means more to you than your lover, then stay with her. But if he means more, then marry him. That's all there is to it."

With that final challenge Yolanda fled. Her youth had spoken. She must have what she wanted, if the world crashed.

Sue lay wide awake until the dawn came in at the window. Then she got up, took her bath and dressed. When she went down not even the maids were stirring. She opened the windows and made her way to the top of the bluff. Steps led down to the little pier. She descended them and stood looking out over the harbor. There was a slight haze, and the water had the silver smoothness of a pink pearl. The anchored yachts were as still as sleeping birds. She unlocked the door of the boathouse, found her oars and untied the knot which held one of the dories, and presently the pink waves were about her. She seemed to breathe again. In the great house that she had left she had been stifled with the weight of the problems under its roof.

Rowing towards the south, she came upon Tim Macy drawing in his nets. It was a light haul—a mass of living, flapping silver.

"Good mess for breakfast," Tim said as she stopped to watch.

"Yes, but I don't want them." She gave a little laugh. "Not to eat. What I want is that you'll let me pay for them and then set them free."

"Free?" He stared at her.

"Yes. Somehow, on a day like this it seems dreadful to get caught in a net."

He grinned.

"Life's like that. Everybody gettin' caught."

"Were you ever caught?" she asked him.

"Yes, ma'am. I was caught when I married Lizzie. She got me to work in a factory, and I'd always got my living by the sea. That's why I lef' her. I had to live in the way I wanted to."

"But what happened to—Lizzie?"

"Oh, I guess she's livin' the way she wants. I send her money and she's spendin' it on movies and things. But she don't git me back to no town; no ma'am." He paused to ask, "Did you really mean you wanted me to let 'em go?"

"Yes; I'll pay for the whole lot." Then as the catch went overboard and the shining, slender bodies flashed and were gone, she drew a deep breath of relief. "It sounds terribly silly to do a thing like that," she said; "but I'm glad."

As she pulled away from him there came across the lovely stillness of the morning a faint halloo. She looked over her shoulder and saw Christopher standing on the pier. She rowed in swiftly.

"I didn't expect you before breakfast."

"I couldn't wait."

He helped her up on the pier, and kissed her.

"Oh," she protested, "you must not! Someone might see us."

He drew her into the boathouse.

"Is this better?" He was masterfully insistent. "I am going to marry you. You have nothing to say about it. We will go in town and buy your wedding dress today. I saw one in a window—and I've ordered your bouquet."

"Kit, dear, I can't marry you like that."

"Why not?"

"If Yolanda won't stay, I must."

"I don't see it. You've given fifteen years to them. Let them get along without you."

"They can't."

He stopped her with a sharp question.

"Do you think I am going to let it end like this?"

As they stood staring at each other hopelessly there came on the boards outside the soft padding of slippered feet. Yolanda rounded the corner

"Oh," she said, and smiled at them, "I didn't know you were here."

She was as gay as the morning, in a bathing suit of sea blue, with her head tied up in a red handkerchief. Sue had a fleeting thought that the night had not taken its toll of Yolanda. There had been, apparently, no vigil. The thing was, as far as Yolanda was concerned, settled.

Presenting her lover Sue said, "I told you about Christopher, Yolanda. He came out from town yesterday, and surprised me."

Yolanda smiled up into Christopher's eyes.

"She didn't tell me you were so good-looking."

They laughed together.

"I always take a swim in the morning," Yolanda explained, "if I wake in time. Aunt Sue, did you know that mother isn't so well? That's what got me up. Miss Ramsey telephoned for the doctor."

"Oh, I must go to her." Sue stood poised, ready for flight. "You'll have breakfast with us, Kit?"

"Wait a minute"—his hand restrained her—"this is our best chance to talk to Yolanda."

"To me?"

Yolanda's appraising eyes were upon them.

Sue felt that the girl was weighing the potentialities of middle-aged romance in the balance with her own youth and fire.

"Yes," Christopher came bluntly to the point; "we want to know what you are going to do about it."

"About what?"

"Our marriage."

Yolanda's voice was tart.

"Aunt Sue is perfectly free to do as she pleases."

"She isn't free. She has a loving heart. Fifteen years ago I wanted her to marry me—and she wouldn't; and the reason she wouldn't was because a little girl of five needed a mother, because a sick woman needed a nurse, because a helpless man needed a housekeeper."

Sue tried to stop him.

"Christopher!"

But he went on, his words like blows against the wide silence.

"She gave up happiness then. If she gives it up again it will be because of the beastly selfishness of the rest of you."

Yolanda's eyes were hot.

"I don't see how you can say such things."

"Because they are true. Sue says you have told her that your generation likes to face facts. Well, why not face this one—that you are the first woman in your family to fall down on your job."

Yolanda's cheeks were scarlet.

"Oh ——" she began indignantly, and stopped.

He waited.

"Well?" he said at last.

Yolanda's head was high, but her lips trembled.

"You win," she said. "I am not going to have anybody say I am not a good sport."

It seemed to Sue in that moment of surrender a blight swept across Yolanda's young beauty, as years ago it had swept across her own. Christopher saw it too.

"I'm sorry," he said.

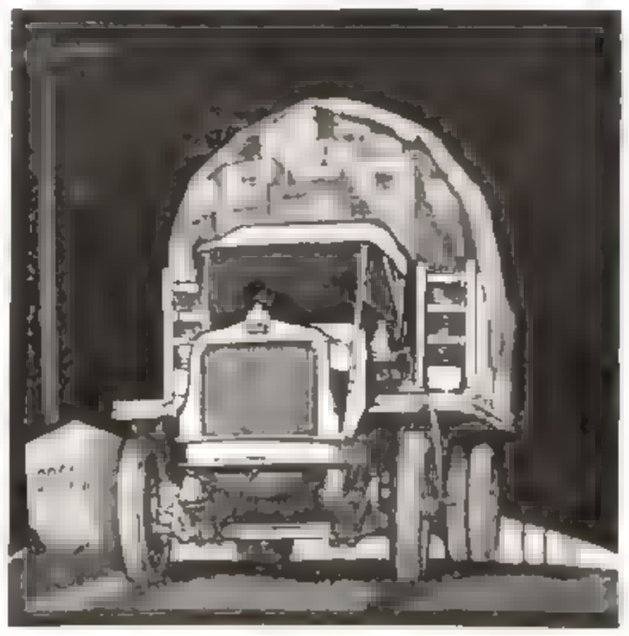
Yolanda turned from them.

"Don't!" was the protest she threw over her shoulder sharply. "I am not going to be sorry for myself. If I've got to go through with it I shan't—whine."

(*Continued on Page 66*)

Why You Should Buy

WHITE TRUCKS



Reason No. 10

Largest Output in High Grade Field

LARGE output gives the manufacturer a definite advantage over his competitors, reflected either in a lower price or a better quality.

But in the transportation field higher quality is more important than lower price. The *highest quality* gives the purchaser the most for his money. The best is the least expensive in the long run, and it is the long run which counts; motor trucks must be a long time investment. Owners prefer the high grade truck because it saves them money.

White Trucks have the double advantage of being a highest quality product *and* made on a scale which permits unusual economy of manufacture. They have by far the largest output in the high grade field.

Users *know* from experience what White Trucks will do in comparison with others. Their cost sheets show it. They have a barometer which registers in dollars and cents.

9

Other Reasons:

* * *

The Truck Itself
Most Value per Dollar
100,000-Mile Records
Ownership Roll Call
White Owner Service
A Permanent Maker
The Manufacturer's Policy
Service Above Sales
Transportation Experience

THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

(Continued from Page 64.

She peaked her white arms above her head and made a straight dive into the shining waters, and presently they saw her, far out, swimming in the path of the sun.

It was decided after breakfast that morning it would be best for Wallace to break the news to Mary. Christopher had insisted that the thing be carried through at once.

"I want Sue's mind free. I am going to take her into town this afternoon. There are a thousand things to do."

Wallace glanced at his sister-in-law. They were on the porch, and she sat on the swinging seat. She had put on the ring that Christopher had given her, and it seemed the badge of a new order of things. He was aware of her attractiveness as he had never been aware of it in the years she had been with them. Her charm was added to and emphasized by the fact of the admiration of a man like Christopher Howland. Yolanda, who had taken an active part in the discussion, admired the ring.

"Emeralds are my favorites."

"Green," said Christopher, "is the color of hope."

He smiled at Yolanda, but he was not quite at ease with her. She was carrying the thing off well, but he still had a feeling that the events of the morning had set their mark on her. She showed, however, no outward signs of disturbance. She was glowing after her long swim, her hair spick-and-span with its quaint Spanish effect, her linen frock as fresh and pink as a rose.

"Oh, treat mother as a human being," had been her advice when Wallace had wondered how he should tell his wife. "Tell her we are all going to dance at Aunt Sue's wedding—make her think it is high jinks and not a funeral."

"You darling!" Sue whispered.

They were sitting together on the swinging seat. She squeezed Yolanda's hand. Yolanda laughed.

"Aunt Sue," she said, "I'll bet you are worrying about me."

"Well, I am."

"Don't, please. When a thing is done, that's the end of it. Go on and be happy. I haven't a thing on my mind this morning except the problem of what I am going to wear at your wedding."

But Sue knew that Yolanda had more on her mind than that. She had on her mind what she would say to young Stuart, and what he would think, and what he would do.

Wallace went upstairs, and while they waited, Christopher made out a list of all that they must get in town. He consulted Yolanda.

"Sue won't spend half enough on herself, and I want her to have the best."

"There was a wrap in a window on Boylston Street yesterday," Yolanda told him; "one of those primrosy things, with a perfect bear of a collar in brown fur. She will look adorable in it on board ship."

So the primrosy wrap went down, and there was to be a straight-line frock to go with it, and shoes and a hat; and there must be an evening gown in bright clear red, heavy with silver, and ——

"But," Sue kept protesting, "I am not a grand person."

"You'll look fine and grand," Christopher assured her, "when I get through with you."

"Shall I?"

Sue was listening with only one ear. She wondered what Wallace was saying to Mary.

And just then Wallace called over the stair rail, "Oh, Sue, come up—and Christopher."

So they all went up but Yolanda, and Yolanda sat on the swinging seat and looked out over the shining harbor, and all the light died out of her eyes. And then, quite unexpectedly, the tears began to run down her cheeks, and she tried to dab them with her handkerchief; but that wasn't enough, so she ran upstairs and stood in the middle of the room with her hands clenched tight until she stopped sobbing, and then she wrung out a cloth in hot water and bathed her face, and she powdered her nose and put on a wide hat which cast concealing shadows, and went to meet Aunt Sue, who was calling her.

"Oh, your mother wants you, Yolanda. She is so happy to have you stay with her and to know that I am going to marry Christopher."

"I told you she was human," Yolanda said as calmly as if she had never known tears. "You and father have been treating her like a plaster saint in a niche."

They all sat in Mary's room and talked about it until the day nurse came in and said, "You mustn't excite my patient."

And Mary said, "They aren't exciting me. And my sister is going to be married."

They went downstairs finally, and about twelve o'clock Stuart Dudley came ramping in.

Yolanda, apparently unchanged since he had last seen her, proclaimed the coming event, "Meet the bride and groom! They are going to be married, and sail to Ceylon on Saturday. Romance with a big R!"

"You Win," She Said. "I am Not Going to Have Anybody Say I am Not a Good Sport"

"You don't mean it!" Stuart was as radiant as the morning.

"I do mean it!"

"Well, of all things!"

"Congratulate them," she commanded.

Having observed the amenities, Stuart sat down on the swinging seat.

"It's a bit hard on your mother, isn't it? With your Aunt Sue going away—and you?"

"I'm not going."

He stared at her.

"Not going to New York?"

"No, I shall stay here and play the rôle of dutiful daughter. I shall sit by the bedside and read to the sick."

"Yolanda!" Sue protested.

"I shall be housekeeper for my father, and mother to myself; and I shall be so much like Aunt Sue that no one will miss her."

For the moment she made of herself something demure and middle-aged. Her dramatization was perfect. They laughed till their eyes were wet. She was getting high comedy out of their tragedy. Which was one way to look at it. Stuart, however, had questions to ask.

"If you stay, what is going to happen to our plans for a gay and gorgeous winter?"

"'If winter comes'"—Yolanda tapped out the rhythm with pointed finger tips on his coat sleeve—"'can spring be far behind?'"

Stuart caught at her hand.

"Isn't she ever serious?" he asked Sue.

Three days and three nights, and then the wedding. Days to Sue of being important and petted and clothed like a princess; nights when she listened at Yolanda's door, wondering if she had heard the sound of sobbing, but not daring to go in. Only once had she talked with Yolanda about Stuart Dudley.

"Why is he staying away?"

"I told him I—didn't want him. The sooner I get over him the better, Aunt Sue."

"But, my dear, why should you get over him, as you call it? Perhaps he cares enough to wait as Christopher did."

Yolanda had turned from the mirror, where she had been trying the effect of a short string of pearls.

"I like 'em long," she said; "but it is the style to choke yourself." She surveyed Sue thoughtfully. "Men aren't like that in these days. They won't wait for anything. They take a girl or leave her. Stuart would be bored to death to hang on indefinitely; and it would be harder for me to get used to him, and then have—to give him up."

"Did you tell him, Yolanda, that you had done it for me?"

Yolanda turned back to the mirror.

"Good heavens," she said, "don't talk like that! I am simply taking my turn. Christopher said something when he said that, Aunt Sue. And as for Stuart, he's no Enoch Arden." She shelved the subject. "Do you like my pearls? Or do I look as awful as the queens of England?"

So came the day before the wedding. The night —— Christopher told Sue good-by at the edge of dark.

"I must go, dearest. There are so many things to do. But after tonight there will be no good-bys, and tomorrow our ship will go sailing under the moon."

When he had left her Sue crossed the harbor in the little ferryboat and went to the Neck. She wanted to say farewell to the sea and the rocks, and to all the loneliness that had encompassed her in the years when she had looked out on that empty waste of waters. She sat for a long time, thinking about it. The moon was high and white, the waves splashing languidly on an outgoing tide. There were lights in the houses far back of her, the thin echo of music from the yacht club. Except for that, she was alone in the night.

Then someone entered suddenly on her solitude. In the clear light she saw Stuart Dudley climbing up from the beach. She called to him and he answered at once.

"Miss Griffith? Are you all alone?"

"Yes; I often come. I am not afraid; and tonight I am saying good-by to it all. Does it sound silly?"

"No. I've been saying good-by too. I am going back to New York."

"I thought you were coming to my wedding."

"I wanted to; but I can't." He hesitated, then went on hurriedly, "Miss Griffith, what's the matter with Yolanda? I can't understand her."

"What is it that you don't understand?"

"She seemed to care—and now she simply won't have anything to do with me. I asked her last night—to marry me, and she says she has to stay with her mother, and that there's no telling how many years she will be tied—and she won't be tied to me. I said I'd wait, and she said I couldn't; that men weren't like that in these days; that it is all old stuff; that the days of romance are dead; that I'd find some other girl and break it off, and it would be easier to do it now. I told her I wasn't a quitter. But she wouldn't listen."

"Oh," Sue said emphatically, "you should have made her listen!"

"I might—if she had cared."

"Can't you see? It is because she cares so much."

He flung himself down beside her.

"How do you know she cares?" he demanded.

"Because she's afraid. All loving women are afraid when they think of man's constancy. I was. I used to sit here on the rocks and wonder if another letter would ever come from Kit; and then the letter would come and I would be in seventh heaven—until another year was almost over, and then I would be afraid again." She caught herself up. "I have never told this to anyone—not even to Christopher. But I want you to understand Yolanda. She sees things straighter than I. She'd rather suffer a little now than to have you drift away when her life is bound up in you. I know. It would have been easier to lose Christopher in the beginning than in the later years."

"But she has sent me away!" he reminded her. "What can I do?"

"I sent my lover away," said Sue, "but he never gave me up."

The wedding took place at a little church on an old street. Sue and Christopher walked to the church, and Sue wore a dress of simple white, with a broad white hat.

"I will save all the grandness," she had told Christopher, "till I get on the ship."

Yolanda, too, was in white. Stuart Dudley walked beside her.

"You look like a bride," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"When I am married I am going to have eight brideamaids and a train that will wiggle-waggle down the aisle."

"When you are married," Stuart told her, "you won't care what you wear. You will be saying in your heart 'I, Yolanda, take thee, Stuart'"—his voice caught for a second, then he went on impetuously, "Yolanda, Yolanda, you can't put me out of your life! I won't go!"

Yolanda tilted up her chin. She tried to say all the light things which were on her lips, but she could not while his eyes were illumined by that look.

"I didn't know," she began. Then her voice, too, caught. "I didn't know men were like that—in these days."

"Men," said young Stuart, out of an ageless wisdom, "have been like that since the days of Jacob."

They followed Christopher and his bride into the church. In that other wedding they saw their own. They had youth and hope. They were in love and unafraid.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. They're as different as silk from burlap. Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of the wonderful Thirsty Fibres—tiny thread-like filaments that absorb four times their weight in water.

Solves your towel problem

You never question the absolute freshness, cleanness and hygienic safety of a ScotTissue Towel—or who used it last—for what it was used—or with what it was washed.

You know that a ScotTissue Towel can be used but once—that no hands but yours have touched its spotless surface—that you are certain of a dry, pure, never-before-used towel.

Examine a ScotTissue Towel. Note its softness—its cloth-like texture—its generous size. Then try it on your hands and face. You'll be astonished at its quick, powerful absorbency—at the delightfully cool, refreshing sensation it leaves, especially in hot weather.

Whether you buy towels for your personal use—or in larger quantities for the use of others—you will find ScotTissue Towels as economical as they are superior. They're easy to get—convenient to use—and the service is flexible. Use as many as you like—or as few as you like.

You can buy ScotTissue Towels in a dust-proof carton for 40c—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15 F O B Factory, Chester Pa. Weight 60 lbs per case. Prices even less for 5, 10 and 25 case-lot shipments.

Send us your order and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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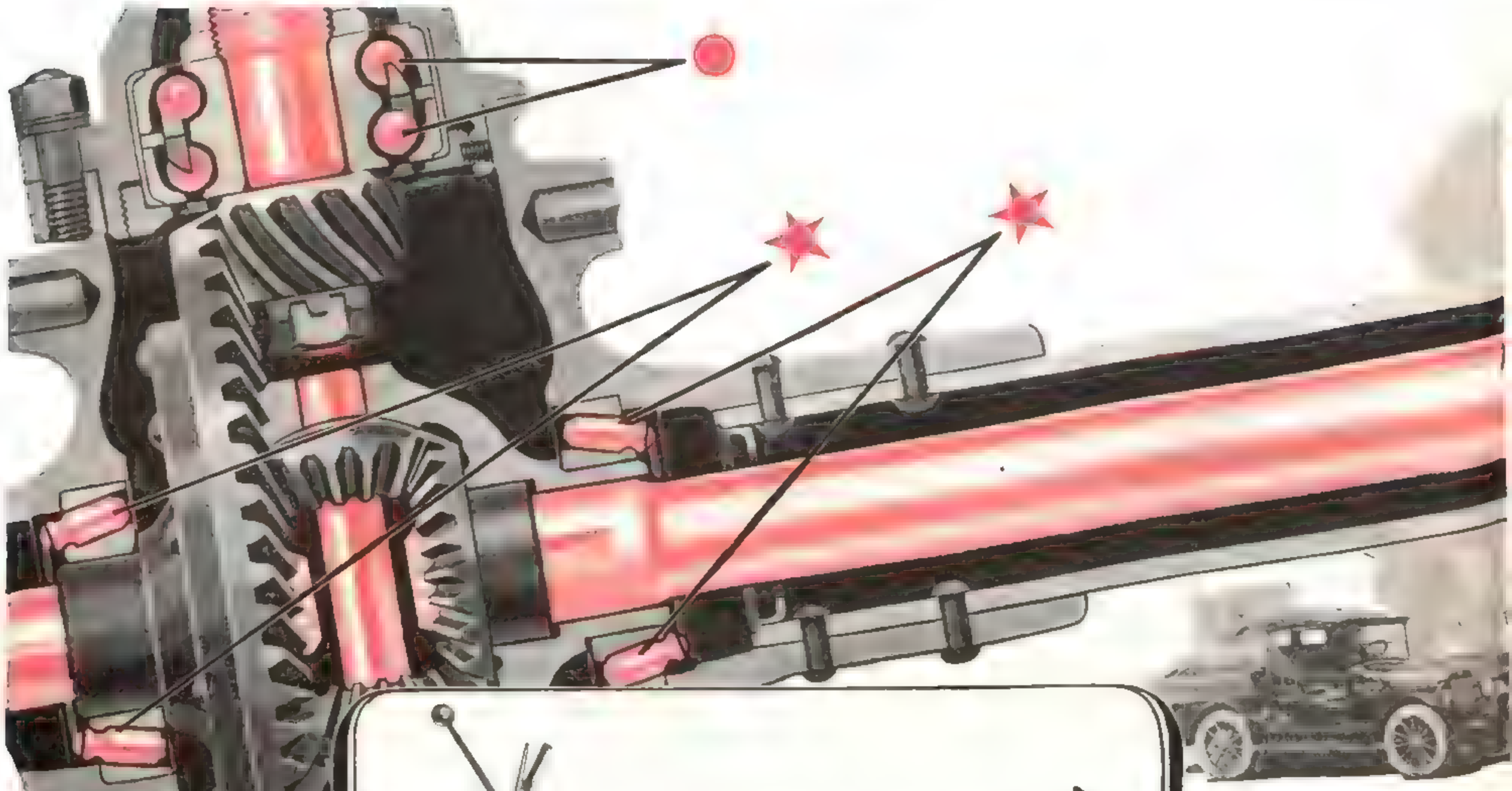
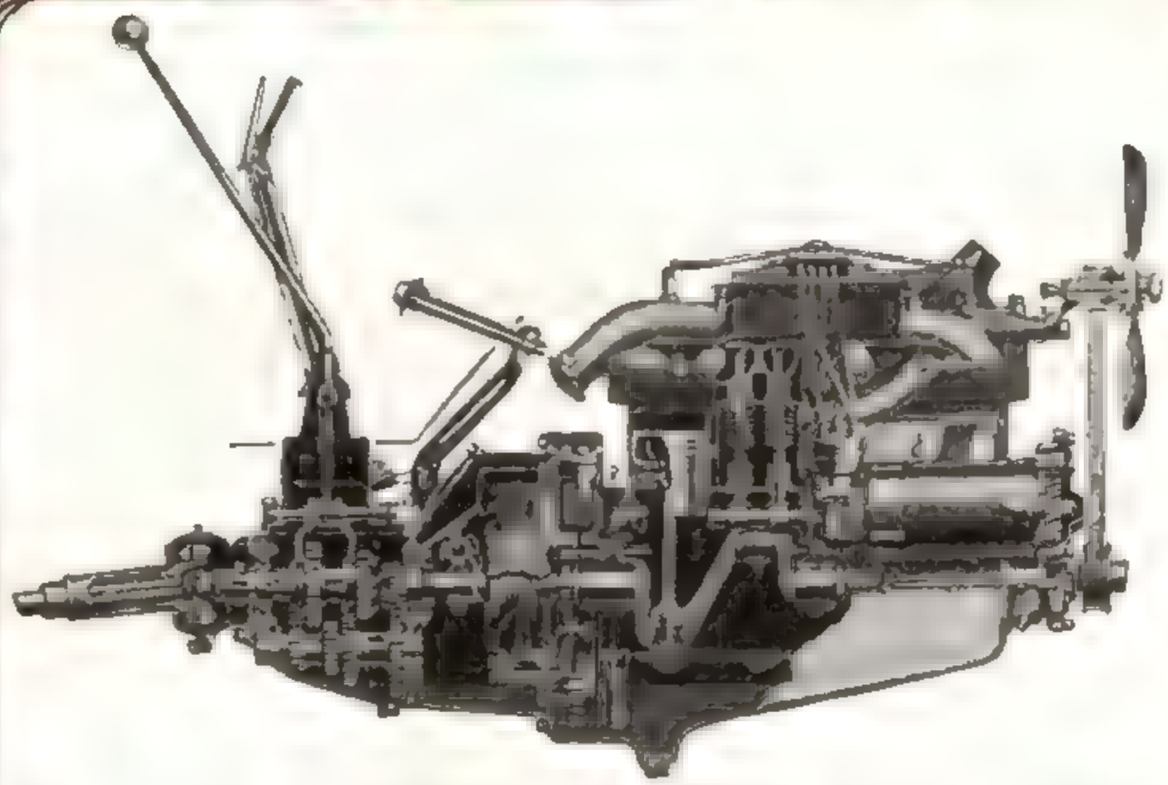
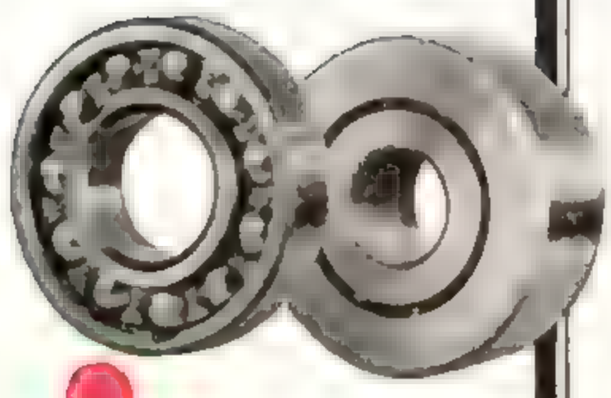




THE POWERFUL OVERLAND ENGINE

The big reason the Overland has grown famous for its combination of surprising power and exceptional economy lies in the sound design and fine workmanship of the Overland-built engine. One instance—the cylinders are lapped with a polishing stone as in the most expensive cars. Owners get 20 miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. Engine, clutch and transmission are a unit, completely enclosed against mud and dirt. Transmission, selective, sliding-gear type—three speeds forward and reverse. A rugged, simple, efficient, reliable power-plant.

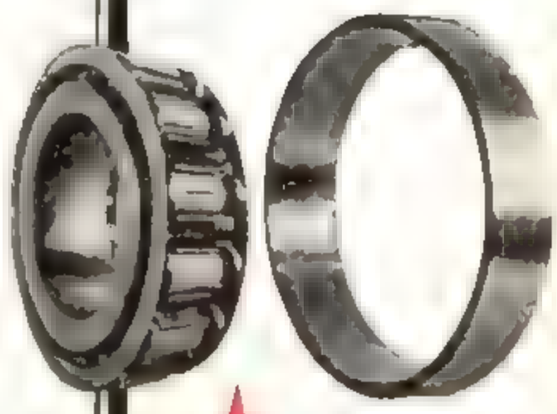


New Departure Bearings

Used at *three* vital bearing points in the Overland rear axle alone, where they add long life and reduce friction to a minimum—the toughest, finest bearings known for the purpose.

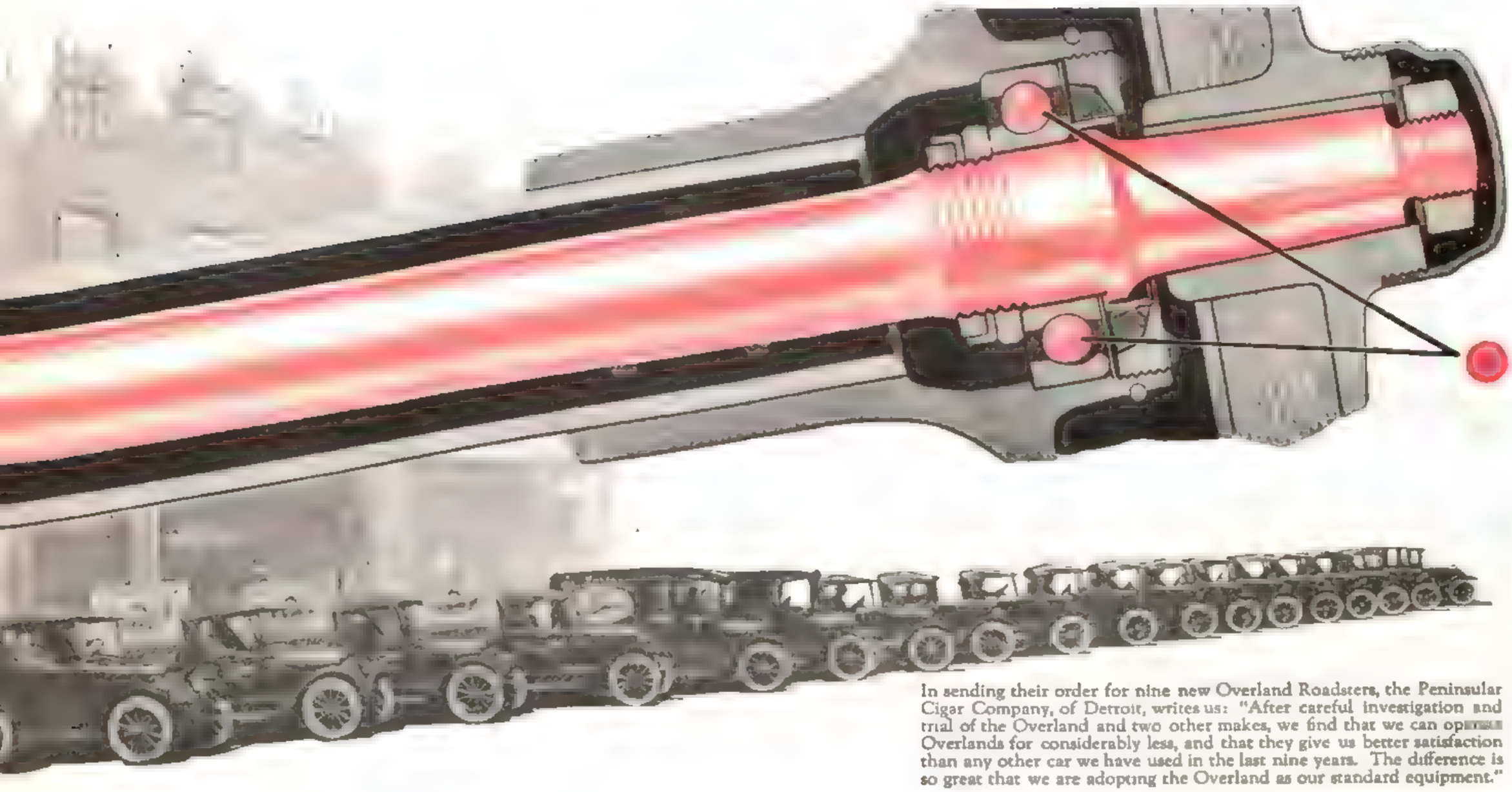
THE OVERLAND TRIPLEX SPRINGS

The famous big-car comfort of the Overland is due in large part to its ingenious Triplex Springs, which cradle the car at spring-points 130 inches apart—provide a springbase from 30 to 60 inches longer than any other car in the Overland price class. They *pull* the front wheels over the bumps instead of *pushing* them. The result is greater comfort for the passengers and longer life to the car. Triplex Springs are patented and are found on no other car but Overland.



Timken Bearings

Provided at two points in the Overland rear axle and four points in the Overland front axle—bearings that are standard on the finest cars built and add immeasurably to the staunchness and efficiency of the Overland.



In sending their order for nine new Overland Roadsters, the Peninsular Cigar Company, of Detroit, writes us: "After careful investigation and trial of the Overland and two other makes, we find that we can operate Overlands for considerably less, and that they give us better satisfaction than any other car we have used in the last nine years. The difference is so great that we are adopting the Overland as our standard equipment."

MILLIONS OF MILES

THOUSANDS of salesmen and delivery drivers in every kind of business have covered millions and millions of miles in Overlands equipped with the rear axle shown here.

They go twenty, twenty-five, thirty thousand miles and more in a year. Road and weather conditions mean nothing to them. They have to get there. They drive a car unmercifully.

Not a single one of them has reported a broken rear axle!

We believe this record stands alone in the Overland price class.

The Overland rear system is built to take everything these drivers can give it. Service records as well as comparative tests, measurements and examinations have convinced us that the Overland has the strongest rear axle under any car sold today at or near the Overland price.

The tough Mo-lyb-den-um steel axle shafts, an inch and a half thick at the bearings, are literally impervious to the twisting, wrenching and jolting strains of the roughest kind of service.

Throughout, as in its rear axle, the Overland is sound as a dollar.

Its powerful, rugged engine that gives twenty miles and more to the gallon, its famous Triplex Springs *(Patented)* that add to the comfort of the passengers and to the life of the car, its all-steel touring body with baked enamel finish, its easy steering and its many other exclusive features combine to render the plus economy and satisfaction you hear voiced by Overland owners everywhere.

Ask the Overland dealer in your community to explain all the points of Overland mechanical superiority. Then you will know why Overland is leaping ahead in the greatest year of its history.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Touring $525; Roadster $525; Coupe $795; Sedan $860; Red Bird $750. All prices f. o. b. Toledo

We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice

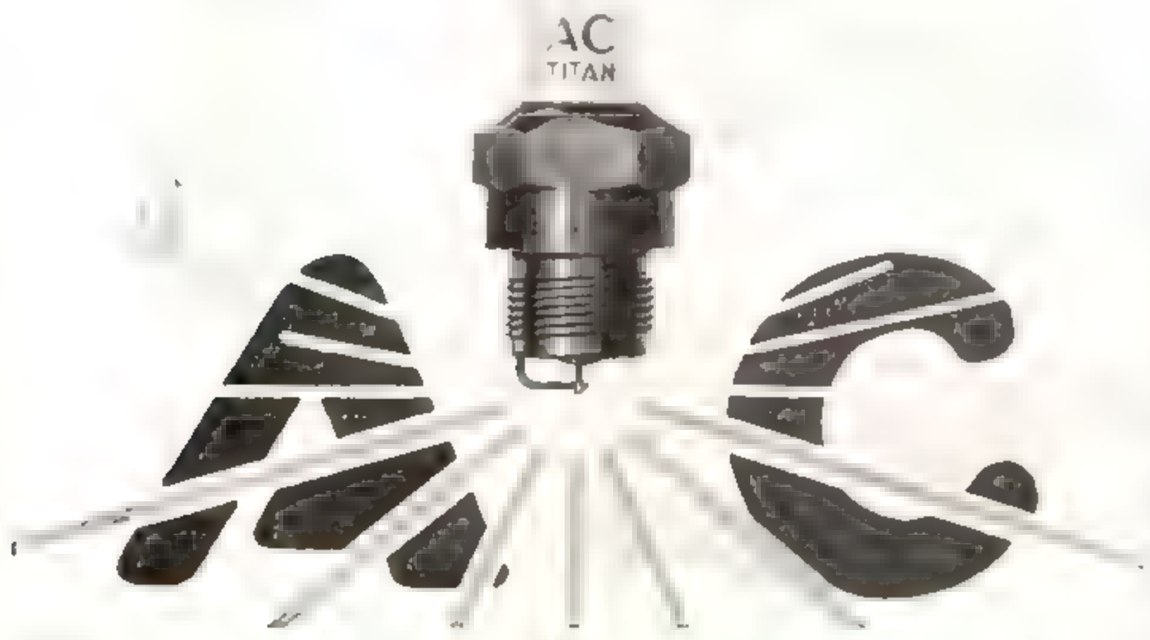
Overland

$525

F.O.B. TOLEDO

DRIVE AN OVERLAND AND REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE

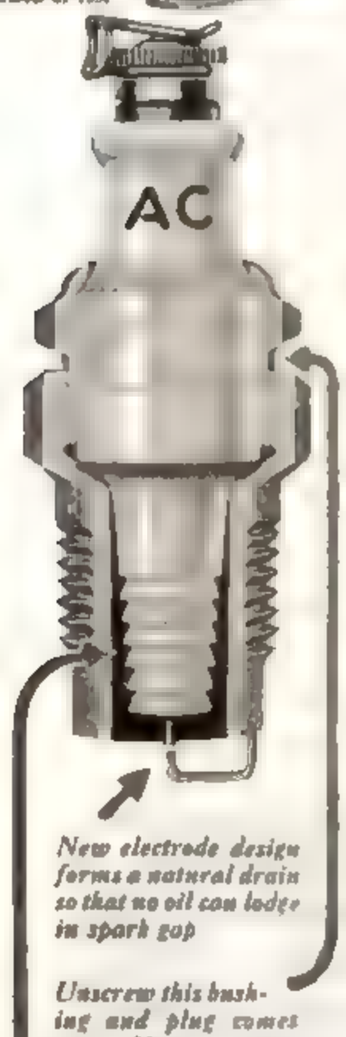
The Standard Spark *Plug of the World*



Ford Drivers

SOMETHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED

Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost



New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fins attains sufficient heat to burn oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the *AC Plug Kit*—a compact, substantial metal box, as illustrated. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC 1075 *Specials for Fords*, then when your motor misses or performs poorly how convenient it is to take your *AC Plug Kit* and change all your plugs, instead of losing time to locate the missing cylinder. At your convenience clean and test the removed plugs and put them back into the *AC Plug Kit* ready for use.

Ford engines require the best plugs just as much as others, because a good spark in each cylinder is a necessity in any engine.

AC's answer to this need is the AC 1075 *Special for Fords*.

AC's are standard equipment on most makes of cars, cars such as Apperson, Buick, Cadillac, Case, Chalmers, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cole, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Essex, Haynes, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, Jordan, LaFayette, Marmon, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R & V Knight, Star, Willys-Knight *and more than two hundred others*.

These manufacturers use AC's because they have found them the best. For the same reason you will find AC 1075 *Special for Fords* the safest plugs to use.

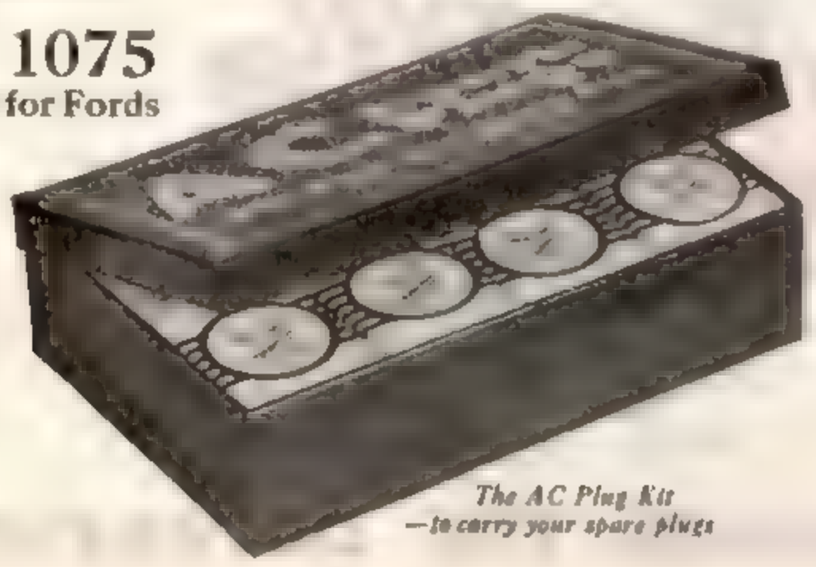
They may cost a trifle more than ordinary plugs for Fords, but built as they are to end most motor ills—*see illustration*—they are more than worth the difference.

Put in a set of AC 1075's—they will give you improved engine performance and easier starting.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U.S. Pat. No. 1,115,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

AC 1075
Special for Fords



The AC Plug Kit
—to carry your spare plugs

THE PLACE PIG-ALLEY

Continued from Page 13

"Without any money or anything? And they'll be terribly upset. Oh, I've got to find them!"

"You haven't any other friends here? Or wasn't there some other place they mentioned where you could meet them?"

"Why, no. I mean, I've other friends—I've got a cousin who was with us tonight—but all my addresses are in a book, and the book's in a bag, and the bag's in the apartment. And about mentioning some other place—why, nothing else was mentioned except tea at the Ritz tomorrow—and that's rather a long time, isn't it? This is awfully embarrassing, but I knew I could trust you—anybody'd know it—so ——"

There was a pause, during which Martin gave her credit for an absolutely air-tight alibi. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said with infinite subtlety: "I'm so sure you'll find your friends tonight that I'll absolutely guarantee it."

She missed his meaning. "Oh, I knew you'd be like that!"

She was looking at him with such grateful innocence that, despite his marble façade, Martin almost wavered. But at that instant a man's voice said "Mary!" and as Martin turned, the pendulum of his judgment swung back to the other end of the arc. The girl had nearly snared him! Nearly! But her partner, whom she was greeting with every evidence of joy and relief—her partner spilled the frijoles!

The newcomer was of the type which, in the Loop or the Tenderloin, would inevitably be trade-marked as Gentleman Jim or Silk-Hat Harry. He was a middle-aged person with blue-black jowls and powerful shoulders, and his dress was very striking. In fact, it committed assault and battery upon Martin's conservative taste. His suit of blue serge was inconspicuous enough, but his silk shirt rivaled the spectrum; his spats were tan and his gloves were yellow chamois; the band on his straw hat was blue and orange, and his cravat was set off by two carats' worth of sparkling scarfpin. On his right hand there was a ring of hammered gold which would have served excellently as a brass knuckle; and on his left there was another diamond slightly smaller than the Koh-i-noor.

"What's the big idea, Mary? You had us scared pink. We went back to the flat—thought you'd go there. This a friend of yours?"

Her look to Martin was delicious. "Why—he was just going to take care of me."

Martin grinned. Magnificent teamwork, accurate timing! He wondered again whether it was poker, green goods, wire tapping or genteel blackmail, and bent his ear for the invitation which was sure to follow.

It followed.

The man was gazing hard at him. "Why, say, brother! I met you somewhere before, didn't I? Your face's just as —— Hold on! Don't you come from the Coast? Lumber concern?"

The girl was retrieving her wrap. "Why, no," said Martin dryly. "There may be a faint resemblance, but Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle, is over at one of those other tables."

The man persisted: "No, but I'd swear I've seen you somewhere—and anyhow, if you been takin' care of Mary you're in solid with me. Put on your hat and come along. This joint's no good—we got a party. I like your looks. Come on. There's my card."

Martin laughed at the crudity of it—and dropped the card on the table. "No, thanks."

The man was plainly disconcerted. "What's the matter you won't?"

"Why, nothing—except I've got a date with a mattress and a pillow."

The man grasped his arm familiarly. "Oh, come on, brother! Only got one life to live. It's on me. Won't cost you a cent. Won't you change your mind?"

Abruptly Martin lost his temper. Above all else he hated to be selected as an easy mark; and besides, he was tired, the day had been disappointing, and the girl had been very pretty.

"No, I won't!" he snapped. "And if you don't take your paw off me—or if you call me brother just once more—I'm going to knock your block off!"

The sociable one recoiled. "Say, do you call that nice?"

"Go on—brush by!"

"Why, you sweet-scented geranium!"

"On your way! Beat it! I was wise to you before you started!"

As the girl came up to them the sociable one seized her. "Come on, Mary. Let's go."

"Why, what's all this?" she asked perplexedly.

"I said come along."

But she freed herself, and while the man stood glowering a few feet distant she spoke to Martin: "I don't know why he's so angry with me—it wasn't my fault; but I honestly thank you just as much as if you'd really taken me home, and had all the trouble you would have had."

When they had gone, Martin, still grinning with triumph, lifted the card from the table. The engraving read: Alexander S. Adams, Pres., Ohio Petroleum Products Corpn., Grenoble, Ohio."

He had no recollection of settling his bill or chartering his cab; he wasn't even conscious of swift motion over the cobblestones. At his hotel he allowed himself to be grievously short-changed, and gave the driver an enormous tip in addition. He was literally stunned. His mental faculties had called it a day and knocked off work. He realized, without the necessity of subscribing to any correspondence course on salesmanship, that his wild goose was cooked. And to think that Adams, who had been represented to him as so unapproachable, so inflexible, had made all the overtures—and for his pains had been offered physical violence! The wild goose had begged for the privilege of feeding out of Martin's hand, and Martin had volunteered to bump him off!

What could he say to Mr. Howland? Why hadn't he been told that Adams was a walking panorama of What Smart Men Won't Wear? And then again, why wouldn't he protect himself against strangers in Montmartre? Suppose he had fallen for some gum game, and been roped in by a band of crooks—then what would Howland have said?

Martin was patrolling the floor of his room. He wasn't thinking of his personal loss; he was thinking of Stein, Clay & Co. They had reposed special confidence in him, and he had gypped them. He wanted to jump out of the window; he felt as though there would be some slight consolation in ending his career as a mess on the pavement.

A single ray of light penetrated his abysmal gloom. The girl had looked as though she had a sense of humor. She was going to the Ritz tomorrow at teatime. If Martin went there, too, and managed a word with her! If he made her see the funny side of the situation, and made her intercede with her friend ——

He halted. Friend? No. Not in a thousand years would a girl like that have made friends with Desperate Desmond. It was her cousin—the cousin she had referred to!

"Oh, Lord," said Martin piously, "if she's just got a sense of humor!"

It was a forlorn prayer, but it was the only sedative he had that night.

Almost from the threshold she saw him—he had been policing the corridors for an hour—and began to laugh; and at the sound of her laughter Martin, whose spirits had grown old and gray and wrinkled, blushed vividly and snatched at new hope.

"I knew you'd be here," she said gayly. "I knew it as soon as Uncle Aleck told me about your—your conference! I knew you'd be so curious you'd just have to look him up—after you saw his card! And I knew just how you'd feel! So when I remembered I said I was coming here ——"

Martin's collar was warranted unshrinkable, but it had certainly become two sizes tighter. "Is he your uncle?"

"Oh, no; I just call him that. He's a third cousin, really. Until yesterday I hadn't seen him for years. But—well, when he owns about half a county in Ohio, and a bank, and a railroad, and most of the Ohio Petroleum Products, and a factory, and a street-car line, and a lighting plant—and you thought he was a—a bunco steerer—and told him to b-brush by or you'd kn-knock his ——"

Martin wasn't anxious to be reminded of it. "Yes," he said hastily. "I'm the prize goat, all right. But—ahem!—it was like this. I ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

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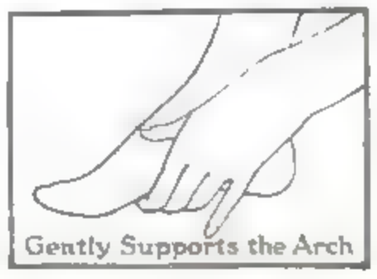

The four strap oxford illustrated can be had from your Arch-Aid dealer in either brown, black or patent leather. Its long, slim, graceful severity of line helps accentuate as well as maintain the natural beauty of the arch.

It is not possible to illustrate on this page the many other smart styles of Menihan's Arch-Aid shoes. We have published a style booklet which does this, however, and you can get it from the Arch-Aid dealer in your community, or we will send it direct upon receipt of your name and address.

THE MENIHAN COMPANY ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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"I can say with utter conviction that both the Marmons I have owned are the smoothest riding, easiest handled road cars I have ever driven, and when I think of the tremendous speeds that I put them to and the hard usage they have undergone, the maintenance cost has been truly remarkable.

"I don't believe I have spent twenty-five dollars on both of them.

"If I decide to drive back to the Coast after the Races, I am going to take a new one and I will ask nothing better of it than to equal the performance of the last two."

MARMON

M A R M O N

Continued from Page 70

"And what was I?" She could hardly contain herself for mirth. "Still, aren't international adventuresses supposed to be perfectly fascinating? Practically irresistible? I'm not peevish; I'm flattered!"

Martin cleared his throat. "Well, was he—sore?"

"Sore? He was perfectly rabid! He was frothing at the mouth right up to the second he took the train."

"Train?" echoed Martin. "What train was that?"

"The Orient Express. For Bukharest."

Martin flinched. "For how long?"

"Oh, about a month," she said carelessly. "He's going down into Bulgaria and Turkey and maybe Albania. Why?"

Martin was reasonably quick at mathematics. His allowance of time, including transport, had been six weeks. If Uncle Aleck withheld the splendor of his visage—and of his scarfpin—for a calendar month Martin was Indianized, anyway, and out of the scrimmage. Then inspiration tumbled upon him from heaven, and Martin grinned. Capitalists like Uncle Aleck, plain citizens like Uncle Aleck, don't go a-voyaging through the Balkans, out of season, for the sheer pleasure of collecting labels on their suitcases.

"Why, just so I could apologize to him sometime," he said slowly.

"Oh, I'm glad you want to! You see, Uncle Aleck was sort of the black sheep of the family; I mean he couldn't stand school and everything, so when he was sixteen he ran away—out West. He was a cow-puncher and a gold miner, and then, after he made some money, he went back to Ohio, and—well, I admit you couldn't exactly confuse him with a lounge lizard or a Piccadilly Johnny, but he's the kindest old thing you ever saw—and the friendliest. Just like a puppy dog, wagging its tail at everybody! They say in business he's a terror, though—but I won't believe it. And anyway, I'm going to teach him about clothes, and all that—and I can make him do anything I want him to."

"Can you?" Martin was introspective. "But if he went off on a business trip like this, he must have left you his itinerary, didn't he?"

"Why, yes," she said with a little hesitation. "He did leave a kind of schedule, for the first two weeks, but I'm afraid I can't let you have it. You see, it isn't a business trip. He—he just wants to get away, and—and not be bothered by anything. He isn't even going to have any mail forwarded by the bank. So if you were thinking of writing to him I honestly don't see —— Why, yes, I do, too! You could write him a note, and I could put it in with one of my own letters, and ——"

Martin didn't hear the remainder of her discourse. He was thinking ahead. There was no use in trying to hoodwink him. Uncle Aleck was an oil man, and he was hot after European oil concessions. His route fairly shrieked it aloud. And like other seekers for the inside track, he naturally wanted to dodge publicity. But to anyone of Martin's caliber—catch a weasel asleep!—his trail through the Balkans would be a mile wide. And if this girl could be induced to operate her boasted drag with Uncle Aleck, even by mail—why, Martin could then track him to the oil fields, and make his solicitation on the spot, with at least a Chinaman's chance of overhauling his present handicap.

He came to himself with a start. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said—my hostess has come, and she's waiting for me."

"Oh! Well, when can I see you again, and give you this note? Tomorrow?"

"Why, I should think so."

"Why not here?" he proposed audaciously. "At the same time?"

Her eyes were provocative. "Truly, now, do you think you know me well enough to invite me to tea so soon—Mr. McKay?"

Martin stared at her. "How on earth did you find that out?"

"Say, brother," she said confidentially, and in her cousin's style—"say, brother, didn't I see you somewhere before? Why, sure! Listen, didn't you play end for the Princetons once? Well, I thought I knew you last night, but I couldn't place you till this morning." She discarded Uncle Aleck, and resumed herself. "I used to loathe you," she said reminiscently, "because you played opposite my perfectly good Yale brother, and you almost spoiled him forever. Jack Osborne. But I never met you. Quarter past five? Oh, by the way, my name's Osborne too! But maybe you'd have guessed it all by yourself—you're so clever!"

Beginning impersonally, with Princeton and football, they arrived in record time at their own neuro-psycho-spiritual equations—that is, Martin was outlining his fundamental philosophy to her, and she was having fun with him.

She was the first individual to whom he had ever entirely unburdened his cosmos, and he didn't quite know how it had happened. She must have hypnotized him. At any rate, he told her how, at seven, he had denied Santa Claus, and how nobody had ever put anything over on him since. He explained how, when he went to a theater, he was dumfounded that anyone could pretend that the painted canvas was a castle wall.

For himself, he always reflected that the so-called princess was only Maggie Murphy in a paste tiara—and that if she ever came late to the court ball she'd be out of a job in the morning. But instead of pinning bouquets on him, or applauding him—as he had modestly expected—Miss Osborne put both elbows on the table, and went for him, half in earnest, and half in raillery. As a good salesman Martin egged her on, for his cue was to feed fat her interest in him, but unofficially he was very much irritated.

She told him that he ought to have a nurse; and Martin retorted that he gave full permission for the line to form on the right. He added that flint and steel produce invariable results, but that you can't strike sparks on mush.

"I had two semesters of science myself," she countered. "So, speaking of sparks, how about a commutator brush? Does it yield a little, or doesn't it?"

Martin side-stepped, which was intelligent of him, and referred to biographical history. What sort of man was it, he demanded, who had left the deepest footprints in the sands of time?

"Fat ones!" she said. "The live ones traveled too fast! No, I'm not talking about geniuses; I'm talking about people."

"Sentiment," said Martin, "never made anybody a nickel."

She regarded him as though there were something pathetic about him. "Think of it!" she said, subdued. "To think of a man who could be an eagle, wanting to be an ostrich!"

When he told her his impression of women, however, she was convulsed. He had used an illustration; when he was twelve his neighborhood had rocked with excitement at the rumor that there was a man somewhere who paid a hundred dollars for a barrel of canceled postage stamps. Every boy except Martin had immediately begun to collect. Well, the mystery of woman was just like that. It was simply another rumor, and no better founded. When you got through collecting, you came to life. So that Martin wasn't a collector.

"Why, you poor dear!" she said impulsively. "The only reason you weren't married at nineteen is because nobody wanted you enough! You make believe you're so hard-headed and practical, but it's just a pose! Why, if any woman really wanted you, you'd be as defenseless as a kitten!"

"The deuce I would!" said Martin stoutly. "I tell you, they can't fool me."

She laughed, and glanced at her wrist watch. "Oh, my goodness! I've got to run! Did you bring that note for Uncle Aleck?"

The note, purified by nine revisions, was in Martin's pocket, but as his fingers touched it he had another inspiration. He affected uncertainty, bewilderment, and finally chagrin. "Well, that's mighty peculiar," he said. "I must have left it in the room. It's all done; I just forgot to bring it. I'll have to send it to you. Or if I could leave it at your apartment tomorrow afternoon? Say, about five?"

She said that he could leave it if he liked; and Martin took her home in a taxi to make sure that he could find the way, another time. But when, on Sunday, he presented himself, the maid handed him a small sealed envelope.

Dear Mr. McKay: Since your primary object in calling, as I understood it, is just to leave the message for my cousin, I'm sure you won't be inconvenienced because some friends have motored me out to Versailles. I do hope to see you soon again. I enjoyed our tea immensely, and our talk even more.

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Martin scowled. It was true, he hadn't asked her point-blank if she herself were to be there, but she should have used her social intuition. He suspected that she had deliberately put one over on him. And rather trivially too.

He asked of the maid, "Oh! Is the telephone in yet?"

The maid, who was British, responded, "No, sir, but Miss Osborne said if you inquired, to say we're using the instrument at the chemist's, next door, and he's very kind about sending up if anyone rings us. Thank you, sir."

By Monday noon he had accumulated four visas out of the necessary five; he had also accumulated the experience of trying to telephone, in France—which is not merely an adventure, but a career. But Martin had a purposeful jaw and a newspaper to read, and what's thirty-five minutes out of a healthy lifetime? Especially when the girl consents to ride through the Bois on a late spring afternoon, and stop for an ice at D' Armenonville.

He didn't mention yesterday. Let her go ahead and have fun with him; he wasn't fooled. She might imagine that the joke was on Martin; but if he succeeded, through her intervention, in trading with Uncle Aleck, the joke would be transferred to the other foot.

Fool him? Why, at the immature age of nine Martin had hooted with scorn when he was told that if he could keep his tongue out of the cavity for a week a tooth of solid gold would replace the late departed. His playmates had believed it implicitly. And they probably believed, now, that women are unfathomable. But Martin was different. He was a cold fish, and sometimes he wished he were colder.

He was planning to depart on Tuesday night, so that diplomatically he hinted of stern affairs which might tear him away, towards the south. "But will you be here when I come back?"

"That depends on how soon you come," she said demurely. "I thought I'd stay about—fourteen months. Oh! Mrs. Glenn—the one I'm living with—she's awfully anxious to meet you; she wanted to know if you can't come for dinner tomorrow evening. Just a few people, informally, and afterwards we're going out to dance."

"I'd be delighted to come for dinner," said Martin imperturbably, "but I'm probably going out on an eleven o'clock train. And wait! Does your friend know about—Pig-Alley's?"

"Oh, don't be silly! Of course she does—but she doesn't know you're the man. I'm not a sieve. And come to dinner anyway."

He went to dinner, but he didn't enjoy it. His hostess was charming, but Miss Osborne was at the other end of the table between an elderly flirt and a Harvard undergraduate, who were both violently smitten, and showed it. Worst of all, she ate it up. And Martin—purely for business reasons, of course, for he was girl-proof—had wanted to cement his own friendship with her.

His hour approached.

"I'm so sorry you can't stay," Mrs. Glenn told him. "We're going to La Bohème—quite the nicest place in Paris, and the best floor. But we'll see you again?"

"As often as you'll let me come," said Martin fervently—and with all his craftiness he thought that her smile was in mere hospitality.

He had to say good-by to Miss Osborne directly under the enemy's guns. "Oh, one last thing! I forgot to ask if you—mailed that little document for me."

She lowered her voice. "I meant to tell you—I had a wire. He went straight through to Constantinople and he simply doesn't know where he's going from there. Everything's changed. He's going to wire again where I can reach him later. So there's no hurry."

Martin did his best to present a marble front, but it felt more like cardboard. "Oh, well, if you're sure I can square it with him sometime ——"

"Didn't I say he'll do anything in the world I want him to? Please don't worry. Good-by—and good luck."

Dumbly Martin returned to his hotel, and reëngaged his room. There was certainly no point in attempting to bring down Uncle Aleck on the wing, when Uncle Aleck had the entire continent of Europe to swoop over and didn't even know his own mind. Moreover, there was no point in locating Uncle Aleck at all until Mary's testimonial was in his hands. Martin wondered if it wouldn't be better business, anyway, to lie in ambush at Paris—and let Mary do up Uncle Aleck into a convenient package and deliver him, as advertised.

While deliberating this question Martin put his watch through rehearsal every sixty seconds, until it was half past twelve. Then imperturbably he went to La Bohème, and hunted out his recent hostess.

"I missed the train," said Martin shamelessly, "so I thought I'd see if you still wanted me for a chaperon."

The elderly flirt and the undergraduate were much less enthusiastic than Miss Osborne and Mrs. Glenn. Martin accepted the challenge, and set out to show them a little speed. And the outcome was so satisfactory that when he was once more in his room it took him another dozen cigarettes to recall that he was in France on business, and that he ought to cable a report.

His cable ran: "Situation very complicated, but believe am making progress."

Now a certain expert yclept Robert Fitzsimmons, otherwise known as the Speckled Beauty, and sometime heavyweight champion of the world, once pronounced the dictum that the bigger they are the harder they fall. Similarly, when a cold fish begins to run a fever, there is no limit to his temperature. At the end of his tenth day in France, Martin McKay, the self-elected Solon, Solomon, Nestor and Daniel II, didn't know whether he was going or coming.

He had told her the day after La Bohème that his journey was postponed indefinitely. He had alleged, further, that for the next fortnight he had nothing particular to do, and that he hoped she would do it with him.

She had said, "Will you stop pretending you're an iceberg, then? Because I'm not a polar bear—and I don't like sitting on you all the time."

"You always misunderstand me," said Martin, and sighed. "I can't help my own nature, can I? And it's my nature to see life as it is."

"Yes," she said, "but when you go over to the Latin quarter with me, if you try to persuade me it's only a counterfeit dime I—I'm going to mislay you!"

They were browsing in a junk shop, and Miss Osborne was violently bargaining for an antique fire shovel, when Martin slipped from his moorings and fell in love with her.

He knew that it was love because, although he had never had it before, it couldn't very well be anything else. There was no sweet delirium about it: it was in an advanced stage as soon as it started. And just as the measles, not dangerous to children, are often fatal to an adult, so love is perilous to those who, like Martin, escape it in their youth and contract it at maturity. For he was twenty-four, and he had thought himself immune.

The tragedy was that it was unrequited. Martin knew it, because he knew women; and that was why he never spoke to her about it. He had endeavored to hold her hand, and she had said, "Oh, never mind, thanks; it's fastened on." And then, in a motor, he had tried to put his arm around her, and she had laughed, and said, "That's awfully thoughtful, but I'm not the least bit cold, really!" No, she was an incorrigible coquette, and she was having fun with him, and his cue was to be a martyr—and to take advantage of her subway influence with Mr. Adams.

Accordingly he martyred himself from the Gingerbread Fair to the Musée Carnavalet; and from feeding the carp at Chantilly to feeding the monkeys—with which he felt a warm fraternity—at the Jardin des Plantes. But when they went down the river to St.-Germain, and walked in the forest, and had tea in the château where Louis XIV was born, he began to see visions in the clouds.

He said to her, "This place just runs away with your imagination, doesn't it? I mean, I can just fancy myself all togged out like a musical-comedy star in Viennese light opera, and you ——"

"Yes? What am I cast for? One of the merry villagers?"

"Oh, Mary! Can't you be serious?"

She smiled. "I used to be," she said, "but for your sake I changed. You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied."

But Martin was very miserable.

"Gosh!" he said to his mirror. "If I only kidded myself the way most people do maybe I'd call this a swell time!"

At this juncture he received a cablegram from the home office. "Construction begun Vaucluse. Must place factory orders. Increase limit to hundred seventy five per share. Your raise fifteen hundred if you succeed. Keep us advised."

Martin thought it all over very carefully, with what intelligence was left to him—if any. Miss Osborne had informed him two days ago that she had finally mailed her letter with inclosure. Uncle Aleck was somewhere on the great natural pipe line, west of the Adriatic. Time was precious—and suppose that Uncle Aleck didn't return to Paris on schedule!

He was strongly tempted to confess to Miss Osborne and to plead for her support, and her cousin's address—but he lacked the nerve. He could imagine how she would give him the raspberry for the awkwardness of his missionary work. She would explain to him humorously that business and sentiment can't mix. Also, as she had said, she wasn't a sieve; and apparently she had promised Uncle Aleck not to disclose his routing.

But Martin wasn't a man to be fooled. Witness the fact that he hadn't yet betrayed his mission—not to a soul; not even to Mary. Now he telegraphed the American consulate at Constantinople, and on receipt of the answer he telegraphed Philippopolis

(Continued on Page 77)

Paradise Inn, Rainier National Park, in its Winter Garb

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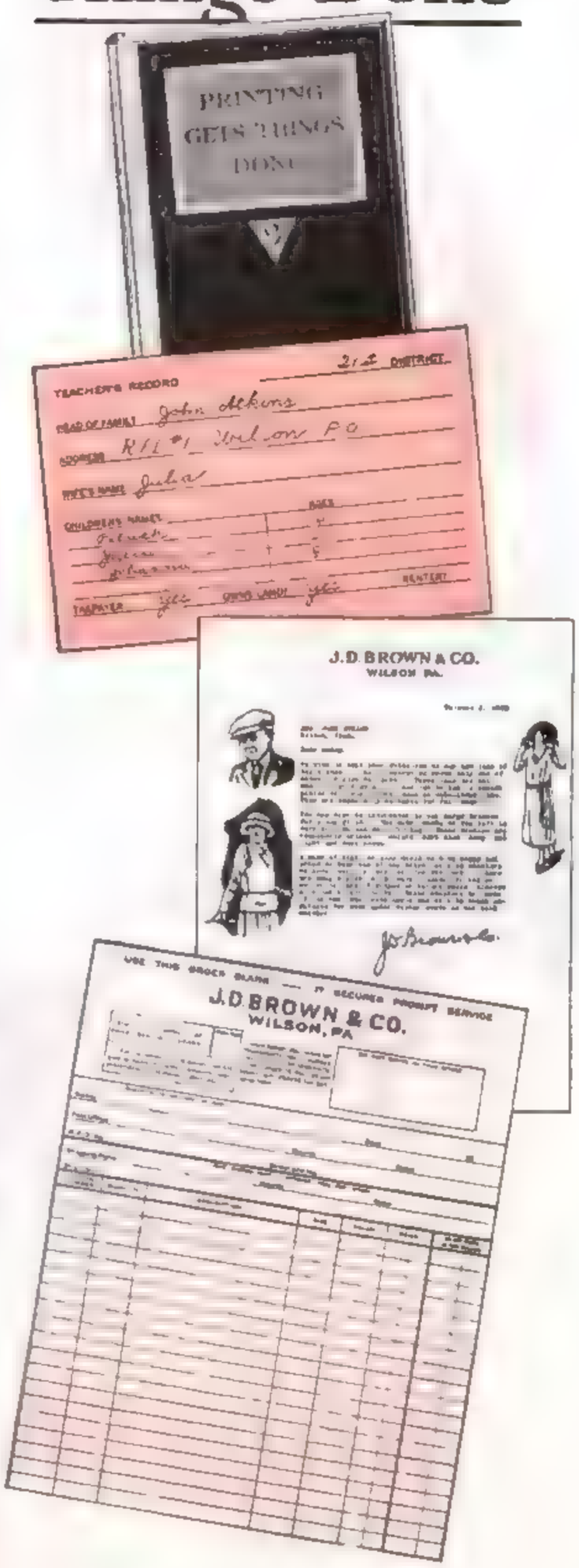

THE form at the top shows one way that with the coöperation of out-of-town correspondents live names can be added to a mailing list. The next form shows how these names may be made steady customers. The bottom form is a successfully used order blank. These are typical of the forms shown in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

A great example of things that go together: Baseball, the national game. Thirst, the natural call for refreshment. Coca-Cola, the favorite beverage, sold everywhere.

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued from Page 74)

and Sofia. Then Martin grinned. Uncle Aleck had quitted Sofia only two days ago, bound for Plevna and Giurgevo. It was the petroleum trail, backwards; and all Martin had to do was to hop down to Transylvania and shoot from there. It was absurdly simple—and he could explain everything to everybody afterwards, as in the third act.

His last evening with her was memorable. For the first hour she was so sweet and womanly that Martin's head was loose on his shoulders and revelation was on his tongue—but of course she had to ruin it. He began to say poetic things about her eyes, and she not only teased him but she also patronized him.

Martin got up indignantly. "I'm going out of town for a few days," he said, "and when I get back I do wish you'd try to take me seriously—just for once. Just for a change."

"But why should I? You've said so often that life's nothing but skim milk masquerading as cream; and then when I agree with you, you snap at me! Do you know—sometimes I'm afraid you Senegalese haven't any stability at all!"

He was probably the unhappiest man on the Simplon Express, and he certainly got the least for his money. As far as sleep was concerned, he might as well have traveled in a box car.

At Triest, two days from Paris, he had a telegram from Bukharest. Uncle Aleck had departed, a day since, for Brasso and Bistritza. Martin consulted his map, grinned, sent four more wires, and booked for Hód-Mezö-Vásárhely, to head him off. It took him several minutes to convey the idea to the ticket agent, but there was one consolation—that Uncle Aleck was probably in the same boat.

The right of way was as rough as any corduroy road, and Martin was perpetually harassed by dreams of Miss Osborne, who didn't love him. And at his jaw-cracking destination, after forty-eight hours of torture, he had word that Uncle Aleck had sidestepped to Cluj, on the way to Debreczin in Hungary.

Martin was tired, but determined. He would stop at nothing; not even for a town so barbarous as to call itself Debreczin. He sat up all night in a hermetically sealed compartment filled with Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and after a tense morning of research and bribery, discovered that Uncle Aleck was off to Belgrad. Martin grinned. Belgrad was in the direct path to Albania, and the newest and richest oil fields.

There ensued two weeks of incredible discomfort and indigestion, during which Martin ceased to be amazed by the flexibility of the alphabet. Svilainats, Gornjitogoch, and Wenitslani—these were Uncle Aleck's way stations to Uskup. And at Uskup, where Martin was only half a day behind, Uncle Aleck had doubled on his tracks, and bought a through ticket for Budapest.

"All right," said Martin, in Princeton French, "give me a ticket for Budapest, and some telegraph blanks. And when's the next train?" They told him that it would be along in about two days, or two days and a half.

At Nish a freight wreck held him up for a day, and at Szabadka the engine broke down. Martin's constant expression was that of a champion cat who had just allowed a particularly fine mouse—partly crippled—to outrun him. But he pushed on past Györ and the blue lake of Ferto to Vienna—Rozsony—Skalika—Trebič—Prague—Karlsruhe—and there the trail ended. Uncle Aleck had hired a motor car, no man knew whither.

From the bathtub Martin spoke through a mist of glorious steam. "I want four things," he said. "A Scotch-and-soda and a first-class ticket to Paris."

"Yes, sir. And the other two?"

"Two more Scotch-and-sodas," said Martin, and disappeared in the mist.

He was utterly crushed, utterly humbled. He, who had been so sanguine of putting one over on the securities department! He had cost his company three thousand dollars, and he had nothing to show for it except a thick pile of vouchers, and an acute heartache. But his heart action, as the train neared Paris, startled him.

Even before his luggage had been brought upstairs he was telephoning to the obliging chemist; and he had to wait so long that he could almost feel his arteries harden. But ——

"Why, Martin! When did you get in?"

"Just now." His laugh was higher-pitched than usual. "When can I see you?"

"Why—not for ten minutes." How well he remembered that tantalizing tone!

"What?"

"Silly! Take a taxicab—and we'll have a whole hour before dinner."

At sight of her his knees weakened, but he warned himself not to act like a fool. Consequently he only talked like one. She put her hand on his arm.

"What's the matter, Martin? You're just worn out, aren't you?"

"I never stopped thinking about you a single minute," he blurted. "Not one."

"Oh, Martin! Was that what wore you out?"

Miss Osborne Was Violently Bargaining for an Antique Fire Shovel

He boiled over. The same old come-on stuff! Goad a man into a frenzy and then goad him because he was in it! He forgot that he was marble.

"There's only one thing the matter," said Martin savagely, "and I'm going to fix that—right now!"

His sensations, at first, were extraordinarily like those of an executioner. His idea was to punish her, according to her deserts. It was an odd fashion of punishment, but that was the way he felt about it. And that was why, when she began to struggle, he had no mercy. Like an executioner charged with a grim task in which the prisoner has no rights. He kissed her very thoroughly, and none too gently.

But because he was a gentleman, he was suddenly frightened. He was frightened by her resistance. Indeed, he was so frightened by it that he didn't even perceive when it stopped.

Martin stood up. "Well," he said thickly, "I guess that's all there is to that. I guess you thought I was coming around here just to be one more minnow on the hook. Well, I'm not. I've been crazy about you, and you thought I was a joke. It was perfect hell being away from you. Well, why don't you go on and laugh? I'm going now. You can tell Mrs. Glenn I was sick, or fell dead, or anything else. But you've got what was coming to you. Honestly, did you think you could fool me?"

She had opened her eyes, and in spite of himself they held him.

"Why—yes," she said with an effort. "Yes—I thought so. And I've done it. And I can prove it."

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

She rose unsteadily. "Ask yourself! Pigalle's—and me—and Uncle Aleck—your business over here. Why, of course! It was in the papers; Mr. Martin McKay, of Stein, Clay & Co.—that's how I remembered who you were. Uncle Aleck guessed instantly, when I showed it to him—and after the things you said to me, I knew."

Martin was marble, indeed, but not simply in front; he was marble all over. "I fooled you about his trip—by telling you the truth—because that was the only thing you wouldn't believe. It wasn't a business trip. I didn't know where he was going. But most of all ——"

They were interrupted by a hearty voice which said, with superb tact, "Well—you two young folks got everything all settled between you? When's the happy day?"

It was Uncle Aleck.

Uncle Aleck, tramping genially into the salon, halted and stared at the feminine whirlwind which swept past him, with sounds as of hysteria.

"Well, what's bit Mary?" he demanded, and receiving no response, he shook his head, and chuckled. "Guess they're all like that, though—it's part of the show. Well, young man—shake hands. Say, you know that was funny—up in that joint, I mean. More I think of it, more I got to laugh. And you comin' all the way over the pond to do business with me! And I hear you been shadowin' me all over sixteen counties. Fat chance, you had."

He chuckled again.

"I was doin' the same thing you was. Yes, sir, for a fact. Only I was after a lady. Very remarkable woman—inspectin' relief work in the Near East for the Ohio Society. Met her on the boat; figured she was the right one; wouldn't tell me what her schedule was, so I just says to myself, 'Well,' I says, 'I'll show you if I mean what I says.' So I chased her around three solid weeks, caught up with her in Vienna, popped the question fourteen times between there and Karlsruhe—and we're goin' to be married soon's the law allows. So I feel pretty good. But about that Grenoble stock. Well, it's like this—I won't sell it."

Martin nodded woodenly. He was still mute.

"No, sir, I won't sell it." And Uncle Aleck chuckled again. "Fact is, I gave it to Mary. Of course if she wanted to give you her proxy, so you could vote the stock—why, Stein, Clay ought to pay you a fat young commission. Because between you and me, young man, this is the only way you folks could ever have got control, and I guess I'll write and tell 'em so. That is, if you don't think it'd blast your reputation with 'em any."

Martin was gazing stupidly at him.

"Yes, sir," confirmed Uncle Aleck. "I gave it to Mary. For your weddin' present. Let's see—I did it from Bukharest, day I got her letter sayin' you was elected—and your letter, inside."

Martin gasped. "What?"

"Well, that was what her letter meant, all right. She put it more kind of delicate, but I saw right off she was —— Say, what's wrong?"

If Uncle Aleck had possessed any lingering doubts as to the sanity of young men in love they were promptly removed. For Martin, wild eyed, was waving both arms at once and bleating: "Go get her! Go get her! Bring her in here! Grenoble be hanged! Go get her!"

He hadn't a thought for business. He was thinking of the three weeks that he had lost. Time that he could never make up, never. Irretrievably lost—those three weeks with Mary, in Paris. For according to his orders, he would have to sail Saturday. His brain was a kaleidoscope. Mary had said—Mary had written—it was impossible, incredible. And if he hadn't been so smart he could have had three more weeks with her in Paris—in the spring! He could feel himself telescoping into a dwarf. He could feel himself shrinking into a zero. To think that Mary ——

He paused, as though checked by an emergency brake. Mary was trembling on the threshold.

Martin leaped towards her. "And most of all," he said, "you fooled me—about yourself? Was that it? Please, couldn't that be it? How could I know? How could I have dreamed? I never knew anybody like you before. I was mad about you. Please ——"

She had buried her face in his coat. "Didn't I say—if any woman ever really wanted you ——"

"But, what ever made you want me—dearest?" asked Martin shakily.

She lifted her head. "Just so we could go the rest of the way—and let life fool us—beautifully—together."

"It can't fool me," said Martin, with his lips on hers. "I knew the minute I saw you—it was you, and nobody else!"

At dinner it was unanimously agreed that a celebration was in order. "Well," said Uncle Aleck jovially, "you folks name your own poison. Pick your joint, and then it's my party. I owe Martin one anyhow. He drew a rain check, that time before. Martin, what's your idea?"

Martin didn't hesitate. "Why, if nobody else minds," he said, "I'd like to go back up to that Place Pig-Alley. You know, that was an awfully interesting place—as I recall it. Sort of—well, it was kind of the spirit of Paris, if you know what I mean. Gay and spontaneous and romantic, and all that sort of thing. Personally, I'd like to go back up there."

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CHESTER FORGETS HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 11)

"Oh, yes; I'm quite the prattler now. I talk about her brother mostly. I put in the greater part of my time boosting the tick. It seems to be coming easier. Will power, I suppose. And then, of course, I talk a good deal about her mother's novels."

"Have you read them?"

"Every damned one of them—for hersake. And if there's a greater proof of love than that, show me! My gosh, what muck that woman writes! That reminds me, I've got to send to the bookshop for her latest—out yesterday. It's called The Stench of Life. A sequel, I understand, to Gray Mildew."

"Brave lad!" I said, pressing his hand. "Brave, devoted lad!"

"Oh, I'd do more than that for her." He smoked for a while in silence. "By the way, I'm going to propose to her tomorrow."

"Already?"

"Can't put it off a minute longer. It's been as much as I could manage, bottling it up till now. Where do you think would be the best place? I mean, it's not the sort of thing you can do while you're walking down the street or having a cup of tea. I thought of asking her to have a round with me and taking a stab at it on the links."

"You could not do better. The links—Nature's cathedral."

"Right-ho, then! I'll let you know how I come out."

"I wish you luck, my boy," I said.

And what of Felicia meanwhile? She was, alas, far from returning the devotion which scorched Chester's vital organs. He seemed to her precisely the sort of man she most disliked. From childhood up Felicia Blakeney had lived in an atmosphere of highbrowism, and the type of husband she had always seen in her daydreams was the man who was simple and straightforward and earthy and did not know whether Artbashiekeff was a suburb of Moscow or a new kind of Russian drink. A man like Chester, who on his own statement would rather read one of her mother's novels than eat, revolted her. And his warm affection for her brother Crispin set the seal on her distaste.

Felicia was a dutiful child, and she loved her parents. It took a bit of doing, but she did it. But at her brother Crispin she drew the line. He wouldn't do, and his friends were worse than he was. They were high-voiced, supercilious, pince-nezed young men who talked patronizingly of life and art, and Chester's unblushing confession that he was one of them had put him ten down and nine to play right away.

You may wonder why the boy's undeniable skill on the links had no power to soften the girl. The unfortunate fact was that all the good effects of his prowess were neutralized by his behavior while playing.

All her life she had treated golf with a proper reverence and awe, and in Chester's attitude towards the game she seemed to detect a horrible shallowness. The fact is, Chester, in his efforts to keep himself from using strong language, had found a sort of relief in a girlish giggle, and it made her shudder every time she heard it.

His deportment, therefore, in the space of time leading up to the proposal could not have been more injurious to his cause. They started out quite happily, Chester doing a nice two-hundred-yarder off the first tee, which for a moment awoke the girl's respect. But at the fourth, after a lovely brassy shot, he found his ball deeply embedded in the print of a woman's high heel. It was just one of those rubs of the green which normally would have caused him to ease his bosom with a flood of sturdy protest, but now he was on his guard.

"Tee-hee!" simpered Chester, reaching for his niblick. "Too bad, too bad!" and the girl shuddered to the depths of her soul.

Having holed out, he proceeded to enliven the walk to the next tee with a few remarks on her mother's literary style, and it was while they were walking after their drives that he proposed.

His proposal, considering the circumstances, could hardly have been less happily worded. Little knowing that he was rushing upon his doom, Chester stressed the Crispin note. He gave Felicia the impression that he was suggesting this marriage more for Crispin's sake than anything else. He conveyed the idea that he thought how nice it would be for brother Crispin to have his old chum in the family. He drew a picture of their little home, with Crispin forever popping in and out like a rabbit.

It is not to be wondered at that, when at length he had finished and she had time to speak, the horrified girl turned him down with a thud.

It is at moments such as these that a man reaps the reward of a good upbringing. In similar circumstances those who have not had the benefit of a sound training in golf are too apt to go wrong. Goaded by the sudden anguish, they take to drink, plunge into dissipation and write *vers libre*. Chester was mercifully saved from this. I saw him the day after he had been handed the mitten and was struck by the look of grim determination in his face. Deeply wounded though he was, I could see that he was the master of his fate and the captain of his soul.

"I am sorry, my boy," I said sympathetically when he had told me the painful news.

"It can't be helped," he replied bravely.

"Her decision was final?"

"Quite."

"You do not contemplate having another pop at her?"

"No good. I know when I'm licked."

I patted him on the shoulder and said the only thing it seemed possible to say:

"After all, there is always golf."

He nodded.

"Yes; my game needs a lot of tuning up. Now is the time to do it. From now on I go at this pastime seriously. I make it my life work. Who knows?" he murmured with a sudden gleam in his eyes. "The Amateur Championship ——"

"The Open!" I cried, falling gladly into his mood.

"The British Amateur," said Chester, flushing.

"The British Open!" I chorused.

"No one has ever copped all four."

"No one."

"Watch me!" said Chester Meredith simply.

It was about two weeks after this that I happened to look in on Chester at his house one morning. I found him about to start for the links. As he had foreshadowed in the conversation which I have just related, he now spent most of the daylight hours on the course. In these two weeks he had gone about his task of achieving perfection with a furious energy which made him the talk of the club. Always one of the best players in the place, he had developed an astounding brilliance. Men who had played him level were now obliged to receive two and even three strokes. The pro himself, conceding one, had only succeeded in halving their match. The struggle for the President's Cup came round once more, and Chester won it for the second time with ridiculous ease.

When I arrived he was practicing chip shots in his sitting room. I noticed that he seemed to be laboring under some strong emotion, and his first words gave me the clew.

"She's going away tomorrow," he said abruptly, lofting a ball over the whatnot onto the Chesterfield.

I was not sure whether I was sorry or relieved. Her absence would leave a terrible blank, of course; but it might be that it would help him to get over his infatuation.

"Ah!" I said noncommittally.

Chester addressed his ball with a well-assumed phlegm, but I could see by the way his ears wiggled that he was feeling deeply. I was not surprised when he topped his shot into the coal scuttle.

"She has promised to play a last round with me this morning," he said.

Again I was doubtful what view to take. It was a pretty, poetic idea, not unlike Browning's Last Ride Together, but I was not sure if it was altogether wise. However, it was none of my business, so I merely patted him on the shoulder and he gathered up his clubs and went off.

Owing to motives of delicacy, I had not offered to accompany him on his round, and it was not till later that I learned the actual details of what occurred. At the start, it seems, the spiritual anguish which he was suffering had a depressing effect on his game. He hooked his drive off the first tee and was only enabled to take a five by means of a strong niblick shot out of the rough. On the second, the lake hole, he lost a ball in the water and got another five. It was only on the third that he began to pull himself together.

The test of a great golfer is his ability to recover from a bad start. Chester had this quality to a preeminent degree. A lesser man, conscious of being three over par on the first two holes, might have looked on his round as ruined. To Chester it simply meant that he had to get a couple of birdies right speedily, and he set about it at once. Always a long driver, he excelled himself at the third. It is, as you know, an uphill hole all the way; but his drive could not have come far short of two hundred and fifty yards. A brassy shot of equal strength and unerring direction put him on the edge of the green, and he holed out with a long putt two under par. He had hoped for a birdie and he had achieved an eagle.

I think that this splendid feat must have softened Felicia's heart, had it not been for the fact that misery had by this time entirely robbed Chester of the ability to smile. Instead, therefore, of behaving in the wholesome, natural way of men who get threes at par-five holes, he preserved a drawn, impassive countenance; and as she watched him tee up her ball, stiff, correct, polite, but to all outward appearance absolutely inhuman, the girl found herself stifling that thrill of what for a moment had been almost adoration. It was, she felt, exactly how her brother Crispin would have comported himself if he had done a hole in two under par.

And yet she could not altogether check a wistful sigh when, after a couple of fours on the next two holes, he picked up another stroke on the sixth and with an inspired spoon shot brought his medal score down to one better than par by getting a two on the hundred-and-seventy-yard seventh. But the brief spasm of tenderness passed, and when he finished the first nine with two more fours she refrained from anything warmer than a mere word of stereotyped congratulation.

"One under par for the first nine," she said. "Splendid!"

"One under par," said Chester woodenly.

"Out in thirty-four. What is the record for the course?"

Chester started. So great had been his preoccupation that he had not given a thought to the course record. He suddenly realized now that the pro, who had done the lowest medal score to date—the other course record was held by Peter Willard with a hundred and sixty-one, achieved in his first season—had gone out in only one better than his own figures that day.

"Sixty-eight," he said.

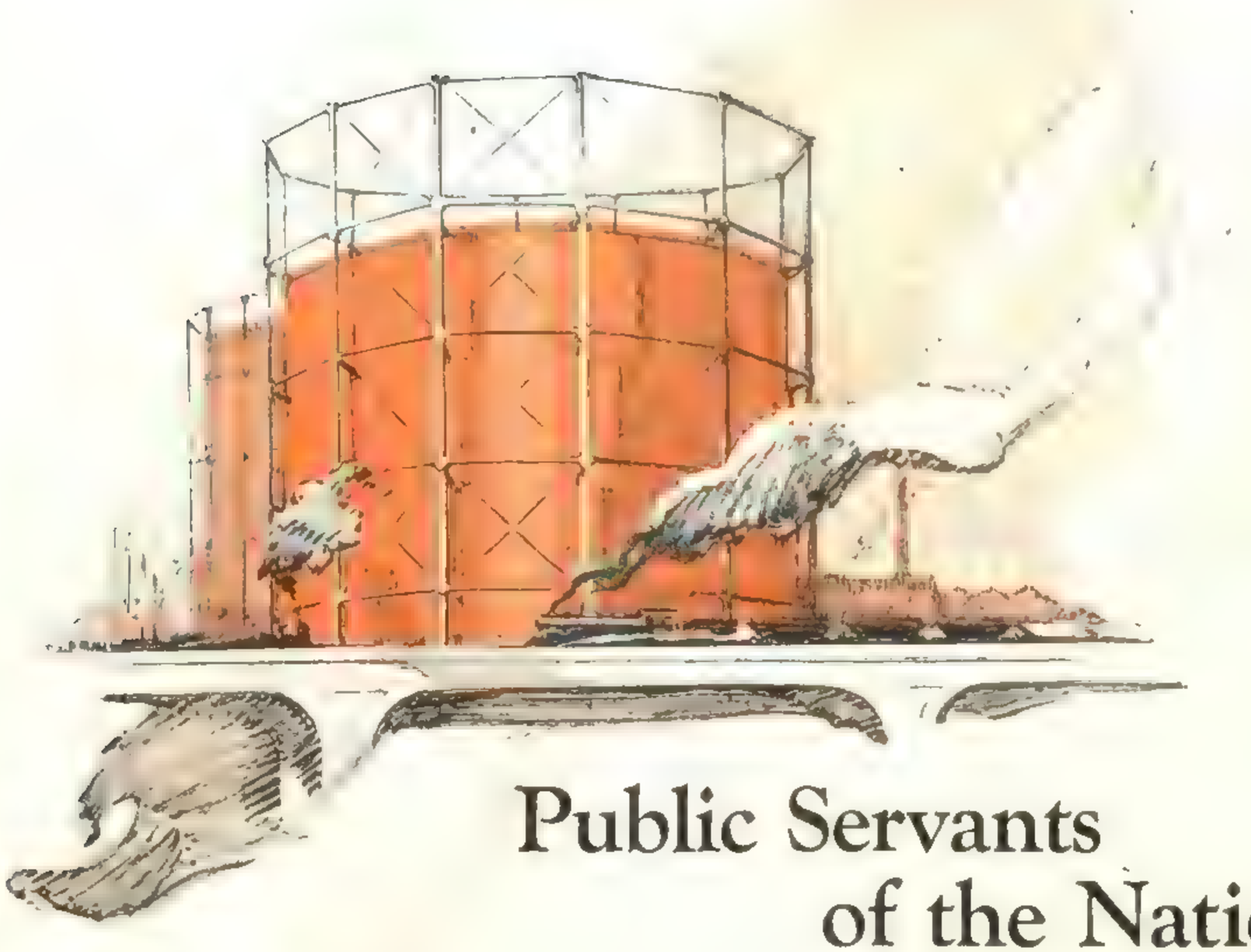
"What a pity you lost those strokes at the beginning!"

"Yes," said Chester.

He spoke absently—and, as it seemed to her, primly and without enthusiasm—for the flaming idea of having a go at the course record had only just occurred to him. Once before he had done the first nine in thirty-four, but on that occasion he had not felt that curious feeling of irresistible force which comes to a golfer at the very top of his form. Then he had been aware all the time that he had been putting chancily. They had gone in, yes, but he had uttered a prayer per putt. Today he was superior to any weak doubtings. When he tapped the ball on the green he knew it was going to sink. The course record? Why not? What a last offering to lay at her feet! She would go away, out of his life forever; she would marry some other bird; but the memory of that supreme round would remain with her as long as she breathed. When he won the British Open and Amateur for the second—the third—the fourth time, she would say to herself, "I was with him when he dented the record for his home course!" And he had only to pick up a couple of strokes on the last nine, to do threes at holes where he was wont to be satisfied with fours. Yes, by Vardon, he would take a whirl at it!

You who are acquainted with these links will no doubt say that the task which Chester Meredith had sketched out for himself—cutting two strokes off thirty-five for the second nine—was one at which humanity might well shudder. The pro, himself, who had finished sixth in the last Open Championship, had never done better than a thirty-five, playing perfect golf and being one under par. But such was Chester's mood that as he teed up on the tenth he did not even consider the possibility of failure. Every muscle in his body was working in perfect coördination with its fellows; his

(Continued on Page 83)



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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 80)

wrists felt as if they were made of tempered steel, and his eyes had just that hawklike quality which enables a man to judge his short approaches to the inch. He swung forcefully, and the ball sailed so close to the direction post that for a moment it seemed as if it had hit it.

"Oo!" cried Felicia.

Chester did not speak. He was following the flight of the ball. It sailed over the brow of the hill, and with his knowledge of the course, he could tell almost the exact patch of turf on which it must have come to rest. An iron would do the business from there, and a single putt would give him the first of the birdies he required. Two minutes later he had holed out a six-foot putt for a three.

"Oo!" said Felicia again.

Chester walked to the eleventh tee in silence.

"No, never mind," she said as he stooped to put her ball on the sand. "I don't think I'll play any more. I'd much rather just watch you."

"Oh, that you could watch me through life!" said Chester, but he said it to himself. His actual words were "Very well," and he spoke them with a stiff coldness which chilled the girl.

The eleventh is one of the trickiest holes on the course, as no doubt you have found out for yourself. It looks absurdly simple, but that little patch of wood on the right that seems so harmless is placed just in the deadliest position to catch even the most slightly sliced drive. Chester's lacked the austere precision of his last. A hundred yards from the tee it swerved almost imperceptibly, and striking a branch, fell in the tangled undergrowth.

It took him two strokes to hack it out and put it on the green, and then his long putt, after quivering on the edge of the hole, stayed there. For a swift instant red-hot words rose to his lips, but he caught them just as they were coming out and crushed them back. He looked at his ball and he looked at the hole.

"Tut!" said Chester.

Felicia uttered a deep sigh. That niblick shot out of the rough had impressed her profoundly. If only, she felt, this superb golfer had been more human! Already, after watching him play the last nine holes, she had picked up more pointers about the game than the pro of her home club had been able to teach her in six months. If only she were able to be constantly in this man's society, to see exactly what it was that he did with his left wrist that gave that terrific snap to his drives, she might acquire the knack herself one of these days. For she was a clear-thinking, honest girl and thoroughly realized that she did not get the distance she ought to with her wood. With a husband like Chester beside her to stimulate and advise, of what might she not be capable?

If she got wrong in her stance he could put her right with a word. If she had a bout of slicing how quickly he would tell her what caused it. And she knew that she had only to speak a word to wipe out the effects of her refusal, to bring him to her side forever.

But could a girl pay such a price? When he had got that eagle on the third he had looked bored. When he had missed this last putt he had not seemed to care. "Tut!" What a word to use at such a moment. No, she felt sadly, it could not be done. To marry Chester Meredith, she told herself, would be like marrying a composite of Soames Forsyte, Sir Willoughby Patterne and all her brother Crispin's friends. She sighed and was silent.

Chester, standing on the twelfth tee, reviewed the situation swiftly, like a general before a battle. There were seven holes to play, and he had to do these in two better than par. The one that faced him now offered few opportunities. It was a long, slogging, dog-leg hole, and even Ray and Taylor, when they had played their exhibition game on the course, had taken fives. No opening there.

The thirteenth—up a steep hill, with a long iron shot for one's second and a blind hole fringed with sand traps? Scarcely practicable to hope for better than a four. The fourteenth—into the valley, with the ground sloping sharply down to the ravine? He had once done it in three, but it had been a fluke. No, on these three holes he must be content to play for a steady par and trust to picking up a stroke on the fifteenth.

The fifteenth, straightforward up to the plateau green with its circle of bunkers, presents few difficulties to the finished golfer who is on his game. A bunker meant nothing to Chester in his present conquering vein. His mashie-shot second soared almost contemptuously over the chasm and rolled to within a foot of the pin. He came to the sixteenth with the clear-cut problem before him of snipping two strokes off par on the last three holes.

To the unthinking man, not acquainted with the layout of our links, this would no doubt appear a tremendous feat. But the fact is, the greens committee, with perhaps an unduly sentimental bias towards the happy ending, have arranged a comparatively easy finish to the course. The sixteenth is a perfectly plain hole, with broad fairway and a downhill run; the seventeenth, a one-shot affair with no difficulties for the man who keeps them straight; and the eighteenth, though its uphill run makes it deceptive to the stranger and leads the unwary to take a mashie instead of a light iron for his second, has no real venom in it. Even Peter Willard has occasionally come home in a canter with a six, five and seven, conceding himself only two eight-foot putts. It is, I think, this mild conclusion to a tough course that makes the refreshment room of our club so noticeable for its sea of happy faces. The bar every day is crowded with rejoicing men who, forgetting the agonies of the first fifteen, are babbling of what they did on the last three. The seventeenth, with its possibilities of holing out a topped second, is particularly soothing.

Chester Meredith was not the man to top his second on any hole, so this supreme bliss did not come his way; but he laid a beautiful mashie shot dead and got a three; and when with his iron he put his first well on the green at the seventeenth and holed out for a two, life, for all his broken heart, seemed pretty tolerable. He now had the situation well in hand. He had only to play his usual game to get a four on the last and lower the course record by one stroke.

It was at this supreme moment of his life that he ran into the Wrecking Crew.

You doubtless find it difficult to understand how it came about that if the Wrecking Crew were on the course at all he had not run into them long before. The explanation is that, with a regard for the etiquette of the game unusual in these miserable men, they had for once obeyed the law that enacts that foursomes shall start at the tenth. They had begun their dark work on the second nine, accordingly, at almost the exact moment when Chester Meredith was driving off at the first, and this had enabled them to keep ahead until now. When Chester came to the eighteenth tee they were just leaving it, moving up the fairway with their caddies in mass formation and looking to his exasperated eye like one of those great race migrations of the Middle Ages. Wherever Chester looked he seemed to see human, so to speak, figures. One was doddering about in the long grass fifty yards from the tee, others debouched to left and right. The course was crawling with them.

Chester sat down on the bench with a weary sigh. He knew these men. Self-centered, remorseless, deaf to all the promptings of their better nature, they never let anyone through. There was nothing to do but wait.

The Wrecking Crew scratched on. The man near the tee rolled his ball ten yards, then twenty, then thirty—he was improving. Ere long he would be out of range. Chester rose and swished his driver.

But the end was not yet. The individual operating in the rough on the left had been advancing in slow stages, and now, finding his ball teed up on a tuft of grass, he opened his shoulders and let himself go. There was a loud report, and the ball, hitting a tree squarely, bounded back almost to the tee, and all the weary work was to do again. By the time Chester was able to drive he was reduced by impatience and the necessity of refraining from commenting on the state of affairs as he would have wished to comment, to a frame of mind in which no man could have kept himself from pressing. He pressed and topped. The ball skidded over the turf for a meager hundred yards.

"D-d-d-dear me!" said Chester.

The next moment he uttered a bitter laugh. Too late, a miracle had happened. One of the foul figures in front was waving its club. Other ghastly creatures were withdrawing to the side of the fairway. Now, when the harm had been done, these outcasts were signaling to him to go through. The hollow mockery of the thing swept over Chester like a wave. What was the use of going through now? He was a good three hundred yards from the green, and he needed par on this hole to break the record. Almost absently he drew his brassy from his bag; then, as the full sense of his wrongs bit into his soul, he swung viciously.

Golf is a strange game. Chester had pressed on the tee and foozled. He pressed now, and achieved the most perfect shot of his life. The ball shot from its place as if a charge of powerful explosive were behind it. Never deviating from a straight line, never rising more than six feet, it sailed up the hill, crossed the bunker, eluded the mounds beyond, struck the turf, rolled, and stopped fifty feet from the hole. It was the brassy shot of a lifetime, and shrill, senile yippings of excitement and congratulation floated down from the Wrecking Crew. For, degraded though they were, these men were not wholly devoid of human instincts.

Chester drew a deep breath. His ordeal was over. That third shot, which would lay the ball right up to the pin, was precisely the sort of thing he did best. Almost from boyhood he had been a wizard at the short approach. He could hole out in two now on his left ear. He strode up the hill to his ball. It could not have been lying better. Two inches away there was a nasty cup in the turf; but it had avoided this and was sitting nicely perched up, smiling an invitation to the mashie-niblick. Chester shuffled his feet and eyed the flag keenly. Then he stooped to play, and Felicia watched him breathlessly. Her whole being seemed to be concentrated on him. She had forgotten everything save that she was seeing a course record get broken. She could not have been more wrapped up in his success if she had had large sums of money on it.

The Wrecking Crew, meanwhile, had come to life again. They had stopped twittering about Chester's brassy shot and were thinking of resuming their own game. Even in foursomes where fifty yards is reckoned a good shot, somebody must be away, and the man whose turn it was to play was the one who had acquired from his brother members of the club the nickname of the First Grave Digger.

A word about this human wen. He was—if there can be said to be grades in such a subspecies—the star performer of the Wrecking Crew. The lunches of fifty-seven years had caused his chest to slip down into the mezzanine floor, but he was still a powerful man, and had in his youth been a hammer thrower of some repute. He differed from his colleagues—The Man with the Hoe, Old Father Time, and Consul The Almost Human—in that, though they were content to peck cautiously at the ball, he never spared himself in his efforts to do it a violent injury. Frequently he had cut a Blue Dot almost in half with his niblick. He was completely muscle-bound, so that he seldom achieved anything beyond a series of chasms in the turf; but he was always trying, and it was his secret belief that, given two or three miracles happening simultaneously, he would one of these days bring off a snifter. Years of disappointment had, however, reduced the flood of hope to a mere trickle, and when he took his brassy now and addressed the ball he had no immediate plans beyond a vague intention of rolling the thing a few yards farther up the hill.

The fact that he had no business to play at all till Chester had holed out did not occur to him; and even if it had occurred he would have dismissed the objection as finicking. Chester, bending over his ball, was nearly two hundred yards away—or the distance of three full brassy shots. The First Grave Digger did not hesitate. He whirled up his club as in distant days he had been wont to swing the hammer, and with the grunt which this performance always wrung from him brought it down.

Golfers—and I stretch this term to include the Wrecking Crew—are a highly imitative race. The spectacle of a flubber flubbing ahead of us on the fairway inclines to make us flub as well; and, conversely, it is immediately after we have seen a magnificent shot that we are apt to eclipse ourselves. Consciously, the Grave Digger had no notion how Chester had made that superb brassy buff of his; but all the while, I suppose, his subconscious self had been taking notes. At any rate, on this one occasion he, too, did the shot of a lifetime. As he opened his eyes, which he always shut tightly at the moment of impact, and started to unravel himself from the complicated tangle in which his follow through had left him, he perceived the ball breasting

(Continued on Page 85)

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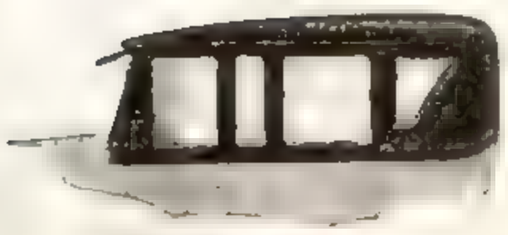
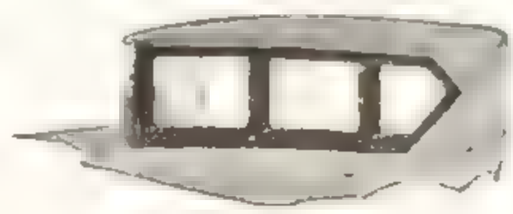


The Rex Top distinctly enhances the beauty as well as the usefulness of any car

Rex Tops and Enclosures



Closed car comfort for $75 —the latest type of Rex Enclosure

ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

(Continued from Page 83)

the hill like some untamed jack rabbit of the Californian prairie.

For a moment his only emotion was one of dreamlike amazement. He stood looking at the ball with a wholly impersonal wonder, like a man suddenly confronted with some terrific work of Nature. Then, as a sleepwalker awakens, he came to himself with a start. Directly in front of the flying pilule was a man bending to make an approach shot.

Chester, always a concentrated golfer when there was man's work to do, had scarcely heard the crack of the brassy behind him. Certainly he had paid no attention to it. His whole mind was fixed on his stroke. He measured with his eye the distance to the pin, noted the down slope of the green and shifted his stance a little to allow for it. Then, with a final swift waggle, he laid his clubhead behind the ball and slowly raised it. It was just coming down when the world became full of shouts of "Fore!" and something hard smote him violently on the seat of his plus-fours.

The supreme tragedies of life leave us momentarily stunned. For an instant which seemed an age Chester could not understand what had happened. True, he realized that there had been an earthquake, a cloudburst and a railway accident, and that a high building had fallen on him at the exact moment when somebody had shot him with a gun; but these happenings would account for only a small part of his sensations. He blinked several times and rolled his eyes wildly. And it was while rolling them that he caught sight of the gesticulating Wrecking Crew on the lower slopes and found enlightenment. Simultaneously he observed his ball only a yard and a half from where it had been when he addressed it.

Chester Meredith gave one look at his ball, one look at the flag, one look at the Wrecking Crew, one look at the sky. His lips writhed, his forehead turned vermilion. Beads of perspiration started out on his forehead. And then, with his whole soul seething like a cistern struck by a thunderbolt, he spoke.

"Hell!" cried Chester.

Dimly he was aware of a wordless exclamation from the girl beside him, but he was too distraught to think of her now. It was as if all the oaths pent up within his bosom for so many weary days were struggling and jostling to see which could get out first. They cannoned into each other, they linked hands and formed parties, they got themselves all mixed up in weird vowel sounds, the second syllable of some red-hot verb forming a temporary union with the first syllable of some blistering noun.

" ! —!! —!!! !"! !"!!" cried Chester.

Felicia stood staring at him. In her eyes was the look of one who sees visions.

" " roared Chester, in part.

A great wave of emotion flooded over the girl. How she had misjudged this silver-tongued man! She shivered as she thought that, had this not happened, in another five minutes they would have parted forever, sundered by seas of misunderstanding, she cold and scornful, he with all his music still within him.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith!" she cried faintly.

With a sickening abruptness Chester came to himself. It was as if somebody had poured a pint of ice-cold water down his back. He blushed vividly. He realized with horror and shame how grossly he had offended against all the canons of decency and good taste. He felt like the man in one of those What Is Wrong With This Picture? things in the advertisements of the etiquette books.

"I beg—I beg your pardon!" he mumbled humbly. "Please, please forgive me. I should not have spoken like that."

"You should! You should!" cried the girl passionately. "You should have said all that and a lot more! That awful man ruining your record round like that! Oh, why am I a poor weak woman with practically no vocabulary that's any use for anything?"

Quite suddenly, without knowing that she had moved, she found herself at his side, holding his hand.

"Oh, to think how I misjudged you!" she wailed. "I thought you cold, stiff, formal, precise. I hated the way you sniggered when you foozled a shot. I see it all now! You were keeping it in for my sake. Can you ever forgive me?"

Chester, as I have said, was not a very quick-minded young man; but it would have taken a duller youth than he to fail to read the message in the girl's eyes, to miss the meaning of the pressure of her hand on his.

"My gosh!" he exclaimed wildly. "Do you mean—do you think—do you really—honestly, has this made a difference? Is there any chance for a fellow, I mean?"

Her eyes helped him on. He felt suddenly confident and masterful.

"Look here, no kidding, will you marry me?" he said.

"I will! I will!"

"Darling!" cried Chester.

He would have said more, but at this point he was interrupted by the arrival of the Wrecking Crew, who panted up full of apologies; and Chester, as he eyed them, thought that he had never seen a nicer, cheerier, pleasanter lot of fellows in his life. His heart warmed to them. He made a mental resolve to hunt them up some time and have a good long talk. He waved the Grave Digger's remorse airily aside.

"Don't mention it," he said. "Not at all. Faults on both sides. By the way, my fiancée, Miss Blakeney."

The Wrecking Crew puffed acknowledgment.

"But, my dear fellow," said the Grave Digger, "it was really it was unforgivable Spoiling your shot! Never dreamed I would send the ball that distance. Lucky you weren't playing an important match."

"But he was," moaned Felicia. "He was trying for the course record, and now he can't break it."

The Wrecking Crew paled behind their whiskers, aghast at this tragedy; but Chester, glowing with the yeasty intoxication of love, laughed lightly.

"What do you mean, can't break it?" he cried cheerily. "I've one more shot."

And, carelessly addressing the ball, he holed out with a light flick of his mashie-niblick.

"Chester, darling!" said Felicia.

They were walking slowly through a secluded glade in the quiet evenfall.

"Yes, precious?"

Felicia hesitated. What she was going to say would hurt him, she knew, and her love was so great that to hurt him was agony.

"Do you think ——" she began. "I wonder whether It's about Crispin."

"Good old Crispin!"

Felicia sighed, but the matter was too vital to be shirked. Cost what it might she must speak her mind.

"Chester darling, when we are married, would you mind very, very much if we didn't have Crispin with us all the time?"

Chester started.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Don't you like him?"

"Not very much," confessed Felicia. "I don't think I'm clever enough for him. I've rather disliked him ever since we were children. But I know what a friend he is of yours."

Chester uttered a joyous laugh.

"Friend of mine! Why, I can't stand the blighter! I loathe the worm! I abominate the excrescence! I only pretended we were friends because I thought it would put me in solid with you. The man is a pest and should have been strangled at birth. At school I used to kick him every time I saw him. If your brother Crispin tries so much as to set foot across the threshold of our little home I'll set the dog on him!"

"My hero!" whispered Felicia. "We shall be very, very happy." She drew her arm through his. "Tell me, dearest," she murmured, "all about how you used to kick Crispin at school."

And together they wandered off into the sunset.

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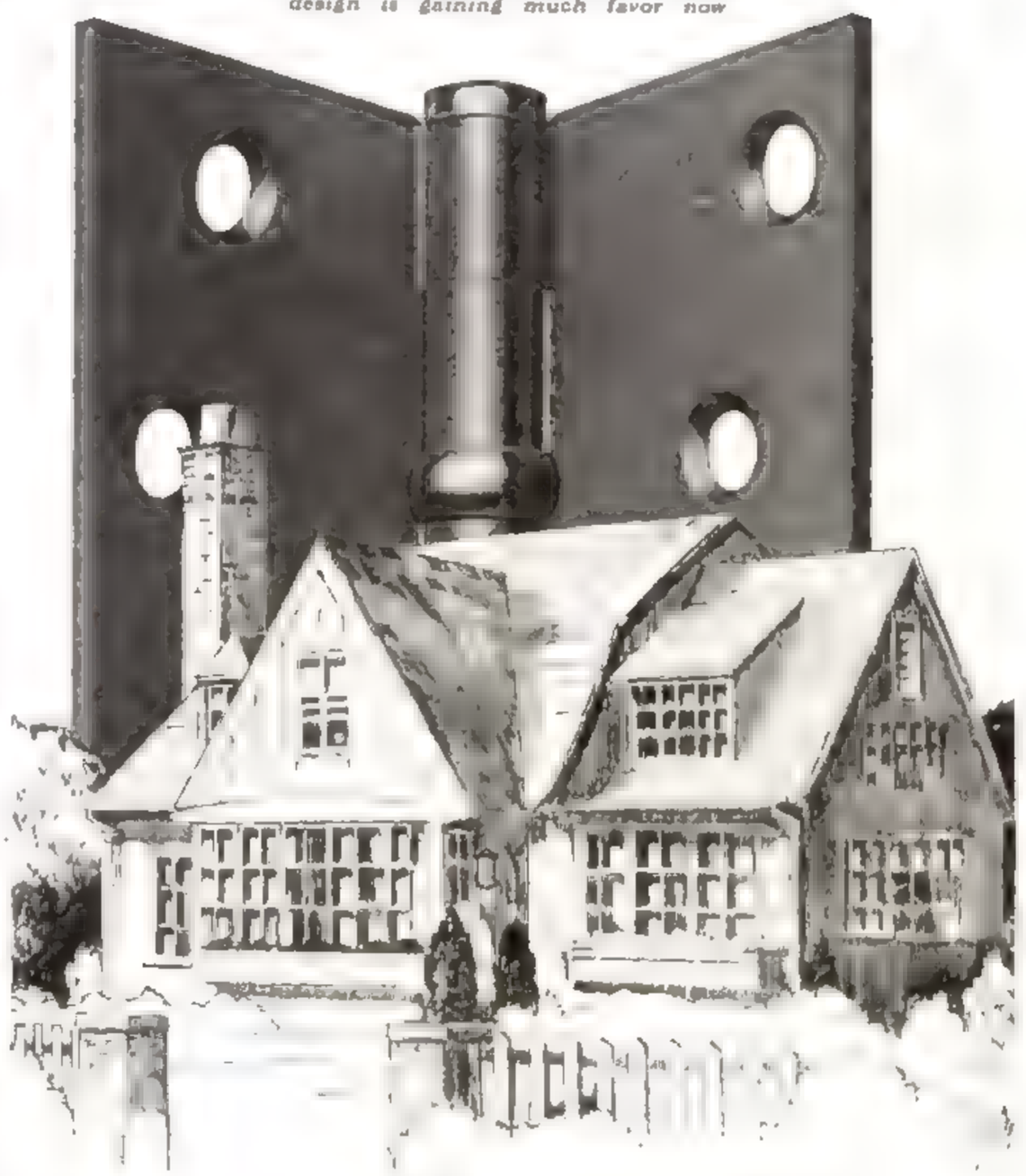

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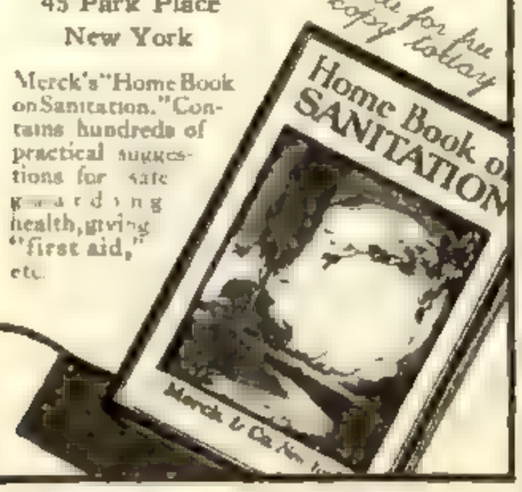

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WHEN THE OIL FLOOD IS ON

Continued from Page 41

"There are so many suckers here," said one of the leading citizens of Los Angeles, a man who for forty years or more has worked to build up the city and believes in it like gospel. "I know of no place where it is easier to put out a fake security based on a good thing. Oil is all right itself, but a rotten financial structure may be built upon it."

"People here are especially gullible," said a bank officer. "That is because speculation is in the air, because people think of it as the land of easy money, and because for so many it has proved to be these things."

"This is the best city in the country for promotional efforts," said an experienced oil operator who knows all the leading fields. "Didn't we all come West to gamble? These ignorant people of small means, and yet with some surplus money, want to invest and don't know how. What they need is a definite, specific proposition in words of one syllable; and what answers these requirements better than an oil well that you can go and see every day?"

These statements may possibly be extreme and unfair, but in each case they were made by a man who considers himself a booster for Southern California. They could be duplicated again and again. Nor can there be any doubt as to the facts of the situation. The presence in Southern California of large numbers of retired people living on their incomes makes those not so financially fortunate eager to accumulate a competence, and a lucky strike in oil is one way of accomplishing it. It is no reflection upon the state or its southern half that this should be so.

Furthermore, the long continuance of a real-estate boom, or rise in values of unbelievable proportions, has created an extremely favorable attitude and atmosphere for buying and selling. People hope to duplicate in oil what they have done in real estate, and their success in one affords them the means to dabble in the other.

"You must not think that only the tourists and hicks from the backwoods buy oil," said one financial authority who spoke with brutal directness. "The more intelligent people are taking a shot at it. Probably 10 per cent believe it is the bunk, but money has come so easy, especially in real estate, that they are willing to take a little gamble."

"The spirit in the air seems to be one of 'We must be selling something,'" said a man connected with one of the departments of the state government which passes on certain classes of new promotions. "They come to us in a great hurry, demanding a permit and impatient of a moment's delay, for as they put it, 'We have a big organization which is marking time; we have got to have something to sell right away.'"

Worthless Oil Stocks

With such conditions, outlined as they are here in only the briefest manner, it is not surprising that there should come, along with the great legitimate development of the oil resources around Los Angeles, the purely promotional schemes. For one thing, these immense new fields came in just about the time that the promotion game in Texas was petering out. In the last few years there has been a deal of investigating and prosecuting of the Texas oil promoter, and he has sought pastures new.

Indeed, the Texas oil promoter had been working Southern California long before the big new fields in the Los Angeles basin were opened. He had fairly swamped the more gullible portion of California's population with worthless oil stocks. J. K. Bauhe, financial editor of one of the Los Angeles newspapers, who has given careful study to the subject, estimates that from January 1, 1918, to December 31, 1921, 273 Texas oil promotions were offered in Los Angeles and vicinity. Of these he says that up to late in 1922, 241 had proved worthless, twelve had paid dividends for a short time, chiefly when the stock was being sold, and ten were worth a few dollars each in the open market. None had really stood up, he says.

But more recently it has been primarily the new discoveries in California itself which have attracted the outside promoter. Not only was he on the run farther east, with the authorities in hot pursuit, but he found in Southern California a surer supply of oil to talk about, a far larger supply of would-be investors right on the spot to whom he could sell such portions of the expected oil as he might be able to get and to capitalize. Besides, he did not have to use the mails to win the small investor.

Moreover, the promoter-salesman type has flocked into Southern California in the last couple of years, not only because people were getting onto oil promotions elsewhere, and because the pickings were good in oil in California, but on account of the generally good business conditions there because it was the white spot.

"I will not say anything about these men being crooks; perhaps they are not," remarked an officer of a big oil company; "but I am willing to assert that the whole bunch of fellows with vivid imaginations in oil have come here from Texas and Oklahoma. Indeed, the Californians were too slow to see the opportunity. The real boomers are from the East."

It is quite true that among the oil operators and promoters, legitimate and illegitimate alike, now operating in California there is an amazing number of newcomers. I have talked with salesmen who had been there, according to their own account, only three weeks; and yet they were describing the wonders of California oil as if they had operated in the state for fifty years.

The Real Estate Boom

But it must be remembered, too, that a great real-estate boom had been under way, and is still, indeed, apparently unabated. Nothing has been easier than for the real-estate salesman and operator to turn to oil. Many a real-estate man is now drilling for oil, and thousands of real-estate salesmen, it would appear, are selling oil units. The paraphernalia, the equipment, the offices, the personnel, the sales technic—all were there. Why not make killings in two directions instead of one?

Well-informed authorities say that even with the enormous boom in oil the profits made are nothing to those in real estate. A banker told me calmly that his income from an oil well was $1000 a day, and I started to congratulate him.

"That's nothing," he airily remarked as he waved my felicitations aside. "I made $125,000 in a single real-estate deal the other day."

The financial editor of one newspaper ventured the opinion that real estate was three times as big as oil, on the ground that real estate operates the year around while oil has its ups and downs. In any case, they mix exceeding well, far better than the proverbially unhappy combination of oil and water.

For a considerable part of two days the writer walked the streets of Long Beach, which a comparatively few years ago was a quiet little seaside village where retired Iowa farmers pitched horseshoes. It is now a bustling, hustling city undergoing a feverish development and approaching the 100,000 mark. It seemed during those walks that there must be in the neighborhood of 10,000 offices devoted either to real estate or oil, separately or jointly, but with real estate still in the lead by a neck. Probably the city directory would not bear out the 10,000 figure, but that was the mental picture made. As one of the most conservative newspapers in Los Angeles remarked in April:

> More than 27,000 licenses for realty brokers and operators have already been issued this year in California. It is almost a wonder that we do not run out of real estate when the activities of this grand army of land salesmen are understood. But there seems to be something left, and hardly a day goes by without the opening of a dozen new subdivisions. Before this thing ends we will have Mount Baldy platted into bungalow lots.
>
> The Terrazas estate in Chihuahua, Mexico, is to be cut up and sold in small tracts to settlers. It consists of something more than 8,000,000 acres and was about the largest farm that any one man ever owned. Imagine the Los Angeles subdividers in the presence of this magnificent domain. They would chop it up into 40,000,000 lots, and every one with a boulevard frontage. They only staked out about 100,000 lots in all Los Angeles last year, so that the Terrazas property would hold them for a while.

Let no one get the idea that the promotional aspect is all there is to the California oil boom. The effects of so much promotional effort have been far-reaching, for reasons which will be gone into later; but it is only the scum on the surface, at that. Indeed, oil is very far from being new in California, or even in the southern part of the state.

As everyone knows, the modern development of the state has been more closely connected with or perhaps dependent upon oil than that of any other of our commonwealths. Modern agriculture depends in the last analysis upon machinery, and machines depend upon fuel. California has had, up to the present at least, no coal deposits from which power could be successfully extracted.

Upon the high Sierras Nature spreads each winter a wonderful blanket of snow from which hydroelectric power can be and is being drawn in ever-increasing quantity. But it takes years to build power systems, and thus far the demand has more than kept pace with the supply. In the earlier stages of the modern agricultural, and more recently the industrial development of the state, there was not enough hydroelectric power, and if it had not been for oil California might still be given over to million-acre cattle ranches.

Not only did oil supply the state with its fuel until hydroelectric systems could be built, but the presence of so much motor fuel no doubt forced on it the use of automobiles. With more or less of an all-the-year-around climate in a considerable part of the state, and with a willingness on the part of its citizens to build a great system of good roads, the entire course of state development and the very nature of its civilization have been molded to a marked extent by petroleum.

There were many years in the past when California led the country in oil production, although for several years Oklahoma was ahead. Last November, however, California rushed into first place again. Although production had been for a considerable period of time on a fairly even keel, the rapid progress of the automotive industry and the war together ate up the previously accumulated surplus, and just previous to the great flood which started in 1921 California was short of gasoline.

Isolated by Freight Barriers

Except, however, for occasional importations of gasoline from the midcontinent fields, California was until very recently an island empire as far as oil was concerned. Like other parts of the world, it had its shortages and surpluses; but the big companies which controlled the situation managed to maintain the relation between production and consumption at a fairly even level.

California, generally speaking, supplied its own needs, those of other portions of the west coast of the American continent, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands and the Pacific fleet of the United States Navy. Oil was used not only by automobiles and in railroad locomotives, farmers' engines and the industries, but for domestic heat and fuel and in office buildings, hotels and apartment houses.

Around this island there existed a freight barrier, consisting of a good portion of the continent, and it was difficult for California to ship oil east or for the eastern portions of the country to ship oil into California. If there happened to be a serious overproduction, such as developed early in and prior to the war, it was put into storage.

Moreover, the big companies, which controlled the situation, developed the oil resources in the central part of the state, where great acreages were to be had in cattle and desert country, without excitement. As in many other sections, Standard Oil dominated the situation, although there were three or four or possibly five other companies of great size and strength. One of these has long been headed by a man who is now eighty-three years old—Lyman Stewart, who, with the exception of three years in the Union cavalry during the Civil War, is said to have served the oil industry continuously since 1859, a longer period even than that of John D. Rockefeller.

It should be further remarked, by way of introduction to the real story which is shortly to follow, that oil had been found in many different parts of the state. Los Angeles itself was by no means unacquainted with oil prior to the great strike of the last two years. E. L. Doheny, one of

(Continued on Page 89)

Bird's Rugs

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

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COZY! Yes! Because the soft, harmonious colorings, the brilliant finish and the artistic designs of Bird's Rugs give an added touch of beauty and comfort to any room in which you put them.

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And the wearing qualities of Bird's Rugs will surprise you. That is why they are known as *"the most economical floor covering"*—and why they bear the guarantee *"Satisfaction or your money back."*

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Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper

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Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons

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Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

Which explains the grin—

SOME skeptical people may think the smile gets on the Eskimo kid only when the camera man tells him to "look pleasant, please." That's all wrong. The kid wears his grin all the time—he can't help being happy.

Everybody likes him, you see. Everybody likes his tingling, sparkling drink. At parties and picnics and dances he's one of the celebrities. At home or at the club, when the crowd gets thirsty there's a general shout for the kid and his friendly drink. *They all like it,* and he's one of the most popular youngsters on earth.

That's why he's always happy and smiling. And he's proud of his good ginger ale—there couldn't be a purer drink.

Everything it contains is the best that can be had.

Take a long, cold drink of Clicquot Club the next time you're thirsty—and don't be surprised if your smile outdoes the jolly one of the little Eskimo kid. It probably will.

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Birch Beer
Root Beer

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

Pronounced Klee-Ko

(Continued from Page 86

the figures of the oil industry, began his career in the '90's with an oil field in what is now almost the heart of the city. Many of these wells are still pumping, and one may reach them in five or ten minutes' time from the center of the business district.

Other fields had been developed close to the city within more recent years, such as Whittier, Coyote Hills and Montebello. But, generally speaking, these were developed by the big companies without excitement; and though large fortunes accrued to a few extensive landowners, like the Baldwin estate and C. C. Chapman, who already was one of the most successful citrus growers in the state, there was nothing to approach a flood of oil or a frenzy of any kind.

Besides, in the main the oil development of California was in the central portion, in the great central agricultural valley, to a considerable extent in Kern County, and with the town of Bakersfield as a sort of center. As previously stated, this development was carried on by the big companies on acreage of large extent, and until very recently, indeed, the bulk of the state production came from these sections.

Down upon this relatively peaceful, stable and—considering California's geographical position—normal situation, there has descended since 1921, if I may be permitted to use such a figure of speech, something approaching anarchy, for a time at least. What happened was the almost coincident or simultaneous opening up of three great new fields, all close to Los Angeles. As previously stated, the opening was not exactly simultaneous; but before the effects of Huntington Beach had a chance to wear off, Signal Hill came in; and when the flood from both was just coming on, the third and largest of all, Santa Fé Springs, came rushing in. Each field was a home-bringer, each a sensation in itself.

Responsible officials of the larger oil companies told the writer that it would probably be accurate to say that the boom, or flood, created by these three new fields since 1921, and more especially in the last few months, was, at the time this article was written, the biggest in the history of the country. The reason for this statement lies in the fact that these men did not know of any case in which so many fields so close together, both in time and location, had come into such a large production in such a short space of time.

The production of the three new fields on May 1 was more than a hundred thousand barrels a day more than the average production for years past, for the entire state.

"There never has been a boom like this," said one authority. "If the market could absorb the oil, and the physical facilities were available, California could produce—largely from these three new fields—by July or August of this year 1,000,000 barrels a day, or as much as the entire country produced in 1916."

Oil Men's Troubles

California always has been known for the long life of its wells. As compared with certain other states, there has been a less rapid rise to flush production with the inevitable subsequent decline. Besides, though dry holes are drilled in California, its percentage of dry holes is less than that of a number of other states. But in these new fields the thickness and juiciness of the sands appear to be unequaled on the average even for California.

On top of this is the fact that wells on the average have been drilled to unusual depths. Speaking generally, and not of exceptional cases elsewhere, the superintendent of production of one of the larger companies told the writer that as the result of a very long experience in the state he had never before encountered such depth and such heavy gas pressure.

The pressure, of course, means blow-outs, gassers, gushers, fires, explosions, craters, geysers and other exciting incidents that go with such a development. To cap or control wells that act like wild animals requires competent gas-fighting crews, and newspaper readers in Southern California know all about Happy Yowell, an assistant superintendent of one of the larger companies, who heads the most talked-of crew of this kind.

Frequently great damage is done, and machinery, trees, telegraph poles and buildings are torn to bits and scattered with a sea of mud over large portions of the landscape. Recently a man and his wife at Signal Hill sued an oil company for damages on the ground that an oil well put down by the company 200 feet from the house suddenly broke loose, covered the house with mud, oil and rocks, ruined the trees in the yard, bespattered and half wrecked the family automobile, and left the lawn covered with an eight-inch coat of oil, mud and rocks. It was further alleged that oil and rocks rained through the windows, damaging the furniture and forcing the lady to flee precipitately from a sick bed.

But the actual and even greater potential quantity of oil is by no means the only distinctive feature. Heretofore most California oil has been relatively low in gasoline content, and when gasoline was imported it was not so much because the total production of oil in the state was small as on account of its low content. But these newer fields have reversed the situation. In one of these fields it is said that the gasoline content is actually 30 per cent greater than in certain of the older California fields, and several authorities stated that where formerly the proportions of gasoline and fuel oil had been about 35–65 much of the new oil was running 60–40.

The Neck of the Oil Bottle

One incidental result has been the springing up of many new makes of gasoline in Southern California. According to various authorities, there are perhaps thirty new marketers of gasoline, and it is obvious that there are at least a dozen new brands, some with startling names. In consequence there is a mad race for patronage, in which dozens of small independents along with the three biggest companies, the Standard, Shell and Union, are engaged.

In one respect at least the opening of these fields was up to a certain point very fortunate for the country. It came at a time when Mexican production was falling off and many Eastern refining and marketing companies were worrying about future sources of supply. As already explained, California had been an island in the world of oil, but in recent months its isolation has disappeared as fast as tankers could be obtained to carry the stuff through the Panama Canal. Suddenly California found that the neck of its oil bottle was the Panama Canal and the available tankerage facilities. When this article was written one Eastern company was planning to transport 20,000,000 barrels a year through the canal.

Now, of course, no such flood of oil can come to a section without enriching it in many ways. Residents of Southern California like to compare the wealth produced from oil in a single year with that which has come from gold in many years. They compare it with copper in a neighboring state, and with silver. They point to the congested port of San Pedro, to the general resulting activity of business and to the vast supplies of natural gas for industrial and domestic purposes which come with crude petroleum.

Oil, of course, is real wealth when it is taken out of the ground, and it flows twenty-four hours a day. It is a sheer addition to production, as it were. No greater vehicle exists, perhaps, for the rapid distribution of wealth among large numbers of people. But, on the other hand, it sells for the prevailing market price. Oil is of no use running around in streams in orange groves, horticultural establishments and country roads. Indeed, it produces only damage suits under such conditions.

Oil, to be of any value, must be stored in steel tanks or carried away in pipe lines, tank cars or steamships to some place where it is wanted, for naturally it is not wanted in the oil fields themselves. But if the production of oil is suddenly multiplied, if the normal production for the whole western slope of the American continent is doubled in a year's time, there is no use in talking about the wealth to be won from oil without considering the price element.

For it takes time and costs vast sums to double the normal facilities to handle oil. But the individual producer can't allow 5000 or 10,000 barrels of sticky crude petroleum to run into his back parlor each day. He must sell it immediately, and if there is no place for the buyer to put it the producer will sell it for whatever it will bring. Besides, it is questionable business to build storage for a temporary peak load.

In other words, there are two sides to this golden flood. It is molten bullion all right enough, but it is not nearly so golden at a dollar or even considerably less a barrel as it is when the price ranges between two and three dollars a barrel. And to be perfectly specific, let it be said now that one more chapter in the long annals of senseless exploitation and shocking waste of great natural resources has been added in the development of oil in Southern California in the last year or so.

"Never has there been such a potential production of oil without the facilities to handle it," said a representative of an important producing interest. "Under these circumstances an oil well doesn't mean anything any more. For a considerable time production and consumption in this state had ranged normally around 300,000 to 350,000 barrels a day. If, with these new fields, production could now be kept around 500,000 or 600,000 barrels the outlook would be one of great prosperity. But the state is now producing 750,000 barrels a day, with the peak not here.

"What a pathetic and expensive thing it is that these three pools could not have been opened three years apart, that development could not have been spread over a longer period. To spread it out is for the selfish interest of the great investment in the oil industry, but it is even more in the national interest. Not only are resources conserved but in the long run oil can be produced cheaper and sold cheaper if these floods and famines could be prevented."

This is no place, of course, to attempt an estimate of future price movements. There are far too many factors on both the demand and the supply sides for a layman to assume the prophetic rôle. With a steady increase in automobiles and general prosperity, the demand for gasoline seems certain to increase. But in a year or two big production may come in Venezuela. On the other hand—— And so it goes. It does not matter so far as this article is concerned, for this is an account of what has been happening in the very recent past, and not a prophecy.

Really to understand the California oil boom one must go further than the richness of the sands or the high gasoline content. Indeed, the controlling factor has been a wholly different one. In plain language, the ownership of the land under which the oil was found was so split up that it afforded an opportunity for natural human greed to operate on a scale which has overreached itself.

That oil was to be found in these three places had long been known, or at least suspected. Several of the big companies had experimented or wildcatted for a considerable length of time, and, in fact, each of the big fields was finally brought in or at least originally developed by one of the big three—Standard, Union and Shell.

Competitive Drilling

As long ago as 1907 the Union Oil Company obtained leases in Santa Fé Springs from one Marius Meyer, and started in October of that year to wildcat. It was not until October, 1921, that the company finally brought in a big well there. Indeed, it spent twelve years of costly experimentation on the three Meyer wells, whose production finally proved to be the paltry figure of 150 barrels. It spent two years also on the first Bell well, the real beginning of the district.

It was the activity of the Shell Company, part of one of the largest of the international oil combinations, that brought in Signal Hill. But twelve years ago the Union Oil Company was within a quarter of a mile of where the Shell finally struck it big at Signal Hill, and could easily have kept for the merest trifle the whole top of the hill, which is now worth hundreds of millions.

But though the big companies started the development of these fields, the feverish drilling which has produced oil enough to stir the markets of the world has been due to wholly different causes. It was, as just stated, the character of the land ownership, the fact that so much of the land was broken up into town lots, especially at Signal Hill, that really brought the flood.

As explained in technically accurate and succinct form by R. E. Callom, state oil and gas supervisor, "The primary cause of overproduction has been the competitive drilling to meet lease requirements in small property holdings."

This, however, needs to be expanded. An official map of Signal Hill shows roughly upwards of 1000 separate lots. This hill, a few miles back of the city of Long Beach, commanding a splendid view of the ocean, was planned as a residential section and before the drilling began on an active scale was occupied by many residences of all classes. On the higher slopes were very fine houses, with those of more moderate pretensions in other locations.

Though Huntington Beach and Santa Fé Springs are not split up to quite the same extent, nevertheless, there are many owners in both places. In the latter place there are two large holdings, the Bell ranch and the property of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway; but most of the remaining property is divided into small ranches, numbers of them owned by people of heretofore very limited means and modest stations in life.

Now one of the most important principles of oil-field development is the proper spacing of wells. It differs in different fields, of course, and authorities do not always agree. The more conservative company officials say that previous experience in California indicates that one well to ten acres is enough, provided the oil is not wanted in a hurry, while if it is needed quickly, and the pressure, depth and richness are unusually great, one well to five acres is enough.

The producing department of the Standard Oil Company made a tabulation early in May which showed that the average number of acres per well, both drilling and producing in Santa Fé Springs, was sixtenths of one acre, while on Signal Hill the average was .73 of one acre per well.

Economic Waste

But even if we allow for overconservatism, and reduce the figure to three or even two acres to the well, we find that all recognized principles have been cast aside. One of the highest officers of one of the largest companies in the state, and an experienced field-production man, estimated for the writer that $37,500,000 had been thrown away already at Signal Hill by overdrilling. Late in April there were 600 rigs built or in course of construction on a producing area of 500 acres, whereas 100 wells would be considered ample to draw the oil from 500 acres.

Estimating the cost of drilling a well at $75,000, which is conservative, the sheer waste of 500 needless wells is $37,500,000. And there are two other fields where the situation is or has been almost as bad. These figures, it should be repeated, are conservative. An official of another company said that in one area of forty acres on Signal Hill there are forty-two wells, although four would be enough to draw the oil.

There are places where derricks are said to be five feet apart, although I did not actually see any that were much less than perhaps thirty or forty feet apart. But I saw plots on which oil wells were being drilled so small that there was no room for an engine, and steam actually had to be piped from across the street.

Now, it is bad enough to blow away $37,500,000 in a single oil field on needless derricks, pumps, engines and the like; but this is not the worst of it. The real crime, of course, is giving away oil at ridiculously low prices when it is not needed of wasting in a great hurry a state's most valuable mineral resource when it might be distributed over a long period of time.

There is shocking waste also in this hysteria of drilling from the loss of natural gas, which if not taken care of at once dissipates into porous formations or is discharged into the atmosphere. Before the discovery of the three new fields almost enough of this gas was produced to supply the demand. According to one estimate, made late in April, gas equivalent to 57,000 barrels of oil was being lost each twenty-four hours in the three new fields.

Wastage of gas in the atmosphere is, of course, largely due to excessive drilling. Moreover, the gas companies which might be expected to build transmission facilities to take care of the increased supply, excessive as it is for present needs, naturally hesitate to make permanent investments when the drilling is so frenzied that the resource being exploited cannot last. It is a case of puff—it will be gone.

The principle of town-lot drilling is exactly the same as when six boys, each with a straw in one glass of soda water, pull as hard as they can. The idea is not to get one-sixth of the soda, but all that can be had. In town-lot drilling the idea is to get there first and draw out not so much the oil that lies under one's own land as that which lies under the property of one's neighbors. The point is not to leave recoverable oil in the

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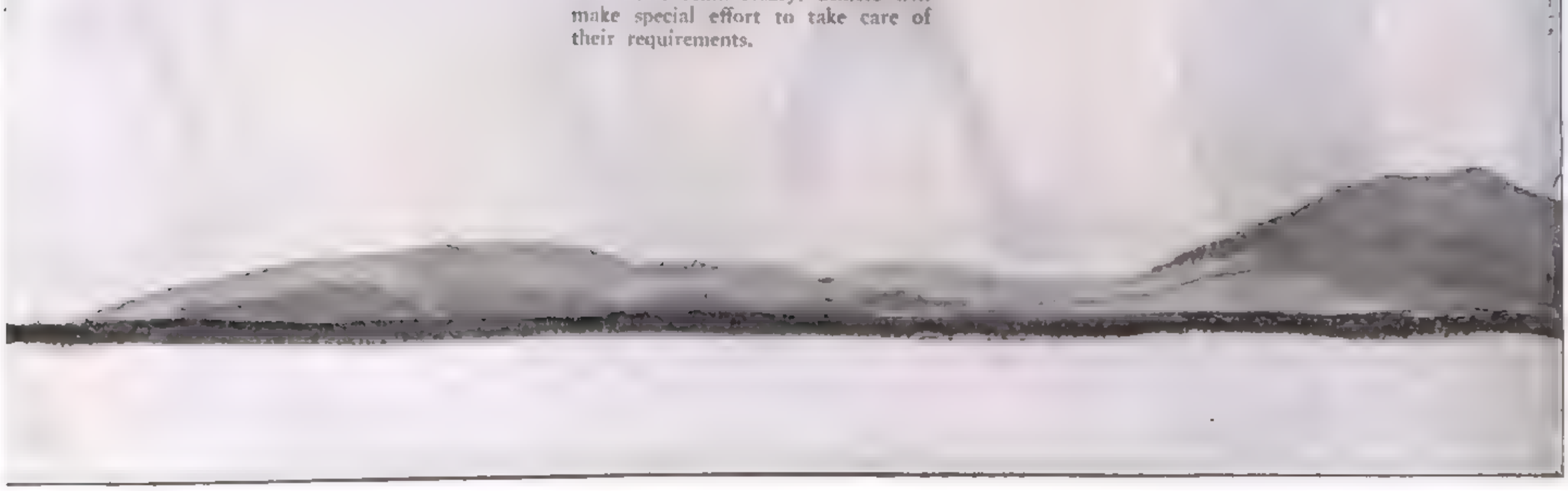
SEDAN $2850

KEEPING PACE with the demand for this new Sedan has been a difficult task ever since it was first shown—even with production more than doubled.

The Franklin Sedan gives people the finest ride they ever had. That, in short, is the story of its unequalled road ability and accounts for its great popularity. It is without a closed car rival in comfort, easy handling and making time.

Powerful New Six Motor
Beautiful Body Design

Many Franklin owners are among those who have been unable to get this new car because of the over-demand. During July, Franklin's 21st Sales Anniversary, dealers will make special effort to take care of their requirements.



THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

TOURING is one occasion when users of the General Cord are thankful that this tire has other qualities besides great mileage. On an all-day trip you can really appreciate *the* tire that is built for low air pressure. It is indeed a delight to travel on General Cords, particularly after using tires that cannot give you satisfactory mileage without being so highly inflated that they are nearly as uncomfortable as solid tires.

Generals protect you and your car from the jolts and jars of the road with greater cushioning than you have thought any tire capable of. They carry you to your night's resting place with the firm conviction that their reputation is amply justified. To tour with comfort is to ride on Generals.

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

(Continued from Page 89)

ground until such time as the highest profits may be obtained from its sale, but to get out so much oil quickly that no matter how fast the price declines the first guy on the ground will pay out.

There is some advantage, to be sure, in spreading out the riches from oil over a large population of landowners. Not only are many people enriched, for a short time at least, but general business is stimulated to an incredible degree by the influx of great numbers of workmen, promoters and the like. There is a typical point of view which sees no harm in the most wasteful exploitation of natural resources, provided it makes good business for the time being.

In one of the oil fields I talked to a professional booster and publicity man. He was running an alleged oil newspaper—in reality a screaming broadside of superlative laudation of the promoters in the district. He was employed by these same promoters, but was far too shrewd a man to believe in them. With the utmost cynicism he explained to me the lies and deceptions in the wild claims made by these gentry, and even denounced them far more roundly than if he had not been in their employ. But then his manner changed, and he added seriously, "But the promoter forces the big companies to develop the field."

A Contrast in Methods

Strictly speaking, it is not the promoter who forces on the development of an oil field against sanity and reason, but the individual landowner. The landowner, especially if he is poor, is not much interested in the future wealth of the state or nation, but is extremely interested in making $1000 a day for himself from oil, even if it is only for a year. The mere prospect of such wealth makes him ravenous. The oil, of course, is there and will stay there if nobody else in the vicinity sucks it out. Moreover, it will be a far better investment for the landowner some day in the perhaps not distant future when oil sells for two or three times as much as current quotations.

But such considerations are of no avail unless individuals coöperate, unless each landowner is willing to forego a well on his own property, which bears his own name, and unless each landowner is willing to suppress for a little while the dazzling vision of immediate riches. Such a suppression, such an unnatural inhibition, is contrary apparently to all principles of American initiative and freedom. Just as our ancestors fought for the right to worship as they pleased, so the modern lot owner will fight at the drop of a hat for the right to drill an oil well in his own back yard.

The big companies dislike to drill on small areas, and abhor drilling on small parcels, especially if hundreds of other operators are drilling on equally tiny lots in the immediate vicinity. Such operations constitute a frenzy, an excitement, a mad rush to suck out the oil at once, which inevitably means a short life, even if it be a merry one.

But the big companies are not interested in enjoying a short, merry life. That is just exactly what they are trying to avoid. Their great object is to pay dividends on stock for years to come. What they want primarily is to build up reserves of oil in the ground. Their geologists and scouts are always on the lookout for several hundred acres which may be bought or leased cheaply, and under which oil may be found ten or fifteen years from now when the present fields have dribbled away to a few hundred barrels a day.

But when oil is found on a subdivided town-lot area each owner sees a quick chance to pull out for life. Unless he is an idiot, however, he knows he must pull mighty fast to get ahead of his neighbors. Thus when the owner leases his land to an oil operator to drill upon he puts into the lease a clause requiring rapid drilling. But that is just where the big companies hate like poison to sign on the dotted line. They do not want to drill rapidly unless economic conditions warrant, and least of all when everybody else is drilling so extensively as to smash the markets.

The big company has refineries, pipe lines and marketing facilities. It wants a steady supply of oil for years to come. So it tries to prevent the landowner from insisting upon immediate drilling; and to prevent the landowners from cutting one another's throats, as well as that of the oil market, it attempts to persuade them to form a community lease. In this way enough acreage is tied up in the hands of a big company to prevent the immediate draining of the area, which, of course, takes place when hundreds of independent wells are put down at once.

There are cases where the community lease solves the problem, but in many cases the owners will not go into them. They are afraid they may have to wait too long for the big company to drill. More than that, each owner becomes literally obsessed with the idea of having a well in his own yard, and of having it named after him.

But if the big companies, following well-recognized principles, were reluctant to take on all the town lots in Southern California, the promoters showed no such hesitation. It was their supreme opportunity, and they poured in like an army when the big discoveries were made. Not only did the oil promoters from Texas show up but the hordes of real-estate promoters already on the ground, and an endless stream of business adventurers, honest and dishonest, of every description, headed for the fields.

These people, of course, feel no responsibility about supplying the country with oil ten, fifteen or twenty years from now. They are not interested in building up large reserves. They are out for a killing and are quite willing to drill as quickly as any landowner desires. Most of them have very little money to start with; the public supplies the funds by buying stock or units. A few of the promoters, of course, are crooked, and merely skip with the money without even attempting to drill at all.

But in the main the promoter wants to make a showing of oil. He pretty much is obliged to find something, or else his health demands a change of climate. The Standard Oil Company can drill dry holes by the score without worrying the stockholders the least bit; but a promoter who collects money from the public to drill one or two wells must tell his investors that they have lost 100 per cent of their money unless he strikes oil before that particular field has been drained. Besides, the promoter prefers to find some oil, if for no higher motive than to be able to reload the sucker with stock in some other scheme.

Still more to the point is the fact that the promoter can afford to meet any financial demand or requirement of the landowner, no matter how onerous, unreasonable and uneconomic it may be. The big companies, on the other hand, even the Standard Oil, would quickly go broke if they tied themselves up with too many high-priced leases requiring immediate drilling. Not only are they buying oil lands and leases as much for the future as for the present but a large part of their capital is tied up in pipe lines, tankers, refineries, reservoirs, tank farms and marketing systems.

Facilities for Distribution

In fact, it is the big company, especially the Standard, which buys the oil the small producer, whether a real professional or a stock promoter, produces. The big company has too many other responsibilities to buy all the expensive town lots in sight, and naturally cannot risk more than a fraction of its enormous capital except on its own terms upon intensive, competitive drilling of offset wells on town lots for a quick flush production to be followed by a dribble.

But the landowner and promoter are not worried about the expense of building refineries, tank farms, steamships and the like. That is done by the big companies to which they sell the oil. Nor are they worried about oil reserves twenty years hence. Nor do they worry even about the fact that the tremendous flush production is only a temporary peak at most.

The promoter has nothing at stake, anyway; nor has the landowner. Any damage done to his buildings and crops must be paid for immediately with great liberality by the operator, and if any oil is found he gets his agreed-upon share. For him everything is clear gain. The promoter and landowner have but one object in mind—to make a fortune, make it quick and cash in.

Each is fairly certain to get his if oil is found; and even if it is not, the owner still has his land and cash bonus, while the promoter has probably got his little pile on drilling rake-offs, stock-selling commissions and the like. In neither case does either have to consider a thousand future complicated factors, as do the big companies. The landowner, blinded by greed, demands a big royalty and bonus, and the promoter is the one who naturally offers it.

The big companies obtain their money from the public, to be used in the oil industry as a whole, in a hundred different

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LET mother take her long-needed vacation this year with the assurance that dad and "the boys" aren't left to spend their evenings gloomily in an "empty house."

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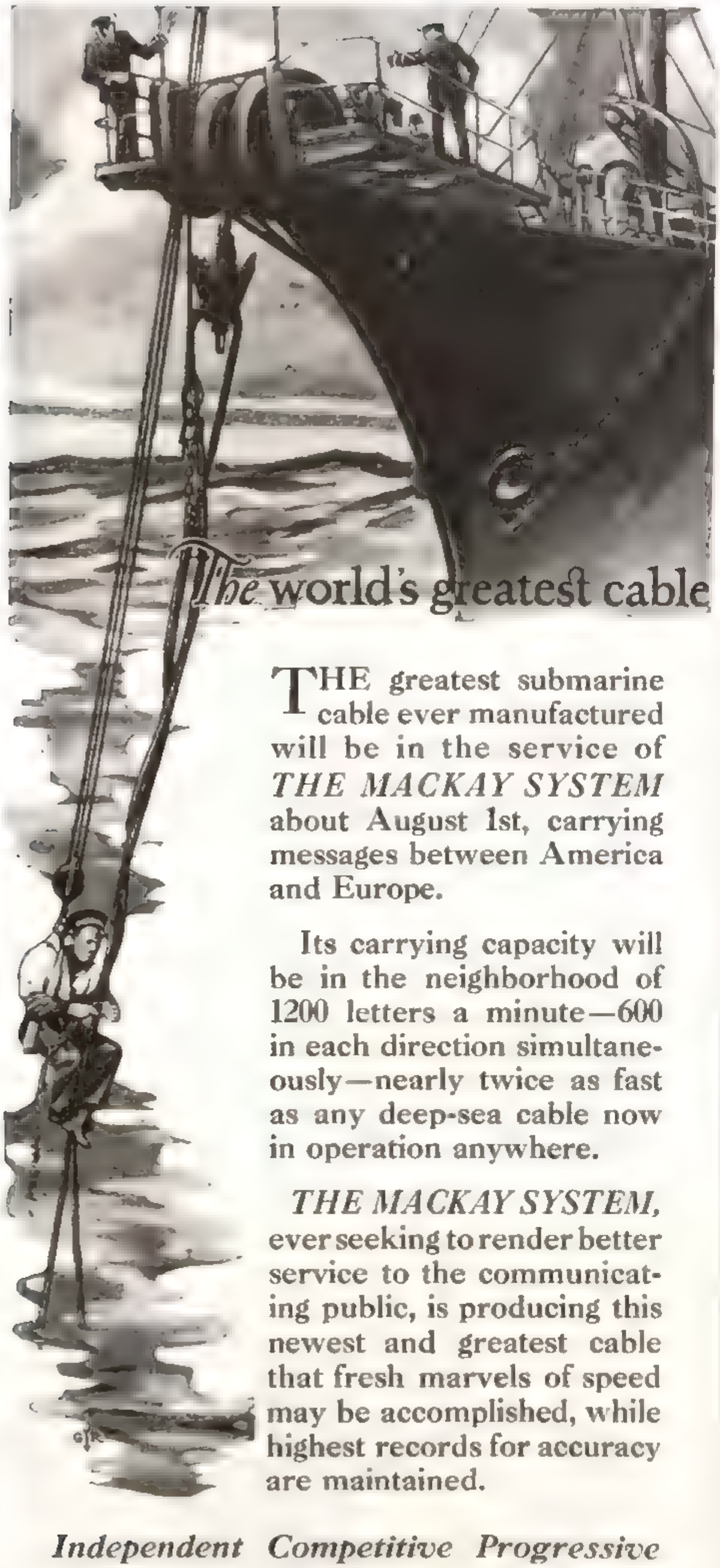

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Its carrying capacity will be in the neighborhood of 1200 letters a minute—600 in each direction simultaneously—nearly twice as fast as any deep-sea cable now in operation anywhere.

THE MACKAY SYSTEM, ever seeking to render better service to the communicating public, is producing this newest and greatest cable that fresh marvels of speed may be accomplished, while highest records for accuracy are maintained.

Independent Competitive Progressive

THE MACKAY SYSTEM
POSTAL TELEGRAPH
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POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

ways and for years to come. The promoter gets his money from the public, too; but the idea in his case is to drill one or at the most two or three wells, and suck out the oil quick before several hundred other operators have grabbed it. As far as the promoter is concerned, he might as well offer the landowner 35 per cent or 50 per cent as 12 per cent or 16⅔ per cent. It is all the same to him. He is playing for high stakes. In the language of the oil fields, he wants to put some red ink on the map.

The usual royalty paid landowners in California fields, like other parts of the country, was for a long period about one-eighth of the oil, with an occasional one-sixth. But with the inrush of promoters and amateurish newcomers experimenting with the business, all competing for good leases, the prevailing royalty in the new fields has risen to 16⅔ per cent, 35 per cent, and even 50 per cent, together with exorbitant cash bonuses. In time, of course, such terms are sure to eat up both the investor and the operator. But it may be well at this point to get the landowners' viewpoint. Said one who had a small acreage in the heart of a big field:

"I felt that this was going to be a case of wild defensive drilling to tap the oil as fast as possible. One of the big companies wanted me to go into a community lease; but I have always been a good sport, and was willing to take my chances going it alone. A promoter came to me who said he could get action, and, of course, action is what the landowner wants. The oil business is largely a gamble on men, and I was willing to gamble on this one. I thought by a bold stroke he might put it over, and he has. He told me he would go down like a greyhound, that he was a wolf on oil, and he has proved his statements.

"I was surrounded by three big companies, and the geologists told me they would drain away my oil. But my man got down five wells on my nine acres so quickly that we instead of the big companies have got the oil."

I do not wish to convey the idea that the big companies have stayed out of these new fields altogether. Far from it. As stated before, they started the fields and had some acreage in most cases in all of them. But they greatly underestimated the productivity of the fields, and this fact, together with the split-up character of land ownership, opened the door to a horde of promoters and amateur operators, willing to meet the landowners' terms.

Hysterical Speculation

When the promoters and smaller operators began their hysterical development the big companies felt obliged to jump in to protect their holdings and to drill many offset wells. They did not like to be left out of fields of major importance, and perhaps their stockholders were a bit nervous at the success of so many smaller concerns. In any case, everyone, big and little alike, has caught hold of the lion's tail and all are finding it difficult and painful to let go.

But it is probably safe to say that considerably more than half the increased production is accounted for by the activities of operators other than the half dozen big companies. Many of these, of course, are wholly legitimate small companies, large individual but experienced operators, and groups of business men who are experimenting with the business, in addition to the typical oil and real-estate promoters. Referring to the economic loss resulting from such intensive drilling, one company official said that it constituted an embarrassing indictment of the oil business, but was not the fault of the real oil man.

However unfortunate from an economic standpoint these excitements may be—and, of course, they have occurred in other parts of the country as well—there cannot fail to be a keen interest in the immediate enrichment of the communities involved. For there is always a stage in an oil excitement when people seem to go mad and deal in millions as if that were the common coin of the country.

Men will buy an acre of land in an oil field one day for $5000 and sell it the next day for $30,000. There is the wildest speculation in land, in leases and in royalties. Apparently there is no top anywhere. Land which a few months earlier was refused for what seemed good reasons by big companies may actually produce oil in the hands of utterly inexperienced amateurs, and be worth at least a dozen times the former selling price of the property itself. Values pile up on values until the never-to-be-avoided crash comes.

During this season frantic efforts are made by operators to get possession of cemeteries, church and school yards, railroad rights of way, the grounds of insane asylums and other curious and unexpected places. Bitter fights occur in town councils over the extent to which drilling may go, whether any area shall remain apart from the at once destroying and enriching derrick.

Generally speaking, there is opposition at the start to drilling within the confines of a city. At the beginning, efforts were made to bar all drilling within the city limits of Long Beach. Refineries have been kept out of the city, and to date no drilling has been permitted in the cemetery. But speaking not specifically of Long Beach but of the country in general, the oil derrick usually penetrates in time to even the most hallowed spots, provided the profit lure is great enough.

At one time there was a project for the city to buy all of Signal Hill, and landscape architects were employed to make plans for an extensive park system, all without any knowledge that a vast fortune in oil lay beneath. Indeed, a resident of the city, an oil prospector or wildcatter by profession, spent years in wildcatting in Texas and Oklahoma, only to return to his home town to find that a greater oil field was being developed in the immediate vicinity of the old home cemetery and waterworks than any he had been able to find so far afield.

Signal Hill Becomes Famous

But though the city, largely through the land near its waterworks system, is the largest single landowner and will probably be in the long run the largest beneficiary on Signal Hill, it never acquired the entire hill, and, of course, could not do so after the oil boom started. In a single month, however, it has received more in royalties than the entire proposed purchase price of land it thought of buying.

For a long time the owners, or at least a number of them, opposed drilling on the hill, and were determined to keep it a residential district. Indeed, it is said, although I did not confirm the report, that as long ago as 1916 one of the larger companies, which had leases at that time, feared to drill because of the possible danger of flooding the city below with oil. Certain laymen thought it a crazy idea to drill so close to a city; and, indeed, the city's water system seems to have been threatened at one time by the demands made upon it by the sudden and startling influx of 600 oil wells, mostly within the city limits.

Not until June, 1921, did anyone in Long Beach know there would be an oil field of the first importance under its fine residential hill. In 1894 there were only 800 people in the town. Men now living remember herds of wild horses rushing over the bluff of Signal Hill and being killed by the fall. In 1920 the population had grown to more than 50,000, and now there are between 75,000 and 100,000, at least 10,000 or 20,000 of whom may leave when the flush production is over.

Long Beach was a quiet, staid place, with its large proportion of retired Middle Westerners, until it struck oil. Now the streets are filled with great throngs of people, the traffic is dense, and groups stand on every street corner, discussing oil and real estate. In the banks long lines of retired farmers, with market basket on arm, wait their turn to see the officials, who cannot take the time to interview customers in their offices, but only through windows. The crowds are strangely mixed—elderly retired farmers, tourists, slick real-estate and oil salesmen and the khaki-clad oil operators and workmen.

Real estate has had a phenomenal boom, and tall buildings are going up with the same feverish activity that marks the oil development itself. More real estate is being put in escrow, so it is said, in the branch offices of Los Angeles banks in Long Beach than in the main offices in the big city itself.

Always as the result of an oil boom the enriched landowners and other residents put up office buildings as monuments to their financial sagacity in having owned land under which oil was discovered. But there are other reasons for this development in Long Beach. Growth is limited in at least two, and possibly three, directions. Signal Hill, with its miles of oil wells,

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125,000 miles

How long will your brake lining last?

Just what is the mileage record for brake lining? We'd like to know. One owner will tell us that he has driven 40,000 miles on Raybestos without renewing lining. Another will state that he has gone 75,000 miles, and so on. Every time this happens we think the record has been reached, but now Mr. William A. White of East Orange, New Jersey, writes that he has driven 125,000 miles on Raybestos through 29 states and over the top of Pike's Peak. He sends a strip of the original Raybestos which we illustrate. Worn a little, of course, but 125,000 miles is quite a distance. Do you know of any other brake lining that could stand this test?

Raybestos is built to wear well. Woven on our own looms, of long-fibre asbestos which withstands wear. Treated by the original Raybestos compound to assure wear. Guaranteed for at least one year's wear. Why be content with ordinary brake lining, low mileage and continual costs for renewal, when for a few cents more you can have Raybestos?—the lining that wears and wears and wears.

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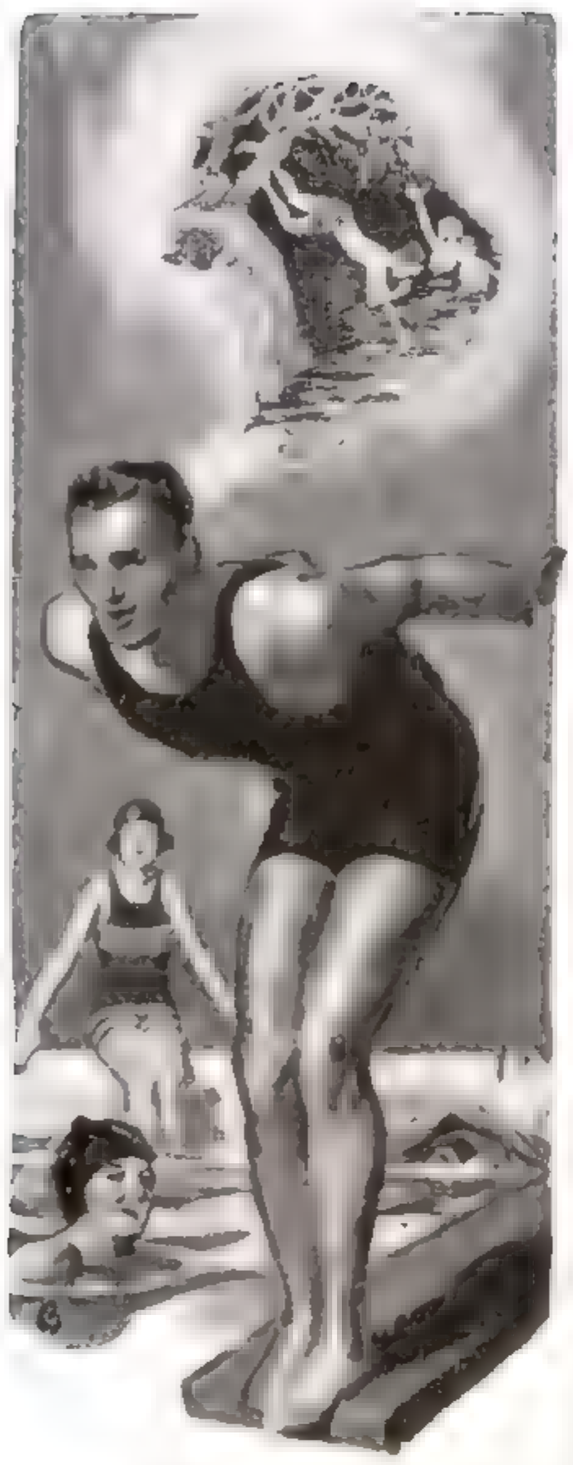

Bringing back the "Swimmin'-Hole"

"Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! Where the creek so still and deep
Looked like a baby river that was laying half asleep"
—The Old Swimmin'-Hole, by James Whitcomb Riley.

Even in the inland towns and cities, there's one cool spot—the modern swimming pool. Here gather young and old, reviving all the joys that Dad used to know at the Old Swimmin'-Hole.

After a sweltering day, it's great to dive into the cool deep water—to feel your nerves relax and your bodies take on new energy.

Along with the revival of swimming, has come a new style—a new name, the *swimming suit!* Carl Jantzen, himself a swimmer, created Jantzen-stitch—a pure wool fabric, with the elasticity of rubber. He patented the non-rip crotch and the bow-trunk, which make the Jantzen suit fit perfectly, wet or dry. No other suit *can* be like a Jantzen.

A Jantzen will outwear several ordinary suits. Get *yours* now, and know what real freedom and comfort in swimming is. Look for Jantzens at the better stores—men's, women's, children's. Style Book sent upon request.

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Portland, Oreg.
Dealers—We can ship promptly by express. Wire or write.

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS~NEVER SAGS

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checks building in one direction, and the Pacific Ocean bars growth on the opposite side. Oil refineries, the harbor and an industrial district somewhat limit expansion in still a third direction. Consequently the people of Long Beach are going up in the air, not only with office buildings, banks, newspaper offices and hotels but also with many apartment houses.

A number of cooperative apartment houses are being put up, and it is said that if a man signs for one of these apartments during the day he can sell out at a profit before sundown. Real-estate values generally have doubled in an incredibly short space of time. Naturally, the more conservative residents do not expect such conditions to last, for they know that when flush production ends a portion of the population will vanish. But it is hoped by means of new industries and new improvements to capitalize and perpetuate the present activity.

Despite the obvious limitations of such a boom, few cities have ever been in such a fortunate position as Long Beach finds itself in today. Up to the last week in April it had received $300,000 in royalties from oil wells on its own property, and a conservative estimate placed the royalties for the next twelve months at $500,000.

Already discussion has taken place as to whether Long Beach will become a taxless city; but all the representative citizens with whom I talked deplored the idea; and, to say the least, it is rather premature. Oil fields are very uncertain and fickle sources of wealth; and although $500,000 a year from oil is not to be sneezed at, it is only a fraction of the annual city budget at that. Besides, any immediate abolition of taxes, or even a reasonable certainty of such action, might cause a real-estate boom alongside of which even the present one would pale. Moreover, nothing could be more foolish than to abolish taxes entirely and then later reimpose them.

On the other hand, the general feeling is that taxes should be gradually reduced, and, in fact, there has been a decrease in assessments already. But most people feel that the oil is a capital asset, and should not, any more than insurance money, be spent for current expenses. According to the opinions expressed by newspaper publishers and editors, chamber-of-commerce officials, bankers and business men generally, the sensible idea is to use the oil money for great public improvements, such as an auditorium, more parks, and above all for an enlarged water-supply system.

The Long-Run Beneficiaries

What Long Beach has to reckon with, however, is the retired farmer with a moderate competence. These men are along in years, dislike high taxes in the extreme and are said to vote against public improvements on general principles. Although numbers of people in Long Beach told me that the idea of a taxless city was a silly dream, the furious campaign being waged against it by local newspapers would indicate a suspicion that the lovely idea of no taxes has already occurred to a few of the voters and taxpayers.

Fortunate as the city is in a financial sense, no one knows how much its royalties will be; and agreement as to the use of the money in case the amount proves very large will be difficult to reach. Certainly, quite a little wisdom will be required to steer through so large and yet such an uncertain windfall.

At any rate, the effect of oil upon the landowner, whether it be at Long Beach, Santa Fé Springs or any other oil field, must always, from the very nature of the case, prove a story worth the telling. Not only is the effect of sudden wealth upon its recipients a profitable and at times an amusing study but it cannot be stated too emphatically or too often repeated that the landowners as a class, rather than the investors in oil stock, units, leases and the like, are the real long-run beneficiaries of every oil excitement.

Experienced operators in California told the writer that Oklahoma was a better place to study the effects of sudden wealth because of its large Indian population. Possibly there is something more actually bizarre in the idea of an Indian ward of the Government, living in poverty and with only government doles, suddenly becoming wealthy than in the same experience befalling a group of average white folks. But I doubt whether people at large are really as much interested in what happens to a few Indians as they are in the good fortune of their own kind.

Possibly there was more of the dramatic in the effect of the oil discoveries in the Ranger and Burkburnett fields of Texas in 1918, because the landowners there were mostly starved-out ranchers and farmers who had suffered from a three years' drought and were saved by oil.

The recent discoveries in Southern California have been upon the property of average American citizens, not all farmers and not all city people—street-car conductors, advertising men, orange growers, rich and poor, numerous real-estate dealers, shoe-store owners, bank presidents, day laborers, newspaper reporters, proprietors of gas-filling stations, widows living from the proceeds of diminutive chicken yards, old soldiers, janitors, clerks, teachers in the high schools, grade-school teachers, automobile salesmen, stenographers, lawyers, barbers, Mexican farmers, a traveling salesman for men's underwear, a retired millionaire from the Illinois distilleries, two Japanese children, eleven and nine years of age respectively, whose father bought a few lots for them before the passage of the alien-land act, and a sixty-five-year-old contractor.

Encyclopedia Wells

This, of course, does not exhaust the list of people or the variety of those who have or may profit from oil. William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, is interested in drilling on property which belongs to the Young Women's Christian Association. At Huntington Beach a rich man's hunting club, which was costly enough to get into even in the beginning, is much more expensive now, because the memberships have enhanced in value through discovery of oil on the property.

Six or seven years ago a firm engaged in selling an encyclopedia gave with each set of books a small lot, well back from the ocean at Huntington Beach. The books were sold in other states than California; and as the lots were only twenty or twenty-five feet in width, many persons who had bought them neglected to pay the necessary taxes. Indeed, it is said that several hundred lots were sold subsequently to satisfy the tax collector, mostly to persons in the vicinity, at amounts ranging from $100 to $250 apiece.

Today the lots are worth at least $2000 apiece, and owners receive in royalties as much in a few months as the original cost of the set of books. Quite suitably, several of the wells on the property are known as encyclopedia wells.

Even on Signal Hill the land was of but slight value until quite recently. One bank president bought three lots merely to get an acacia tree. Another banker sold for the merest trifle land which is now worth at least $3,000,000, and is decent enough to say he is glad of it, because hundreds of people have benefited.

"I told a real-estate agent to buy me one acre up there," said an owner, "because I wanted to build a house with a terrace effect and the bluff afforded an opportunity for excellent landscape work. He came back and said that the best plot he could get for me was an eight-acre piece. I objected to so much land, and he promised he would take seven acres off my hands if I gave him a little time.

"Within a week of the time when the Shell Company began to drill up there I took a party of friends up one afternoon and tried to unload the seven acres upon them. They were all men of substance, but they couldn't see it. The next thing I knew I was offered $200,000 for my land by an oil company."

Many landowners are annoyed at the first reports of oil provided they live upon the property or have growing crops there. One wealthy Easterner had a $100,000 residence among the orange groves at Santa Fé Springs. To one of his less wealthy neighbors who was anxious to strike oil the rich man said, "Of course, we hope you get oil, but we don't want it."

"I have not heard that he refused the royalties when they came," remarked the neighbor a year or so later.

If oil were not so prolific of wealth the landowners would object still more vigorously. The Shell Company had to buy a $40,000 or $50,000 handsome white stucco house at the summit of Signal Hill to get the lease at all, and uses what amounts to a palace for such a purpose as a workmen's boarding house. Mr. Bell's pleasant ranch house at Santa Fé Springs has been put to the same use, and so it goes with scores of fine places. Oil more than pays for them.

There is a type of farmer whose chief interest upon the discovery of oil seems to be to obtain a minute and exact accounting for every blade of grass destroyed. He is more interested apparently in the damage to standing crops than in any millions he may make from oil. A bird in hand is worth more to him than a hundred in the bush. In one instance an operator signed up with a farmer for a huge spot-cash bonus and a big royalty in the prospective oil. His men went to work at once and trampled down several rows of beans. The farmer demanded immediate payment for the beans, whereupon the operator told him to go to a hot place. But when the farmer's lawyer called upon the operator the next morning the latter settled for the beans without further argument.

But in the main, of course, the landowners glory in their new-found wealth. As one oil operator somewhat inaccurately but feelingly remarked, "All that the people in Long Beach have to do is to pitch horseshoes and compare production checks." The larger the number of landowners the more sure there is to be excitement and a loud noise of much talking about wells brought in or about to be brought in.

There is no doubt that many landowners in very straitened circumstances have profited. There are barbers and street-car conductors whose income, for the moment at least, is $100 a day, and widows with small chicken farms who have become affluent. A frugal day laborer of German or Austrian descent who worked on the estate of one of the old native California families near Long Beach was urged several years ago by a banker to buy lots on Signal Hill because the view was good and the lots might have considerable value some day, in the opinion of the banker, provided transportation facilities should ever become available.

How They Blow It In

My understanding is that this former laborer does not read or write English. But for a time recently, it was alleged by one of the leading bankers in the city, his royalties were running $3000 a day, although, of course, they will not last long at any such rate.

When I say riches have gone to those in straitened circumstances, I do not mean merely to those who are ignorant and illiterate or in actual poverty. A bank examiner noticed several years ago that merchants who were on the ragged edge tried to sweeten their loans by throwing into the portfolio a few lots on Signal Hill. Now he notices that the same men are independently wealthy as a result of these lots. According to the estimate of a cautious geologist for one of the world's largest oil companies, there are two high-school teachers, who had ranches at Santa Fé Springs, whose ultimate share in oil may run as high as $1,000,000 apiece.

A few years ago a man went to Long Beach with only a few dollars. His property in the East was badly encumbered; he had great difficulty in borrowing money to pay his personal expenses, and frequently touched his friends for small sums. Just as the boom started he jumped into land on the smallest of shoe strings. As this was written, I read in the papers that he had refused several thousand dollars for a small fraction of his holdings.

All observers agree that among landowners who have enjoyed no great previous advantages the first move is to buy a large automobile. As one operator said, "If the only car owned before the boom was an old flivver, the farmers in Oklahoma buy a new flivver as soon as the lease is signed and one of the biggest makes as soon as the first dividend check comes in."

As far as I could discover in California, there is no such intermediate stage as a new flivver. The head of the Long Beach agency of one of the largest, heaviest and most expensive makes, which has a great name for being the swagger thing, told me he had eight or nine times been offered the assignment of the first dividend check from oil. This means, of course, that the landowner attempted to buy the car before he received his first check. A bank president said that in many cases large cars were purchased before the oil companies had time to make sure that the title was right, before the ink was dry on the lease.

The agent for one of the most popular makes of expensive cars said that he had

(Continued on Page 99

On Monday morning ARCOLA arrived

Saturday morning—radiator warmth

Radiator warmth in less than a week

ONE GREAT THING about ARCOLA is the fact that it can be installed so quickly.

Wm. S. Pfaff of New Orleans says frankly that he was "skeptical." He did not want "the whole house upset."

"Much to my surprise," he writes, "ARCOLA was all set up, connected by pipes with a radiator in each room, and running, in *less than a week*."

And he concludes:

"I can truthfully say that the money I invested in ARCOLA has added more comfort to my home than any money invested in any other appliance in my house."

With stoves, or an old-fashioned heating plant, some rooms are hot and some are cold, depending on the wind. With ARCOLA, connected with American Radiators, *all* rooms are kept at an even temperature by the steady flow of steam or hot water through the pipes.

Life is short. Don't spend another winter in discomfort when you can have radiator warmth in *less than a week*. See your Heating Contractor for an estimate of ARCOLA's cost, installed; and send today for the illustrated ARCOLA book which tells you everything else you want to know.

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The position of leadership universally accorded the beautiful RED STAR Oil Stove, by both users and merchants, is but the natural appreciation of a great success.

This is the modern-day oil stove. The unmistakable superiority of its work is due to the improved, scientific way the oil is used.

In the patented RED STAR Burner there are no wicks or wick substitutes. It produces two rings of clean, intensely hot, blue gas fire—the ideal cooking and baking heat, as every good cook knows. And the results cannot be improved by any gas range. Saves one-quarter of your fuel, too.

Are you entirely satisfied with your cooking? The RED STAR *merchant in your town is showing the new improved* RED STAR *models. Prices are within the reach of all.*

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN ·

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

(Continued from Page 96

been offered hundreds of times all manner of oil stock, shares, units, leases, royalties, and the like, if only he would deliver a car; but that he was in the automobile and not the oil business, and insisted upon cash payment.

A clerk in an office is said to have bought two expensive cars and promised $10,000 toward the building of a new church before he received his first dividend check.

Many landowners take immediately to European travel. The story is told of one stenographer who at once bought an expensive car, which she stored in a garage, and a round-trip ticket to Europe. But she neglected to buy a round-trip ticket to New York, and upon returning from Europe found the well had petered out and she was left stranded in New York. But this is only a story.

I called upon one landowner who was recommended as having kept his head in the golden flood, and found his office consisted of one-half of a diminutive bicycle store. He had, however, left that morning for a two months' European tour. The oil companies complain that landowners often beat it so quick for Europe after receiving their first check, and without leaving sufficient instructions, that important and necessary negotiations with them cannot be carried on. I was told on excellent authority that the gentleman in the bicycle store had enjoyed for a few months an income of more than $20,000 a month, but that it was only $10,000 in March and April.

Of course, there is nothing necessarily reprehensible in travel, expensive cars and church building. Indeed, they may be very desirable if one can afford them. The absurd and pathetic cases are those of landowners who become obsessed with the idea that they are great oil operators, financiers and business men, just because someone else happens to find oil under their land and pays them several hundred or thousand dollars a day for temporary flush production.

Prospective Millionaires

Untold harm is done by the common practice of describing as millionaires the oil lessors who happen to have incomes of several hundred or thousand dollars a day. It is the experience of all oil fields that flush production is soon over. No man is a millionaire until he has a million safely invested. The oil lessors at once spend a good part of their income, reinvest part of it badly, often go into debt, and face a certain diminution in the income itself. Exceedingly few are millionaires in anything but prospect, and the fact is that those who receive more than a few hundred thousand dollars in the long run in any oil field are relatively few.

"I don't see why any man should get so excited over one or two hundred thousand dollars," said a bank president in Long Beach. "Anyone ought to be able to invest that amount in conservative securities without kicking up any dust."

"Some of the landowners have gone so batty with their new money that they ought to be in an asylum," was the consensus of opinion as expressed to me by several bank presidents in Long Beach, although one or two did not agree with the general view. "In one case a man who never had anything to speak of and is now in receipt of a large income is deeper in debt than he was before he struck oil. Instead of paying up his debts to this bank he attempted to contract new ones. We believe here that when by the grace of Divine Providence a man strikes it rich he should first of all pay his old debts.

"These men who are plugging all they make into new oil ventures or new companies of their own will disappear like grasshoppers. They think they are financiers, when they are merely lucky. They get a little taste of wealth and go dippy. Their heads are so swelled they can't walk under the trolley wires, but they will be left high and dry when the boom is over.

"Those who have had extensive previous business experience usually take it much more calmly.

"There are the sane, however, as well as the insane. One young man who didn't have a cent five years ago, and is still under thirty, worked very hard at his business, suddenly to find himself worth several hundred thousand from oil. He has bought an insurance policy which will pay him a large income after he is forty, and is so careful about keeping his simple tastes that he is reluctant even to buy one big car."

I talked with a landowner in Long Beach whose income from oil is $1000 a day, but who has had a long career in business and has made large sums in real estate, banking and other fields. I asked him if he took any credit to himself because oil was found on his property.

"I am no more entitled to this oil," he replied, "than is Barefoot Charlie who walks the streets. Anyone who owned property in this community was bound to make money, because we have had both a real-estate and an oil boom. It was merely luck that we owned the land. I am determined to keep the tastes of my family simple and take an active part in welfare work. How absurd for a person to acquire expensive personal or business tastes merely from the flush production of one oil well!"

A successful oil operator who has financed his drilling in an ultra-popular fashion, and has advertised his movements in slangy phrases through the medium of local newspapers, recently replied in one of his characteristic advertisements to the question of whether he had acquired a swelled head. Some of the landowners would do well to read his reply with care:

"I am not the kind of a hairpin that a little success can make nigger rich. Even with two million dollars a fellow can wear only one collar, one necktie and occupy one coffin when he dies."

"Success undoubtedly turns the heads of many landowners," said an oil-company executive who has dealt with hundreds of them. "For one thing, they often start right in to speculate in more land. Then, too, each one wants a larger well than his neighbor has. If the man next door gets a 5000-barrel well and he gets only 4000 barrels he is sore at the company. Indeed, the faster the stream comes into his pocketbook the more irascible he gets, and the harder to deal with.

"A man's true character comes out when he strikes it rich from oil. You must remember that he is in a very different position from a banker or active business man, for no matter how rich the latter may be he has to suppress his more disagreeable traits in order to keep his business. He has to be agreeable. But a landowner is under no obligations to anybody. He doesn't have to work for his money like the merchant or banker. He can be just as disagreeable as he likes. His income is clear, there are no expenses, no overhead to keep down.

"Worst of all, he always says 'I knew there was oil there.' But the average man usually comes around pretty well in time, and is a pretty good fellow. One lessor immediately after receiving the first check gave the Salvation Army $5000 to feed every hungry man in Los Angeles."

It might be suggested also in extenuation, or at least in explanation, of the landowner, that one reason for his apparently wild rush to take on new business ventures as soon as he strikes oil is to incur debts with an interest charge that can be offset against his enormous income taxes. In a number of cases where I made inquiries concerning the whereabouts and present occupations of various enriched landowners I was told by those who knew their movements that study of income-tax regulations was consuming much of their time.

Good Luck and Good Sense

Although the Signal Hill field of Long Beach boasts the greatest number of landowners, the case of those at Santa Fé Springs is more important, because the holdings are larger. One of the most interesting cases is that of Lem Brunson. Mr. Brunson does not hold a large acreage, but he has had an exceedingly heavy flush production from his five or six wells, and next to Bell his name has been mentioned as often as any.

Brunson is an active, experienced, popular man in the fifties. For many years he traveled for a clothing concern over a large Western territory, and like so many traveling men had a great plenty of living in a trunk. Some years ago he bought a run-down farm at Santa Fé Springs and gradually improved it until it became rather a show place in the neighborhood. But though successful in his line, having a good home and many friends, he was in no sense rich or well to do.

Mr. Brunson expressed to the writer no great desire to live upon coupons or spend the rest of his life in travel, which he rightly, in the opinion of the writer at least, described as more or less of a fool's paradise, "this business of being identified with no place and no persons." Instead he plans to build himself a beautiful home and busy himself with factory projects along the lines in which he is experienced. He told how he had called on bankers in New York to discuss a line of credit for a shirt factory to be erected in Los Angeles, and of their amazement that a man of his income from oil should bother to start a shirt factory. But it surely takes no great wisdom to realize that the devotion of sudden large wealth to lines with which one is familiar is a sensible course to pursue.

"So many important things have happened to me in so few months that I am not sure of my competence to handle them," said this man, whose obvious alertness belied these doubts. "So much has been crowded into such a short time. But when I found four young men whom I could trust, and was myself in a position to set them up in a business which I know about, I felt that perhaps I was doing something worth while.

"But I do not know whether I am equal to the responsibility of this wealth. Perhaps I shall be pardoned under such circumstances if I say that I wish life were longer. I didn't believe in luck formerly, but I'm not so sure about it now."

But by far the most important landowner in the new Southern California oil fields is Alphonzo E. Bell, the largest landowner at Santa Fé Springs, and probably destined to be in the long run the largest landowning beneficiary from the recent discoveries. Mr. Bell's first well came in early in the morning of October 25, 1921, and according to the statements of competent oil men he has at no time since received less than $20,000 a month, with his royalties running about $100,000 a month late in April.

Mr. Bell's Royalties

This is not so much more than many other landowners have been getting, but Bell's position is very different. Others have been getting the returns from hasty, enforced flush production on a few town lots or an acre or two. Bell's holdings of at least 150 acres in the center of one of the world's richest oil fields are so large that the company which is drilling there does not need to hurry, relatively speaking, and can hold back for higher prices without danger of the oil being drained away as rapidly as from a smaller area. Such income as he has had represents drilling on only a small part of his land, most of it being held in reserve.

A high executive of an experienced oil company stated that royalties should be accruing to Bell for considerably more than a generation to come. It has been competently estimated that at low prices Bell's share of the recoverable value will be about $6,000,000, while if a shortage with consequent high prices should develop it might be nearer $12,000,000 or $15,000,000.

Many strange yarns have been told about Bell, for he not only holds the largest acreage in the principal field but his wells were practically the first to come in. It was said at one time that he had entered the field barefoot, and on the morning when his first well came in he rushed to the bank before it opened to pay off a mortgage just about to be foreclosed.

Mr. Bell was not a rich man, but he was far from being a poor man, and had always been accustomed to the finer things of life. He had bought a great deal of land, and like other extensive landowners may at times have found it a bit of a burden. But on the other hand he leased it on an extensive scale, and at times, no doubt profitably, to Japanese and other tenant farmers.

Bell is a man in the middle forties, a college graduate, with experience in public service, with a wide acquaintance in his state, for many years one of its foremost tennis players, and a most delightful gentleman to meet.

Unlike most landowners, Bell had not only long suspected the presence of oil on his property but had pestered the big oil companies for years to drill there. Once when drilling for water he ran into gas, and from that time on he tried to get the big companies to develop the tract. He is not one of those who feel obliged after the event to say they always knew there was oil. Indeed, the big companies all testify that he was a sticker, having faith in his land when they were perhaps wavering.

Because of the enormous gas pressure, the bringing in of some of the many Bell wells has been attended with great trouble

Continued on Page 101

He found it in Valparaiso

Then he headed north and found it up near the "jumping-off place"

No matter what part of the world you may find yourself in, few things make you feel more at home than to walk into a store and discover your favorite smoking tobacco for sale.

You get a great thrill from seeing your home newspaper in a strange land and an even greater thrill on meeting someone from the old home town. But tobacco certainly comes next in the order of importance in away-from-home thrills.

With your favorite tobacco in your favorite pipe, life is worth living in almost any corner of the globe.

This thought was inspired by the following interesting letter from Mr. W. E. Bromley, an Edgeworth smoker from Fort Wayne, Ind.:

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen.

In some of your advertisements from time to time I have noticed letters from different users of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco and I wondered if anyone ever had a more varied experience than I have had.

When in Valparaiso, South America, I could get it; and when I was as far north as a man could well go without going to the "jumping-off place," I could get Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

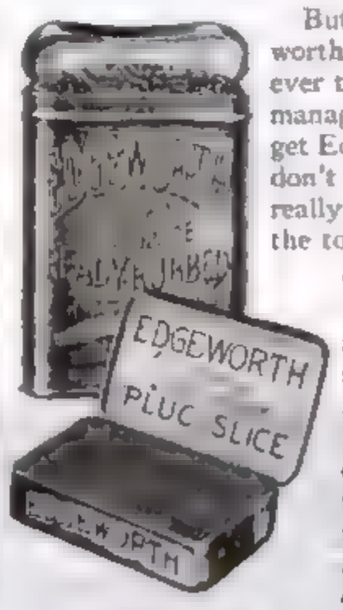
I have an old briar that I have had for ten years and it never had a crumb of any but Edgeworth in it.

If that isn't going some, "you tell me."

Yours truly,
(Signed) W. E. Bromley.

If Mr. Bromley makes frequent skips from continent to continent, his record of keeping all tobacco but Edgeworth out of his briar is indeed noteworthy.

Although Edgeworth does reach the far corners of the earth, there must be times when the supply runs low in Zanzibar and other remote districts.



But as a rule Edgeworth smokers, wherever they are, generally manage to find a way to get Edgeworth, for they don't feel as if they are really smoking unless the tobacco comes from a little blue can.

If you are not an Edgeworth smoker but would like an opportunity to find out if you want to be one, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

You will receive almost immediately free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Then you can judge for yourself what you think about this tobacco that so many smokers claim gives complete pipe-satisfaction.

If you will include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer with your request for the free samples, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Graham Brothers Trucks Are Built Complete With Cabs and Bodies For Every Line of Business.

The Passing of Wash Day

A few years ago wash day was thought of in terms of soap. odors, stuffy kitchens, warmed-over meals, weariness and ill temper.

Today, thanks to America's 10,500 Power Laundries, women need no longer sacrifice health and youth in arduous drudgery over steaming tubs. The tendency is, more and more, to "send it out"—and the Laundry has suddenly become a national institution of the greatest magnitude, with an annual volume of business of $300,000,000.

The same tendency is reflected in the amazing growth of the Cleaning and Dyeing industry, which, with its 2,500 plants, does an annual business of $60,000,000.

The high cost of making two trips for every job is responsible for a general urge among Laundry owners and Cleaners and Dyers to concentrate on Graham Brothers Truck. In this truck they see the opportunity to reduce these costs and at the same time improve their service. And the truck's record in 264 different lines of business proves that their growing confidence is fully justified.

1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1325; f. o. b. Detroit or Evansville, Ind

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit — Evansville

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 99)

and excitement. His account of the day when his first well came in is very graphic indeed. Workmen usually came to his ranch house at six in the morning for drinking water.

Finally one morning they awoke him by calling out, "Mr. Bell, you had better come quick; the water is flowing and oil will follow soon."

His account of how he was besieged all day long by other landowners for advice, and by oil scouts to help them get in touch with the other owners, is equally vivid. If one Spanish farmer whom he knew had waited until afternoon before signing up he could have got a bonus of $1500 an acre instead of $1000.

After a time Mr. Bell and his family were obliged to move out of their ranch. A blow-out had burned telegraph poles at a distance of 300 feet, and the house seemed threatened. At any time a geyser might break loose in the yard.

Mr. Bell expressed to the writer a feeling of great responsibility for the use of such wealth as may come to him from oil.

"I feel," he said, "that oil belongs to no one individual."

One trouble which he had at the start was to prevent promoters from using his name in christening their companies and wells. But in the main he has been successful in keeping them from cheapening his name.

Of course, the money made by landowners thrills the speculative public, and is capitalized and commercialized in every possible way by promoters who have stock or units for sale. As one promoter interpreted the facts recently in a public advertisement:

> I don't see him around the Springs any more. He owned some land there. A derrick went up on the back of his lot—a well started drilling—it came in the other day for 8000 barrels—8000 barrels of oil in Santa Fé Springs means $11,600 per day, or $348,000 per month. I don't know exactly how much of that Mr. Brunson gets—but I know that he gets plenty. And it all goes to show what Santa Fé acreage can do—how much money it can earn—both for landowners and investors.

The last sentence in this announcement is what logicians call a *non sequitur;* it does not follow. Investors in oil-promotion stock or units may not make much of anything, even though landowners profit. Nevertheless, uncounted thousands of investors have bought some form of security based upon the Southern California oil boom from hundreds of promoters, all on a scale unparalleled perhaps in promotion history. Moreover, the promoters have got hold of much valuable land, and have in a number of cases offered units based upon valuable property. How it has been done and what is likely to follow will be told in a subsequent article.

Small-Town Stuff

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Santa Claus

THE beginning of knowledge is the discovery that there is no Santa Claus, and invariably the discovery brings bitterness in its wake. As the years pass and knowledge is multiplied, other fairy tales as dear are discredited in their turn and each newly acquired bit of knowledge takes toll of faith.

The princess, it transpires, has no braids of gold hanging beribboned down her back, but a scant thatch of unconvincing yellow scarce generous enough to hold in place her store-bought hair. The prince is not a fascinating Adonis whose lion's heart can upon occasion become as tender as a maid's, but a commonplace youngster with a loose upper lip who smokes too many cigarettes and pouts when his sweet will is thwarted by an unelastic code fixed by precedent. The wicked flourish and live on the fat of the land, and the good die in their poverty and are buried in unremembered graves. The strong take, and the weak envy. There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The miller's daughter never will marry the earl. The little pea is not under any shell at all, but safely hidden in the performer's hand. That glow of youth comes in a little tin box. Few officeholders are great men, and the man with the nice smile and the lingering handclasp, who says he will pay you back the next time he sees you, never will see you again.

Assailed and buffeted by so many disillusionments, youth loses for a time the capacity to believe in anything at all, and develops a veneer of cynicism to protect itself from an unsympathetic world. This veneer is unlovely and a little wearisome to older persons, who long since have worn theirs away, but it need occasion no anxiety.

This period of doubting is the testing time of youth's mental and moral fiber. If the fiber is too weak to stand the strain imposed by the acquisition of honest knowledge, civilization is burdened with another unfortunate who must be kept under surveillance and in due season properly jailed. The man who makes off between two days with the company's surplus is one whose shattered faith in some Santa Claus or in ponies picked to win left him without sufficient stamina either to deny himself or to earn the play pretties he so eagerly covets.

Normal youth, possessed of backbone and a level head, sheds cynicism in due season as once it shed illusions; and normal maturity, though a little hard-boiled by reason of much experience in hot water, holds fast to that which is good and retains its faith in the innate decency of the other fellow even while insisting that he furnish adequate security and affix his signature in the lower right-hand corner where the dotted line is.

Highbrows

IN EACH generation there are a number of talented men who set up shop as critics of the human race. In our times it has been customary to call these men highbrows, and, more recently, young intellectuals. By whatsoever name they may be called they find little favor with the multitude, for their pet aversion is mankind and their pet theory is that majorities invariably are stupid while minorities have a monopoly of the world's visible supply of brains.

But the truth is that minorities, for all their plausible arguments and persistent shoutings, have espoused a cause that is possessed of some fatal defect offensive to the common sense of mankind, or, having espoused a cause that is just and reasonable, quickly become majorities and thus sacrifice the point of their boast.

Who brought the world thus far along the way of progress? Minorities? Nay; they stood at a little distance and mocked and said it couldn't be done—or, if it should be done, such a running amuck would follow as the world never had seen. And while they mocked they cast about for some argument wherewith to stiffen their backbones and assured one another that the mob had lost its reason and that but a few retained the ability to see clearly.

Majorities make the mare go. The beginning of a majority is a reasonable grievance or a reasonable aspiration. When one of these appears, a candidate for the Hall of Fame comes up out of the crowd and becomes a leader. When the majority has flocked to him, an abomination is removed from the earth or civilization is set a little farther on its way.

The progress of which mankind boasts has been wished upon it by majorities, and every suggested forward step or change has cooled its heels in the outer office where minorities sit until it found favor in the eyes of some majority and was permitted to enter and place its feet on the desk.

If this is true, as obviously it is, majorities are entitled to considerably more respect than is given them; and their opinions must be adjudged sane and beneficial.

If majorities have led the way thus far, is it reasonable to suppose that present minorities, having found favor in the sight of heaven, are enabled to understand matters that are beyond the mental reach of the average man? It is not—not while the average man retains his present working capital of common sense. There are few moot questions that can retain their frightful mien in the presence of common sense, and the common sense of the common people is now and ever will be the guide and the hope of the world in time of stress.

CHARACTER

By EDGAR A. GUEST

I sometimes think that homes assume
The characters of those who dwell
Within each wide and spacious room,
And all their habits plainly tell,
And thinking this, I pray that I
May leave in here no tiny trace
Of sin and ugliness whereby
I shall betray my dwelling place.

Written Especially for John Lucas & Co., Inc.

The next stanza in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

CHARACTER

Ofttimes we are temporarily attracted by superficial external considerations, which do not and cannot hold friendship. Unless the soul of the man or woman to whom we are attracted is illuminated by true character, we shall eventually tire of that person. The ones whom we love and trust are those who from day to day, thru pleasure and pain, prosperity and adversity, remain true and steadfast.

It is the character of men and of institutions which we learn to know, to respect and to trust. As manufacturers of materials designed to beautify and preserve, Lucas has long realized that character, in business, is the first and most important consideration. The testing fires of long time have not found Lucas wanting.

Write for The Book of Happiness

A valuable book by Prof. A. J. Snow, Ph. D., of Northwestern University, Evanston—Chicago, giving authoritative information on the selection of colors and color combinations, and for the first time explaining color reactions on human happiness.

In this book, Dr. Snow, a recognized authority in psychology, tells what colors are conducive to comfort, restfulness, harmony, etc. Write Department 17 for your copy today. It's FREE.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.

Paint and Varnish Makers Since 1840

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK PITTSBURGH CHICAGO BOSTON OAKLAND
ASHEVILLE FRESNO LOS ANGELES
ATLANTA HOUSTON MEMPHIS
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Purposely Made for Every Purpose

Lucas

Paints and Varnishes

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Live on the Porch

Convert your porch into a cozy, cool retreat by day and an airy sleeping porch at night—secure from inquisitive eyes.

In VUDOR Porch Shades only can you obtain the exclusive, patented, woven-in ventilating feature. VUDOR Porch Shades are made from beautifully stained wood slats in weatherproof, permanent colors.

VUDOR Porch Shades are very moderate in price. A shade 6 feet wide with a drop of 7 feet, 6 inches now costs only $6.50, north of Alabama and east of Colorado. Sizes to fit any porch priced proportionately.

Send for illustrations in colors and the name of your local dealer.

Hough Shade Corporation
250 Mills Street, Janesville, Wis.

Send name of your local dealer and also illustrations in colors to

Hough Shade Corporation
250 Mills Street, Janesville, Wis.

Vudor
Self-Hanging
Ventilating
PORCH SHADES

PLAYING FAIR

(Continued from Page 7)

"I'll tell a man you better squat, and squat low too! I'll be in action, as you call it, by the time I count five! When I get to five, I shoot! One—two—three ——"

"Talk to her! Talk to her!" implored the agent. June was more than willing

"Please! Please, Mrs. Brown, please don't shoot! I'm the new teacher. I—I ——"

"Well, why didn't that fool man say so?" a somewhat mollified voice returned. The latch lifted and their hostess, in a severe muslin nightgown, began investigating her dooryard with a flashlight; whereupon the station agent, without further formality, took his departure, his long strides swishing through the wet sagebrush. Mrs. Brown, barefooted and calm, advanced toward the pile of bundles he had deserted with a welcoming "Go on in; there's a match by the lamp."

Not until every bundle was inside, the door latched and her feet carefully dried did she take time to look at her guest. Then she sat down in a chair across the narrow room from June and looked at her. One of her many prides was to do one thing at a time—and do it well. Now that she gave herself over to it, her scrutiny of June was so painstakingly thorough that June felt both mentally and physically unclothed by it; but she had firmly determined while in Rome to be a Roman, so she conquered her embarrassment and gravely stared back.

Mrs. Brown's outstanding quality was cleanliness—unadorned, uncompromising cleanliness. She looked like a shining brown rock, scoured by centuries of swift-running waters. Her bright blue eyes seemed strangely out of place in her weathered face; it was as if two crevices of the hard brown rock had imprisoned tiny pools of heaven-blue water which still reflected the skies of spring. Otherwise she was adamant. Her straight, unsmiling lips shut closely, with no fullness whatever, like a dish and its lid; and even under the voluminous nightgown she looked like a composite study of all the thin women in the world. Altogether nothing could have been farther from June's hopes of a comfortable, sympathetic landlady.

"I'll not speak first," June declared mentally; "not if we sit here till we turn into mummies."

"Humph!" Mrs. Brown finally said—"humph!"

This succinct ejaculation proved to be her conversational pièce de résistance. In time June learned to appreciate its inflections and to answer to them, but just now she did not consider it a proper conversational opening; so they continued to sit silently on their straight-backed chairs for what, to June, was a very uncomfortable space of time.

The house was a typical but spotlessly clean homestead shanty; every crack carefully covered with strips of redolent tar paper; a small cookstove in one corner; a cupboard in the third and a bed in the fourth; while a shining, bare board table reigned in the center of the room. Everything else, except two small rag rugs, hung on nails about the walls.

"I'll send for a cot and live in the schoolhouse," June had just decided, when Mrs. Brown emitted a second humph, closely followed by an encouraging, "Well, I'm afraid they'll make short work of you."

"Who?" asked June, unearthing a smile from her dejection. "And why?"

"The Holcomb young ones. I don't think the Wiley kids'll show up at all. But that Holcomb tribe'd rather chase off teachers than eat. No reason that I know of 'cept onriness."

June had taken off her hat, and the sight of its wilting poppies roused her sinking spirits.

"Well, I came here to earn sixty-five dollars a month and I don't much care how I do it. I'd just as soon fight for it as to teach school for it. But nothing will make me give it up—except death."

A slight tremor disturbed the polished surface of Mrs. Brown's shiny tanned cheeks.

"If that's the case you better write out the address of your favorite undertaker. The last teacher went away with her arm in a sling. The Holcomb boy threw his jackknife at her and most cut her hand off; said he was throwing at a fly on the wall—humph!"

June hastily strengthened her waning smile.

"Well, if I don't survive just bury me under the schoolhouse. I haven't any money to spend on undertakers. If I live long enough to earn a few days' salary I'd like you to send it to Miss Smithers, in Sage City, for this hat. Here I've wanted a hat with poppies on it all of my life, and now it's ruined before it's even paid for."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brown, and began briskly building a wood fire in the four-legged stove. "I guess a few raindrops won't ruin it. What's your name, child?"

"Cameron—June Cameron."

"Sounds like the name of some kind of perfume. June Cameron—and pink poppies—and fawn's eyes—and little baby hands—all turned loose in this God-forsaken place. Did the superintendent that sent you here ever see you?"

"Why, certainly! She's known me ever since I was a little girl. This is the only summer school in the county that wasn't taken when I got back from Chicago, so I was glad to get it. I have to earn money to go on with—my painting."

"Painting? Well, doesn't take money to paint, does it?"

"Surely! You have to study color and perspective and technic."

"Humph! Once in a while we have an artist strayin' round here from one of the dude ranches. Queer birds. You look more like you'd be more interested in the technic of getting a husband.

"Well, I'm not!" June set her wet shoes emphatically on the newspaper Mrs. Brown had given her. "On the contrary it's taken me years to learn the technic of not getting a husband."

She blushed for the sound of this, but she couldn't resist saying it; she must somehow convince herself that she was glad John was no longer determined to marry her—glad—glad—glad!

Mrs. Brown glanced at her shrewdly.

"Oh, husbands ain't so bad. I got one good one out of three. Trouble was, I tried two of 'em before I had sense enough to take the one I'd really wanted all along, and then I only got him in time to fold his hands and put flowers on his grave. . . . Good Lord! Listen at me, chatterin' like a chipmunk!"

June lost herself in hysterical laughter; and Mrs. Brown, regarding her with apprehensive eyes, took a flask from the cupboard.

"I guess you're about at the end of your rope, girl. Here, take this and get to bed."

The liquor scalded June's throat and took quick toll of her tired mind.

"It's fun to sleep in a straw stack, isn't it?" she murmured after Mrs. Brown had hurried her to bed, where she lay beside her hostess on the rustling straw tick, its fresh straw odor brought out pungently by the dampness. "You know, grammy hasn't a sense of humor, an' John hasn't, either; but you have, Mrs. Brownie, haven't you?"

"Oh, sure," Mrs. Brown agreed, "I've got a sense of humor, and a darn good gun. Now go to sleep, child, go to sleep."

"But, oh, if the pupils won't come, what will I do?"

June worried herself into restless sleep, and in her dreaming went back to her childhood and her mother.

She wakened sharply at the sound of her own voice; she had spoken a word pleadingly—a call for comfort; had called like a child, "M-other." She found herself in alert and embarrassed consciousness, with her left arm thrown across Mrs. Brown's thin body. June lay motionless, pretending not to have wakened. After an instant Mrs. Brown raised slightly and turned cautiously over, under the soft, circling arm, and June felt her leaning close to look at her. She pulled the covers about June's shoulders and settled cautiously back, carefully holding the arm that encircled her in her hard, firm fingers.

"'M-other!" June heard her whisper. "G-ood Lord!" But something in the whispered words gave June a feeling of confidence and protection, and she dropped quickly into untroubled, dreamless sleep; but the brown-weathered woman of the hills lay awake for a long time that she might keep the pleasure of that soft, warm young arm.

III

JUNE'S diary for the following day bore the entry:

Monday.
Rain.
Gray sky; gray hills; gray me.
Briny beginning.
Mrs. Brown goes recruiting for scholars.
What mud! What a schoolhouse!
No pupils but a peaceful parent.
Make a sketch of parent; pretty good, I think.
Hat recovering nicely.
Order school supplies from Sage City.
Letter to John—didn't send it.
Clear sky at sunset.
Tired!

It was breakfast that gave the day its briny beginning, for it emerged saltily but not untastefully from a series of stone crocks of brine—butter out of the brine, eggs out of the brine, and salt pork likewise. But it was good. The tablecloth and napkins, fashioned out of white flour sacks, were beautifully clean, and Mrs. Brown's vicarious determination to procure pupils was an elixir that scorned the melancholy morning.

"Now, I'll go with you as far as Bisby's fence; you can see the schoolhouse from there. Then I'll short-cut over to Holcomb's and tell 'em school's in session and the teacher gettin' money for nothing. That'll bring 'em out if anything will. But the Wileys are so shiftless they don't care who gets money or who don't. 'Tain't likely anything short of the sheriff can move them, so I won't bother going there today—long as it's so rainy. Now, be sure your rubbers are tied on mighty tight. This mud can pull the hoofs off a horse."

The two-mile walk to the schoolhouse proved this to be no exaggeration. Walking ceased to be a mechanical act, for each step demanded discrimination and skill. The two miles seemed twenty, and the fine, driving rain stung her eyes and face. The wheel-marked road twisted among the hills, passing not a single tree, but skirting one or two small, poorly fenced fields of struggling wheat and an occasional patch of alfalfa. Poverty and pioneering are boon companions in the dry hills.

Finally the schoolhouse filtered through the mist into her vision, a tipsy, tottering little building set insecurely on a foundation of four flat corner rocks. Of the three windows, three were broken; and through one of them June was obliged to make entry, since the door was fastened on the inside with the stove poker. The interior offered very little toward educational enthusiasm. There was a tall, rusty stove flanked by an equally rusty stove bucket in the center of the room; a battered strip of blackboard stretched across the north wall; four whittled desks held a few torn schoolbooks, and on the teacher's high, old-fashioned desk a washbasin, which looked as if it had been used as a primitive weapon, companioned a one-legged alarm clock. The only modern thing in the room was a flourishing hornet's nest in one corner, a few of whose inmates crawled dejectedly about.

It took June ten minutes to inventory the books and to pile them into their respective lots of two primers, one first reader, three second readers, half of an eighth-grade reader, half a Bible—last half.

There were also the carefully preserved covers of an enormous geography. A remnant of a child's coat hung on a hook behind the door, and with this she dusted. Then—what to do? It was now nine o'clock. At least she was earning her salary. She wound the clock and it took up its task in cheerful, jerky spasms, like an old man's laughter. Then—what to do? She might eat part of her lunch, which that morning, watching Mrs. Brown prepare it, she had wondered if she could ever possibly get hungry enough to touch. But now the jelly sandwiches and hard-boiled egg became strangely attractive. She took them out of her raincoat pocket and spread the feast on the desk; and nibbling restrainedly, she began a letter to John:

Dearest Stranger: Even though you have given me up forever, you haven't lost all interest in me, have you, dear old John? And I'm writing you this letter merely to give you the pleasure of knowing how thoroughly miserable I am.

In the first place, it will gratify you to know that I'm cold and hungry—though I've a dainty salt-pork sandwich right here, waiting to be eaten. Then, in the second place, I haven't any pupils; but my landlady has gone for some with her revolver in her apron pocket. I began boarding with her at two o'clock this morning and I'm already deeply attached to her. You'd like her too. She thinks all girls should marry.

(Continued on Page 105)

Just what a light dessert needs

A gelatine with whipped cream seems to need a tempting sweet to make the dessert a little more substantial.

Sunshine Fig Bars—short, crisp cakes, with their filling of imported figs—are just rich enough to complete the dessert.

Women who have tried this delicious combination say that it is not the jelly or the fig bars that make the dessert, but each is equally important.

Try Sunshine Fig Bars with any light dessert. It will be something different—something dainty and enticing.

For luncheons, teas, and impromptu refreshments Sunshine Fig Bars are delightful.

Look for special offer at your grocery

To make Sunshine Fig Bars better known to everyone, most Sunshine grocers are making special displays and holding attractive special sales during this month.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

Sunshine
Sunday Dinners

Dinner, July 8

Dinner, July 15

Dinner, July 22

Dinner, July 29

Sunshine Biscuits

Everymeal—Everyday

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Are your teeth as clean as your hands?

YOU wash your hands often—perhaps a dozen times a day. You can't keep them clean any other way. How often do you brush your teeth?

According to high dental authority, your teeth should be brushed well for five minutes, at least four times a day. Before breakfast—after breakfast—after lunch—and before going to bed. Always make sure that you reach all sides of the rear-most molars.

Notice these important things: Brush often and *well*; reach all sides of the rear-most molars.

The way to brush teeth is to clean each tooth zone separately. Brush down over the gums and upper teeth. After you have thoroughly cleaned all of the upper teeth on all sides, reverse the brush and clean the lower teeth the same way. Brush all sides of the lower teeth away from the gums.

This is the correct way of cleaning teeth. It is and has been for more than forty-three years the Pro-phy-lac-tic way. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush was created to clean teeth this correct way.

The large end tuft is like a separate brush for cleaning the backs of the front teeth. This tuft, without effort, reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth. The curved shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the curve of your teeth. In this shape, the wide-set, serrated bristles reach and clean crevices between the teeth that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush the way it should be used, and use it often. Merely washing is not enough. You must brush *well*. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush brushes well with the least effort. Look for the name Prophylactic on the yellow box and handle of the next tooth brush you buy. Remember, a clean tooth never decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.

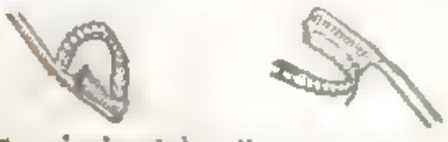
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this:

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:

With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:



The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Always Sold in the Yellow Box
A Clean Tooth Never Decays
Pro-phy-lac-tic
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH PRESERVES THE TEETH.
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS

(Continued from Page 102)

I'm supposed to have five pupils, but no one knows school has begun; and it seems the parents are opposed to teachers as a means of education. They are also prejudiced because they were not put on the school board—since they furnish the scholars

By the way, it's raining. There really should be windowpanes in this schoolhouse. I can't imagine why the pupils objected so to them. There, I've just captured two hornets under the washbasin. There's a whole nest of them here, and they're beginning to investigate me. They look damp and dejected, but I don't trust them.

Last night I thought Mrs. Brown's residence was a trifle bleak and unadorned, but having sat here for half an hour I look forward with longing to looking through windowpanes and smelling the straw mattress. Her whole house is about the size of the counter where you sell nails, and if you were a friend of mine, instead of a stranger, I'd ask you to send me one of those nice camping cots. But of course ——

Well, I wish there was something to sketch. I might do the hornet's nest. It would make a nice picture for a guest room. I wonder if there are any inspiring spots around here. All you can see this morning is rain, and all you can smell is wet sagebrush. It's like being in the center of a big gray moth ball.

Oh, here come Mrs. Brown and a petulant parent. How drenched they look! I'll make you a picture of them—to show you if we ever become acquainted again.

Renouncedly but not resignedly,

JUNE.

P. S. I must confess that it was quite terrible not to see you at the station. I'm afraid these stringent methods of yours may be effective.

Though the subject for sketching was not a cheerful one, it brought a vivid interest to June's face which lightened it more than laughter. Emerging from the gray distance came a tall man in a long coat and lopping hat, followed by Mrs. Brown. He progressed after the manner of a measuring worm, his body seeming never entirely to move.

June worked hastily, blocking in the suggestion of misted hills, catching the look of him with skillful lines, and catching the desolateness of it all with something far subtler than mere skill. It had become a recognizable likeness by the time her visitors reached the schoolhouse. June jerked open the reluctant door and greeted them with a buoyant "Good morning!"

The man's expression was in itself a triumph for her. His little eyes blinked swiftly at seeing this slender, laughing-eyed girl in her simple gray crêpe dress, just as they might have blinked if, hunting sage hens with his rifle ready, he had come upon a serene brown wood thrush, singing. That he did not return her greeting was further flattery; he was lost in looking at her. He stamped and shook himself, and sat one-sidedly down on the top of the first desk, while Mrs. Brown busied herself unearthing her feet from the alkali mud with the stove poker, explaining casually that Mr. Holcomb "just thought he'd come with me and talk things over."

"How nice of you! I do appreciate it." June turned upon him the sunniest of innocent smiles. "I'm so very grateful to have the parents' help and advice. How old are your children, Mr. Holcomb?"

"Aw, they're about twelve, I guess."

His voice came unsurely. He had prepared for no such opening as this; no teacher had ever before been grateful for his coming; no teacher, in fact no one at all had ever smiled upon him in this comradely fashion; and certainly no one had ever wanted his advice—which he had always known to be of great value. Then—the looks of her! After all, man can be only man. But since he had plowed through two miles of mud for the pleasure of indulging his love for trouble, he made a worthy effort to sustain the antagonism he had started with.

"But I ain't here to talk nothin' over with you, young woman. I come to tell you a few things! If you an' this school board think you can run this here deestrict you can furnish the young ones, savvy? This thing o' puttin' a passel o' rich ranchers on the board—mebbe they wouldn't be so rich if they raised kids for their country, 'stead o' cattle—don't go with me no longer, savvy? My Jim's come to this here school every term, off an' on, fer six years, an' he's still in the second reader, an' he can't read that. Fer as Ellen's concerned, she's as smart as anybody, but the teachers never give her a fair show because she ain't dressed up fit to kill like the Wiley brats. Now, I don't mind tellin' you that I've give Jim leave to make it just as miserable for the teachers as she treats them, savvy? Ma an' me considers that home's the place to lick kids and school's the place to learn 'em. When this here last teacher slapped Ellen's hands fer drawin' pictures in her book ——"

Nature demanded that he halt here for a hurried breath, and June plunged into the pause with an enthusiastic "Oh, does she like to draw?"

"Yes, she does; she's all the time markin' round on something. I'd a heap rather she took to 'rithmetic, but she's like her ma. Folks round here think my wife ain't quite right, but she's got more sense in her head than the whole passel of 'em."

"Oh, I know I'll just adore Ellen!" June's voice thrilled to its subject now with a sincerity beyond doubt. "You see, I'm more interested in drawing and painting than in anything else, and ——"

"Just look at that!" interrupted Mrs. Brown, who, having discovered June's sketch, held it admiringly in front of the disarmed parent.

June drew an apprehensive breath lest the unflattering sketch undo her diplomacy, but with true male normality her visitor saw in his likeness only that thing in which he was most satisfied—himself. A slow-stretching smile broke the sullen lines of his big unshaven face into the guileless pleasure of a child.

"Why, it's me!" he exclaimed with pleased appreciation, and regarded it with a long and increasing admiration that made June's conquest firm and final.

Having capitulated to pacifism, parent proved an invaluable ally. He evacuated the hornets, measured the windowpanes and made the future golden with promises of "I'll see to it myself." After an hour of planning, the three of them set forth together in the rain, a determined triumvirate for uplift and education in the dry hills. Mrs. Brown alone allowed skepticism to touch their enthusiasms. She was stoutly of the opinion that June should consult the school board before telegraphing to Sage City for the seventy-five-dollar bill of supplies which they had conscientiously decided was essential. But June had no misgivings.

"Why, I'm even going to charge these telegrams to them!" she scorned Mrs. Brown's warnings as she busily wrote messages to the Sage City merchants that evening. "Of course they'll pay for them! They can't expect me to teach school with a stove poker and a washbasin."

"'You don't know school boards like I do,' said the saucy little bird on Nellie's hat," parodied Mrs. Brown in operatic pessimism, but June smilingly wrote out her last order. It was addressed to the Golden Rule Store and demanded three window shades, one door knob, one dustpan, two felt erasers, one water pail, six clothes hooks.

She felt disloyal in not giving this business to John's hardware store; but now that the day had progressed so handsomely and had ended in a sunset which transformed the red-rocked hilltops into jagged piles of glistening garnets, she felt more reconciled to being the stranger to John that he had decreed she must be.

There was, of course, no use sending him the foolish letter she had written him from the schoolhouse; in its place she sent a short note to her grandmother. But the next morning, when she wanted to burn John's letter before she left for school, there was no finding it.

"Lost something?" demanded Mrs. Brown.

"Yes; a—a letter I wrote yesterday."

"Wasn't addressed to Mr. John Shepherd, was it?"

"Ye-es."

"Oh, I mailed it for you when I took the telegrams over to the station."

"But there was no stamp on it."

"I put one on."

Jane stared searchingly at the straight flat back, but her eyes fell as Mrs. Brown turned slowly to look at her.

"Thank you very much," she said pleasantly. "John will be awfully obliged to you."

But her heart fell. Her ambitions had found another enemy.

IV

SCHOOL had been in session for two weeks before the school board took action, drastic action, late on a hot afternoon of July. The door, newly latched and newly hinged, was open; and the three windows, newly paned, were thrown to the top, vainly imploring the breeze which scarcely fluttered the dainty dimity sash curtains. Through them entered the hot smell of baking sagebrush and the sound of grasshopper songs.

Jim Holcomb, senior student, was proudly and audibly studying a phonetic poem in a third reader, for the new teacher had advanced him from the hated second reader on the very first day. It made him in his soul a king and in his heart her slave. His sister Ellen, at the blackboard, swung to and fro on her long, bare brown legs before a map of the United States, earnestly endeavoring to restrain the pine tree she was drawing in the state of Washington from spreading its branches into Idaho and Oregon, the intended habitats, respectively, of a red apple and a woolly sheep.

Thus far they were the entire attendance, but on the following Monday the Wiley brats were to appear, their mother having needed two weeks to replenish the wardrobes of the three curly-headed little girls who in the very near future would be the belles of the hill country, and to satisfy herself that the new teacher was any account, even though she had established such an astounding friendliness with that Holcomb outfit. For June's interest in Jim and Ellen had developed into real affection. They were such strange, starved little animals. Jim, though about twelve, looked like a sixty-year-old gnome. His eyes had been weakened by the cruel sun of the dry hills until they squinted back into a nest of wrinkles and often seemed entirely closed; and as if to balance this discrepancy, his mouth hung roundly and droopingly open. He wore two garments—a torn shirt and overly large overalls. Ellen also went clad in duality, her garments consisting of a calico dress made into bloomers by means of a large safety pin, and a hair ribbon. But they were clean. The effort that Mrs. Wiley spent in fastidious but far from immaculate adornment Mrs. Holcomb expended with the scrubbing brush and odorous laundry soap. Ellen's sun-shriveled, shrewd little face had taken on the light of accomplishment in the last two wonderful weeks. Having struggled for four years to familiarize herself with the primer, she was now enveloping all sorts of knowledge through the one channel possible to her—drawing. Whatever she drew she could remember. However, it was very difficult to keep the chief product of Washington from trespassing into Idaho and Oregon.

"Looky, Miss C'meron; can I change the map a little? My tree won't be pretty if I rub it off on the Idaho side."

She had just appealed to June, when a tall man stepped into the doorway. For an instant June wondered if he might be the head of the house of Wiley, renowned for spending every nickel for clothes. But the idea fleetly vanished. This was no man of the hills. Though dressed in Western fashion—boots, khaki skirt, khaki trousers and wide-brimmed hat—he smacked indubitably of the East and just as indubitably of affluence. For the first time in two weeks June gave thought, distressed thought, to her unpowdered nose, to her uncertain coiffure and to the small neglected ink spot on her gray crêpe dress. It was pleasingly evident, however, that the man was giving thought to far more optimistic aspects.

"Are you the—the new teacher?" he finally asked, as if such fact were incredible.

"Not new. I have taught here for two weeks."

Why had he come?

"Indeed! May I come in?"

"Certainly. Won't you sit down?"

She offered him her one chair, which he politely refused in favor of the back desk top. His eyes ran amusedly over Jim and Ellen, who were surveying him with pronounced disfavor, Ellen's eyes growing rounder and Jim's seeming to disappear entirely within his scowl.

"I'm sort of an envoy, Miss—ah," consulting the envelope in his hand, "Miss Cameron. Since I was riding out, exploring the hills today, I offered to deliver this letter for my friend Mr. Jennings, who was recently put on the school board by an act of Congress—or something equally unexpected."

Jennings? Jennings? The secretary of the school board—his name was Jennings. Real dismay flooded June's eyes as she took the extended letter, Jim and Ellen meanwhile evincing an increased disfavor under the caller's amused scrutiny. June's glance leaped over the terrible phrases—"immediate resignation"—"violated your contract"—"exceeded your authority"—"very truly yours ——"

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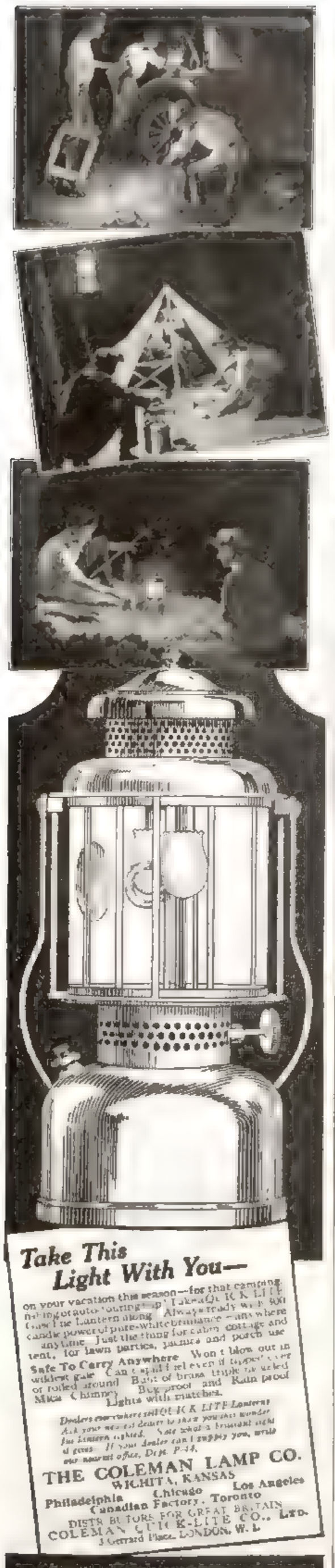
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Dealers everywhere sell QUICK LITE Lanterns.
Ask your nearest dealer to show you this wonder
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"Oh," she appealed to the interested envoy, "how can they act so? We just had to have the things! They can't make me resign when I have a contract, can they?"

Here Jim and Ellen, vaguely understanding, took command.

"You'd better not fire her! I'll tell pa to kill you if you do!" Jim opened the assault.

"And he'll do it too!" seconded Ellen, advancing like a little cat to combat and joining her brother in the corner, where they combined forces, hurling out their battle cries one after the other:

"You rich fellers can jest tend your own business!"

"You can't run our school!"

"She's an awful good teacher, so she is!"

"She's learnin' us awful good grammar!"

"An' how to draw cats an' cows an' everything!"

"An' geography!"

"An' nice manners!"

"An' pa killed a sheep herder oncet, an' he'll do it to you too!"

The visitor raised his hands high in surrender.

"Can't you save me?" he importuned June. "Or are they merely demonstrating one of your lessons in nice manners?"

June, laughing hysterically, put an arm about the shoulders of each warrior, and a queer expression came into the man's cynical gray eyes at seeing their response to her touch.

They loved her—little, wild, uncouth creatures—and love's obeying is a beautiful thing wherever it may be manifested. They listened to her dutifully, though they deigned only the bitterest of farewell glances on the intruder.

After they had departed on a lope down the hillside June sat down at her desk and inquired of her highly entertained caller, "Are you the Honorable Mr. Jennings' honorable deputy secretary of the school board?"

"Nothing so distinguished, Miss Cameron. I seem to be merely Mr. Jennings' goat. In less strategic situations I am Baird Blaine, a classmate of Mr. Jennings and at present a guest at his ranch."

"Oh!" said June, feeling very much at a loss. Her heart beat bewilderingly.

This was the sort of man with whom she had populated the land of her dreams; educated men of poise, humor and sophistication, and always—always rich. Surely this man was rich. People said that young Jennings, who had bought the great Clear Creek Ranch, was a millionaire. What irony that she should meet her first rich man under such humiliating conditions! But he seemed a human enough creature, and a swiftly reminding thought of how desperate the situation really was swept away his impressiveness and left her concerned only with his mission.

"Mr. Jennings hasn't any children, has he?" she asked abruptly.

"No, he hasn't, Miss Cameron."

"And if he had they'd never be sent to this little school, would they?"

"We-ell, possibly not," apologetically.

"Then what on earth is he doing on this school board?"

"He is letting his best friend go to war for him—though I assure you I'm indebted to him for the privilege. The fact is, Jack didn't seek this position. As I told you, he got it by an act of Congress, or something similar. He wasn't consulted and, I may say, he wasn't pleased exactly. But Millicent—his wife—convinced him that it was his duty to take on the responsibilities of the community where he lived. But when the president of his—ah—organization wrote him please to call on the teacher not later than Friday and make known to her the decision of the—ah—organization—well, he rather side-stepped; though I'm positive Mrs. Jennings would have insisted on his coming in person if it weren't that they're welcoming twenty thousand head of cattle from Texas over at the ranch today."

"Twenty thousand head of cattle," repeated June slowly, "and sending around his rich, amused friend to take away my little sixty-five dollars a month!"

"Oh, I say, Miss Cameron! You're maligning me—really you are."

"You are rich, aren't you?"

"We-ell, vicariously; I must admit that mother is, quite so—and I happen to be a dutiful son at the moment."

"And you are amused, aren't you?" she persisted.

"Considerably less than I was; I'm being rapidly reduced to remorse."

"Your appearance doesn't indicate it. And you have come to discharge me, haven't you?"

He laughed. His laughter was very different from John's. Laughter made John into a twelve-year-old boy; but it set unmistakable sophistication on this man. It was a trained sort of sound, as if he touched a discriminative button to produce it. Nevertheless, June felt a thrill of pleasure at being so evidently able to interest him and to rouse that none too subtle admiration in his gray eyes.

"I hope you'll forgive what I came for, Miss Cameron, and judge me by my reason for remaining. I didn't even need the pleasing assurance of your pupils to convince me that something was radically wrong with Jack's organization. Do you mind telling me what it's all about, so that I may make a comprehensive report when I suggest that they reconsider their blunder?"

June's explanation was a great success. Since the simplicities of reality seemed to amuse him so highly, she exhibited every article that had been purchased and made an expense account in red chalk on the blackboard, which he painstakingly copied into a gold-mounted leather notebook. They came out ten cents short; but the shortage was finally accounted for by the half dozen clothes hooks behind the door, on one of which hung her poppy hat.

"Phew! Some hat!" he approved.

"Yes, isn't it? It's my best one. But I wear it every day to keep up my spirits."

"I'll wager," he speculated, surveying the hat, "that you're an Eastern girl out here on a lark."

June summed up the red column on the board—$78.75—and dusted off her hands.

"Don't wager heavily on it. I was born in Sage City; my Eastern manner I acquired from ten months in a Chicago rooming house. And so far as being on a lark is concerned, if you don't succeed in pacifying the school board I'll be put in jail for debt on that very hat. I promised faithfully to pay for it the instant I get my first month's salary."

"The—the sixty-five dollars?"

"Yes, indeed! Please don't speak of it in such a tone. It's a very good salary. The hat was only nineteen dollars, and my living expenses are only fifteen, and I owe grammy five, so at the end of the month I'll have twenty-six dollars toward my career—if I'm not discharged."

"Oh, so there's a career concerned in this, too, is there? Well, there'll be no discharging, I can assure you. If you'll permit me, Miss Cameron, it will give me great pleasure to present this school district with seventy-eight dollars and seventy-five cents of mother's money."

He reached casually for his bill folder and slowly drew a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill from its revealed riches.

"Will it give your mother equally great pleasure?" asked June quietly, but she flushed under his measuring look. She knew from it that he had expected her to demur.

"Yes, indeed! Nothing delights mother more than an advance toward sobriety on my part, and this means that I'll be a hundred dollars soberer for this month at least than I would be otherwise."

June took the bill and examined it pleasurably.

"You're making yourself sound a dreadful devil, aren't you? But tell me, why did you expect me to refuse this?"

He smiled, surprisedly, admiringly.

"Why, I didn't! Of course I didn't!"

"Ye-es, I think you did. But I can't see why you shouldn't, if you're really rich. Besides, I'm sure the horrid old board will pay the bill themselves when they find you're willing to do it. But you see, I won't have any change for this until after my first month's salary, so I'm going to ask as a further favor that you settle the matter with Mr. Jennings."

After the merest instant's hesitation he took the bill she held toward him with a careless "Surely; glad to," and as he raised his eyes from tucking it back with its companions they fell on the sketch of Parent Holcomb in the rain, which lay among the papers on her desk.

"Hello! So it's an artist's career, is it?" he exclaimed, holding the sketch off at arm's length.

June watched him breathlessly. There was no polite affectation in his surprised comment, which came like ambrosia to June's hungry ambitions. She thought of John. If John had been shown the sketch he would have made some such remark as "Well, you can certainly handle the crayon, all right"; or perhaps "Great Cæsar! That's a dismal-looking fellow. Why don't you find pretty things to draw?" and any admiration in his eyes would have been for her, and not for the thing she was able to create.

Blaine, looking up quickly from the sketch, surprised such a warm look of gratitude on her upturned face that he impulsively put one hand down over her clasped ones which lay on the desk in front of her.

"Why, you're an artist!" he said.

"Oh, no, I'm not. But I want to be one—terribly. That's why I'm so anxious to retain this lucrative position."

"Good Lord!" he said, and slowly took away his hand.

She gave no sign that she had even noticed his touch, but she was wondering at that very instant why it was that no endearment from John, whom she loved, had ever thrilled her as did the careless and out-of-place familiarity of this man. And while she serenely returned his gaze her mind rioted on ahead to the wonderful possibility of a summer's friendship with this sophisticated pleasant person, who represented all that she hoped to attain.

"Twenty-six dollars!" he repeated reflectively. "But you're kidding me, aren't you?"

"No, indeed, I'm not! It's the proud and precious truth. Am I the first of my species that you've ever come in contact with?"

"Species? You mean teachers?"

"No, that's only a subdivision. I mean the great poor-but-honest class, blessed by the incentive of poverty."

"I'll say you're not the first! I'm the original slumming hound. Every Tuesday, in the rôle of mother's little helper, I enlighten the East Side with gingerbread and undergarments. But I'll admit you're the first person I've ever seen who looks like a million dollars—on twenty-six."

"Thank you. But I haven't the twenty-six—yet," she corrected. "Don't feel sorry for me though, please."

"Oh, I'm not."

He found himself comfortable space on one end of her desk, appraising her with flattering eyes while he talked.

"Perhaps I'm envying you. In fact I envy anyone who wants to do something. The Lord knows I wish I did!"

"Well, the Lord knows I can't understand the boredom of the rich. Of course you're the first rich person I've ever seen in the flesh, but all whom I've read about are bored to death. Doesn't mother want you to want to do anything else except deliver gingerbread and undergarments—and be sober?"

"She does, indeed. She wants me to marry someone who can afford to support me in the manner I'm accustomed to."

"And are you prejudiced against matrimony? You look positively brutal." For the pleasantness had left his face, and nasty little sneering lines nested about his gray eyes.

"I'm prejudiced against anyone who'd be willing to marry me."

"That must make your wooing difficult."

"Very."

Then there was a short silence. He was hard to talk to. She didn't know just how to keep up with him.

"My, I'd like to risk being bored with money!" she finally said.

"What would you do first?"

A swift light, unrelated to any excitement of the moment, flashed in her dark, laughing eyes.

"Oh, I'd take the next train to the best art school in the world, and in five years I'd be painting pictures for kings and queens. I know it! Oh, I'd give my very soul for money!"

"I—wonder—if—you—would."

Something vaguely disconcerting in the slow voice made her flush, and instinctively she applied his words otherwise than he intended.

"We-ell, perhaps I wouldn't be painting for kings and queens; but at least I'd be painting the kind of pictures my mind sees and that my hands aren't able yet to copy."

"You're—clever," he said, and again she chose to evade his suggestiveness with laughing sincerity.

"Oh, I hope I'm more than that. I'll admit no one else seems to see as much in my work as I do, but I've a desperate conviction that I've a touch of something heaps bigger than mere cleverness."

(Continued on Page 108)

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Just as much valued as its beauty is the sturdy weave and durability of Klearflax. For linen is the strongest of fabrics and Klearflax, just alike on both sides, can be turned again and again, giving remarkable wear resistance.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor and wears indefinitely. You can clean it easily, for, being linen, it is mothproof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $49; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially in the extra widths, for office use. It is priced at $4.10 a square yard.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpeting and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH MINNESOTA

Conceals scuffs
Restores faded spots
BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
How to Care for Scuffed Shoes
Trim the rough edges until the surface is smooth. Saturate the dauber liberally with Dyanshine. Touch the scuffed spot a time or two. Then proceed to shine the shoe. That is all. The leather—scuffed spot and all—will be smooth and even in color, bright and clear in lustre.
How to restore Color to faded Shoes
Clean the shoe thoroughly of dirt and grease. Soap and water is good. But don't soak shoes, wash them only with a damp cloth or sponge. Then let them dry in the shade.
Now apply Dyanshine to all parts, giving special attention to faded spots. Proceed as before with soft cloth. Clear, uniform color will result—faded spots will entirely disappear. Use Dyanshine consistently once a week and the leather will not fade again.
Barton's Dyanshine restores color. Conceals scuffs. Preserves leather. Shines shoes.
No acids to harm. No after-odors to embarrass. No paste necessary. The shine will last a week.
Barton's Dyanshine is available in Black and popular shades of Tan and Brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid. Always ask for it by name. Avoid imitations.
Manufactured only by
BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A.
Copyright 1923 Barton Mfg. Co.
50 Shines 50 cents
BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

(Continued from Page 106)

This time he honored her evasiveness, though not graciously. He swung off the desk, thrust his hands into his pockets and sauntered to the open doorway.

He was going—going. June could find no words to empty into the challenging silence. The restless black horse outside would carry him swiftly over the hills, by roads and cow paths that rivaled a crow's flight, to a world as completely removed from hers as if it lay fifteen million miles distant instead of only fifteen, and she would mean nothing more than an amusing anecdote for him to tell at the dinner table. Oh, if only some power could help her to hold him, to retain that flattering interest in his ironical gray eyes. Finally he cleared his throat and answered her.

"Certainly, you've genius," he said shortly; "don't be afraid of the word. But it looks as if Devil isn't so appreciative of his surroundings as I am. He'll have that fence demolished in a minute. Let's get out of this coffin. If he'd carry double I'd offer you a ride; but, as it is, I should enjoy walking home with you—if I may."

His words asked a favor, his voice granted one, and June knew it. Her instinct told her that frankness was her surest weapon—a discreet frankness wary of too great an eagerness—so she answered his voice rather than his words.

"Thank you very much, kind sir. Of course, I'll be delighted. I was petrified for fear you were going to ride disgustedly away because I confessed I'm a genius, and I'd never see my rich man any more."

He laughed with less of the touch-button sound than before.

"Don't worry, Miss Cameron. If I may match you in frankness, I'm just as interested in you as you are in me. But come on; I don't feel at my best in this little pill box."

"Not too great an eagerness—not too great an eagerness," whispered the warning.

"No, I have to attend to my Friday-night house cleaning," she insisted, and had the satisfaction of his clumsy assistance with the sweeping, board cleaning, and eraser dusting.

She came on a letter from John as she was clearing her desk, the only letter she had received from him; the letter that—how queerly, how queerly—had given her such pleasure in the last two days. For John had waited almost two weeks before answering the letter which Mrs. Brown had seen to it that he should receive. And in those slow-passing days June had grown restless for word from him; had grown less and less certain that it was impossible for her to marry him. So that when his letter finally came every word was welcome and some of them were kissed. It had said:

June Darling: There's no use my trying to give you up. I've tried to stick it out, but you know very well that I'll always be loving you; so I guess you'll just have to go on torturing me until you either kill me or marry me.

I'm expressing you a camping cot today. And day after tomorrow I'll look for a letter. Maybe I'll drive out there Sunday. I will if I can. I've had a mighty good month and I'm awfully busy unpacking and shelving a carload of new goods. But I guess if my flivver will get me there you'll see a man whose a fool about you next Sunday sometime. I'll promise you this, though, my girl! The next time anybody mentions marrying it'll be yourself. Lord, I do love you! Good-by.

JOHN.

Yes, every word of it had been welcome; and the discouraging little misspelled "whose" had been forgiven with a kiss.

But now ——

She held the envelope for an instant in both her hands, as indifferent to it as if it were from a stranger.

"I oughtn't to feel this way," she rebuked herself futilely.

But nothing can warm indifference. It is a fact and not a variable. For he was not a mere man who stood outside dusting the two red-white-and-blue erasers. He was opportunity. He was a king of her air castles. True, there was something vaguely repellant about him; something that roused a faint fear in her; but this only fanned the excitement that glowed in her breast like a hot coal.

This letter—why should she keep it? She knew it by heart anyway. With quick fingers she tore it across several times and thrust it into the mass of papers in the freshly blacked stove, closing John out of her mind as completely as she had put aside his words that she had kissed.

For opportunity dusts erasers only once.

And surely enchantment touched the hot road, even though the disgruntled Devil, on an unwilling rein, interrupted many a sweet speech by snorts and plunges of rebellion at such meandering. For what confidences are ever again so sweet as the first revealing barter of personalities? June thrilled with accomplishment at rousing real laughter in him with small tales of her girlhood, of her grandmother, of her Sage City critics, of her great hopes and their small fulfilling in Chicago, of the Cottonwood residents, the station agent, the Holcombs and Mrs. Brown.

But John Shepherd's name did not cross her laughing lips. And what Blaine told her of himself was equally free of any hint of romance. The cynically humorous glimpses he gave her of his life summarized into seasonal campaigns of theater, opera, new dance steps, novel reading—for conversational purposes—flirting with new girls, golfing with old ones, auction bridge, yachting and poker; all this tempered with a few hours now and then in an office whose door was distinguished by the golden letters of his name, and where he managed his mother's affairs by permitting a little bow-legged man to show him how and where to sign various documents. His sarcasm puzzled and charmed her.

Once, stooping so suddenly that Devil snorted and almost snapped his reins, he brought up a mountain lily from close under a sagebrush, a dainty, cool, three-petaled thing that might better have graced some fern-shaded bower.

"As delightful a surprise in this desert as a charming girl in a Paris hat and gown," he said, handing it to her.

"All I can accept of that is the 'charming' part." She knew she was flushing with pleasure. "I've told you about the hat, and I made my dress myself. It cost exactly two dollars and thirty-five cents—without the thread."

"It might have cost two hundred dollars and thirty-five cents, and looked less than yours. Design is what counts. As we've said before, you're an artist."

So many things that he said made her bring John up in comparison. John thought her clothes were too plain; he liked little ruffles and ribbons and flutings. Now, just as he crossed her mind in another little trail of disparagement he crossed also her amazed vision.

They had topped the hill and come into view of the Brown residence, which, with its two high-set square windows, exactly centered door and tipsy stovepipe, looked like a happy-go-lucky Irish tramp. Great activity surrounded it. An addition, consisting of a brown canvas tent, was being attached to its south side. And astride the tent top, perched perilously and swinging a hammer with magnificent motion, sat John, blue-shirted, muscular, bareheaded, pouring out the resources of his heart and his hardware store for her comfort.

"What—in—the—name—of—heaven!" murmured June, hating him for his devotion.

Her mind raced round like a white mouse in a cage, and with equal futility. She was ashamed of herself for knowing she was going to be humiliated when the two men met; but her littleness of spirit was bigger than her control of it. Blaine continued making humorous and unheard observations of the dwelling, while she came to the conclusion that in some manner he must be dismissed here at the hilltop fence.

"Jove! I wish I could swing a hammer like that fellow," Blaine was envying. "Ho-ho! Look at his assistant! Is that your landlady?"

A tall, brisk, sunbonneted figure, weaponed with a two-by-four, appeared on the slightly sloping roof; saw them; remained, statuelike, in her surprised survey, and waved.

"So that's what the sunbonnet babies grow into!" observed Blaine. "Regular Statue of Liberty! I know I'm going to like that old girl."

But June had no notion of indulging the anticipation in his voice. She blessed the fence stretching in front of them.

"I know you will, too," she agreed warmly, "but I think you'll find her more entertaining when she isn't so busy. Don't bother with the gate. I always slip through here." Slipping between the end posts, she smiled at him over the three strands of barbed wire. "I'll be more hopeful of your coming again—with Mrs. Brown as an inducement."

"But why this sudden cruelty? I've been daring to hope that the briny Mrs. Brown might ask me for dinner. I've never had a dinner out of the brine."

"I'd hoped the same thing," she assured him, "but we probably won't have dinner tonight out of anything—just—just probably a sandwich." Levity was leaving her for a sickening seriousness.

And still he refused to accept his dismissal.

"They're more hospitable than you are, anyway," he said, and turning to follow his eyes she saw John coming to meet them, covering the ground fleetly, with long, lithe strides of his legginged legs, his big blue-eyed face under its thatch of boyishly rumpled hair alight with pleased welcoming.

But June saw only the blue shirt—why is it that blue shirts hold none of the beauty that blue gives to harebells and heaven? the blue shirt, open at the collar and bloused at the belt. She held her hand up in limp greeting and turned back to Blaine.

He knew. He was laughing at the littleness of her artifice. His smiling eyes read and delighted in the confusion that blossomed prettily in her cheeks and slender throat. Her mental attitude somersaulted dizzily. Instead of being ashamed of John before this handsome worldly stranger, she was humiliated to the depths of her that he should know she was ashamed of John. She hated, suddenly, his poise and sarcasm and amusement.

"So the handsome carpenter is a friend of ours?" he said, laughter in his voice.

"The best friend we have in the world," she returned warmly, and had at least the satisfaction of lessening the banter in Blaine's eyes; and with the loyal words came a strengthening emotion that held tenderness toward John and indifference for Blaine's opinion.

She went a few steps to meet John, taking his arm with a graciousness that armored her determination. John, however, was possessed of no artifice. He was surprised at her escort. He looked as disgruntled and taken aback as a high-school boy jealous of his sophomore sweetheart. It was Blaine who eased the situation, extending a gracious hand over the fence and carelessly leading John into conversation, while June's merciless eyes saw that John was provincial and awkward. After a few minutes' talk, which touched the bill of goods which was to be presented to the school board, Mr. Blaine swung into his saddle and departed in a cloud of dust, having left a polite "Then I'll see you again soon, I hope, Miss Cameron," to ring as echoingly in John's ears as in June's.

Alone, her first words to her lover were as abrupt as the dispatch with which she removed her hand from his arm.

"John, why will you wear such awful shirts?" she asked fiercely.

After an instant's steady gaze he matched both her tone and irrelevance.

"Why in thunder didn't you tell me about the board? I don't like his paying for those things. It doesn't look right."

"Well, I guess it looks fully as well as your coming out here and building me a house without being asked to!"

This retort so completely bewildered his honest eyes that she broke into nervous laughter, declaring childishly, "Well, you've no right to act as if you own me!"

"I'm going to own you some day," he said, stubbornly sullen.

"You never are, John Shepherd! Never, never, never!"

"Oh, yes, I am—because you love me, June."

She stopped in the road and looked back at him, a tiny shaft of fear in her black denying eyes, and flung at him the words that were her stronghold:

"Ye-es; my mother loved my father too. How can you think that is any argument for happiness?"

"That isn't fair, June; that isn't fair," he said slowly.

"I don't know of anything fairer than truth," she retorted, but she melted into grateful admiration of the new tent house with its shining floor of wide white boards and its brown new-smelling canvas walls.

Mrs. Brown left none of its virtues unpraised, and took the first opportunity to whisper to June: "He's a real man, with a heart in him. It's a shame you had to choose this day for picking up a beau. It's made him look downright sick. Now you see that you're double nice to him to make up for it."

But though June did try conscientiously to heal the sick look, she knew that John felt the shallowness in her smiles and bright chatter as they worked about together.

(Continued on Page 111)

It's easy to beautify and preserve your woodwork with Valspar Varnish-Stains—

Sample can about ½ actual size

How often it brightens up a room to change the color of the woodwork! And it's no work at all with Valspar Varnish-Stain. For both Valspar and stain are applied with one stroke of the brush. Anyone can do it.

Valspar Varnish-Stains are the famous Valspar Varnish plus permanent wood colors. They will never turn white. They are proof against water, accidents, wear and all kinds of weather. They are unequalled for floors, front doors, furniture and all woodwork—indoors and out—that requires staining and varnishing.

You can secure them in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. Waterproof and translucent, these stains protect the wood and bring out the grain in all its beauty.

Valspar Varnish-Stains stand all the famous Valspar tests. They are easy to apply, work freely and smoothly under the brush and dry hard over night.

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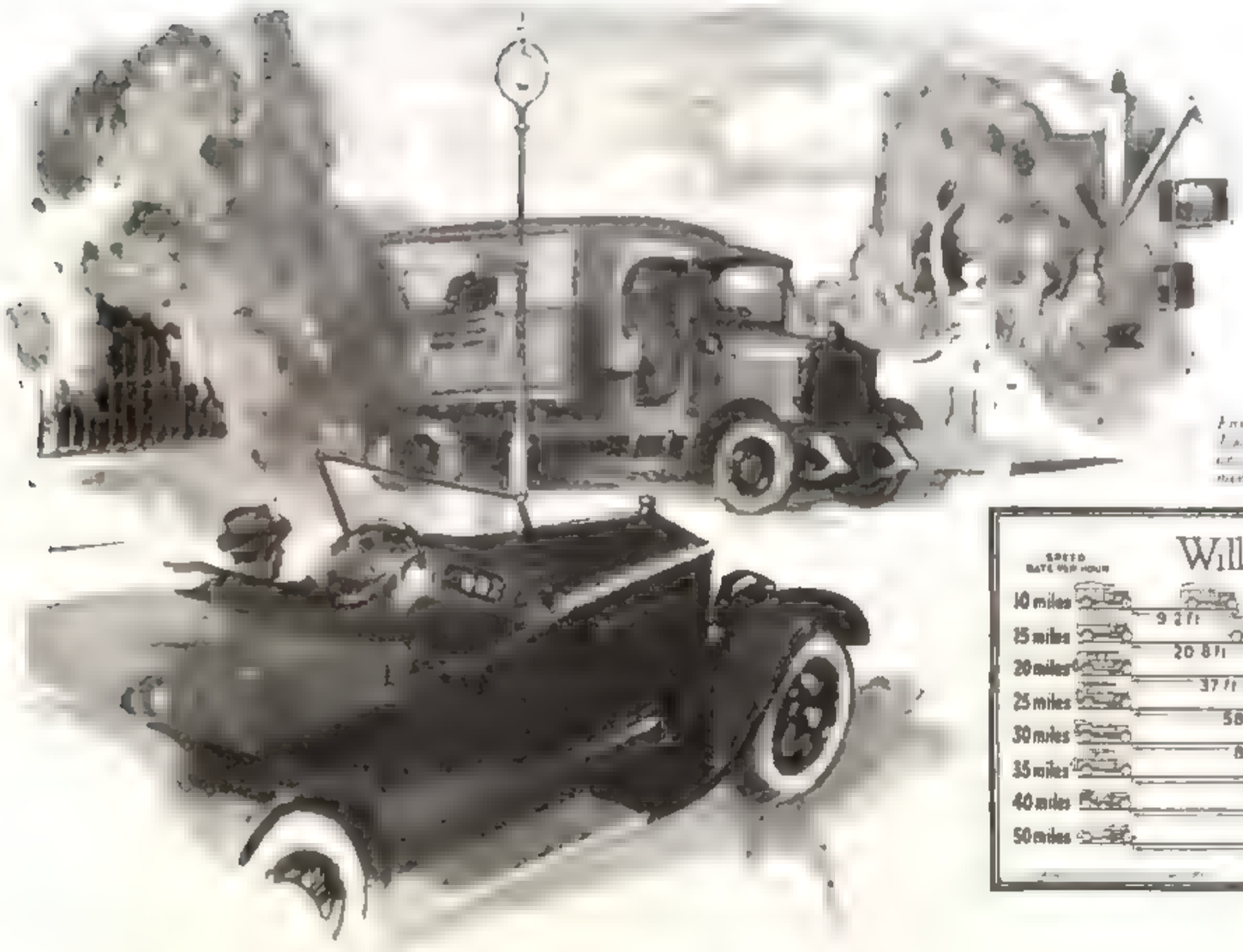
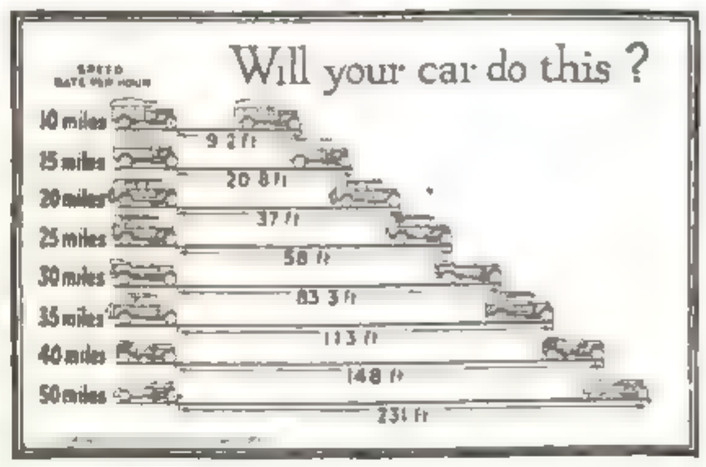


Famous Thermoid Standard Chart—shows distances in which car should stop if brakes are efficient. Brakes lined with Thermoid meet these standards.



"Out he came, full steam ahead!"

"The hedge shut him off till we were right on top of each other. Out he came, just off my left mud-guard! I threw everything I had into my brakes—the car bucked once, twisted—then stopped dead.

"I felt the breeze of that other car as he whistled by! They don't come any closer."

Brakes saved this smash-up—brakes lined with Thermoid.

Thermoid does more than slow you down—it STOPS you!

Thermoid grips surely and evenly—from the first day on. Hydraulic pressure—2000 pounds of it—makes it dense and compact—one solid mass. This tremendous compression takes out all the further "give" which *you* have to compress out by long, steady braking in other linings.

Thermoid *wears* down slowly, instead of *mashing* down quickly—because it is so dense. And it grips evenly—every inch of it—until worn thin as cardboard. Thermoid never wears down in spots, or "grabs" in an emergency.

Thermoid's 40% more material means a big saving to you

That 2000 pounds compression makes Thermoid so dense that it *wears* down instead of *mashing* down. What's more, it enables us to compress *40% more material* into every square inch of brake lining!

This extra material—found *only* in Thermoid—means:

Fewer adjustments
Approximately 40% more wear.

The cost of brake adjustment over a period of three years mounts up. Thermoid—dense and firm—seldom needs taking up. You can chalk up a definite saving right there. Thermoid has *always* been a safe brake lining—it is now known as the most economical.

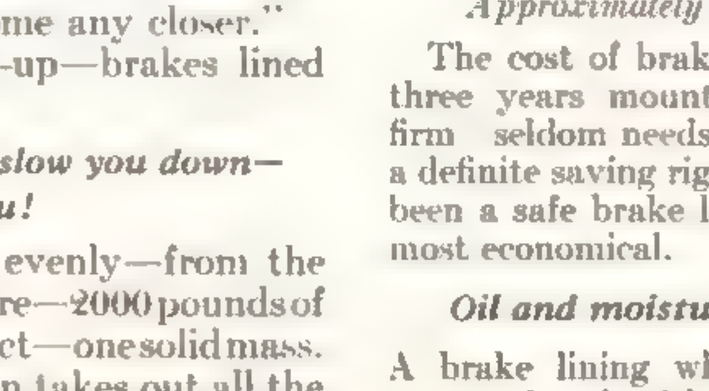
Oil and moisture do not affect Thermoid

A brake lining which absorbs moisture or becomes glazed with oil will slip or take hold in "jerks." Thermoid cannot swell, slip or snatch because of a special treatment applied in its making.

This treatment is called "*Grapnalizing*." It was invented by our own engineers—it is found *only* in Thermoid. It makes Thermoid Brake Lining absolutely proof against oil, moisture and gasoline.

Play it safe for *any* emergency. Know your brakes, and when you need relining, specify Thermoid!

Left. Steady wear soon squeezes out "ragged edge" on ordinary soft brake lining. This means poor wear and frequent adjustment. Right. Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Lining is so compact to squeeze out. Wears down slowly, grips when worn wafer-thin. Needs fewer adjustments.



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Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

(Continued from Page 108)

while Mrs. Brown exerted herself preparing an early supper that should be worthy of such a grand young man. After the work on the new quarters was finished John dug them a cellar of washtub dimensions in a well-chosen spot below the spring, in order to reduce the crocks of brine. June sat on a rock and talked to him while he worked. His eyes asked endearments, and she exerted herself to compensate for what her heart denied him by a flattering interest in his business recitals—the big sales of the month, new lines of goods he had decided to carry, an old style of pump he was getting rid of, the new cash system, a bread mixer that was a seller from the word go, and so on—hardware, hardware, *ad infinitum*.

Once, pausing to wipe his forehead with a handkerchief that had become grimy in her service and which brought her a thought of Blaine's fine snowy linen one, he asked politely, "How's the painting coming on, honey?" But before she could answer, his own question brought another matter to his mind. "Oh, by the way, I got good news the other day, about the Bobcat oil wells. It looks pretty hopeful. I shouldn't wonder if I'll bless the day yet that you talked me into that deal. And if they do pan out ——"

June, smiling queerly, completed his remark with a sarcasm for which he naturally could divine no reason.

"My," she breathed, "just think of the bread mixers you can stock up with if they do!"

John colored slowly and struck an angry shovel into the hillside.

"I don't see any occasion for that remark. Think of 'em, if you want to—if you can take your mercenary mind off that smooth city guy long enough to think about anything else."

John always quarreled like a child, with no relevance; but when he grew angry June always grew gentle, for the hurt in his eyes covered the sting of his words.

"Yes, I'm mercenary, John, and I did happen to be thinking of Mr. Blaine; but if you'll come over here I'd like to forgive you for telling me so—with a kiss." John went. "Wait, I'll say thank you, too, for all that you've done today—you blessed old dear." And she gave him generously her forgiving lips, trying fiercely to kindle the same feeling in her heart that flamed in his. But it was no use; too great a tantalizing fire of future possibilities was already blazing there. And she could find nothing within herself except a distaste for the warmth of his body, for the blue shirt so proudly soiled in her service, for his stolid belief in himself, for his solemnity of mind.

But night has magic for doubting hearts. As the purple haze of evening fell her antagonism died. She went with him in his small flivver truck to the barbed-wire gate which inclosed their twenty-acre yard of sagebrush; and, suddenly touched by the devotion and the yearning in his eyes, she put her arms up to him as they stood together by the gate and let him hold her in a long embrace, her heart eased by a real tenderness for which she was grateful.

"Oh, girl, you do love me!" he whispered. "Oh, I'd be so good to you, honey!"

His colossal seriousness broke her mood and she pulled herself away from him, calling back lightly as she ran down the road, "I've never denied it. But I can't paint pictures with a scrubbing brush. Just wait till the Bobcat oil wells come in—and see how good I'll let you be to me."

It sounded unkind, crude; as if in apology, she added in a different tone, "Good-by, dear. Of course I love you."

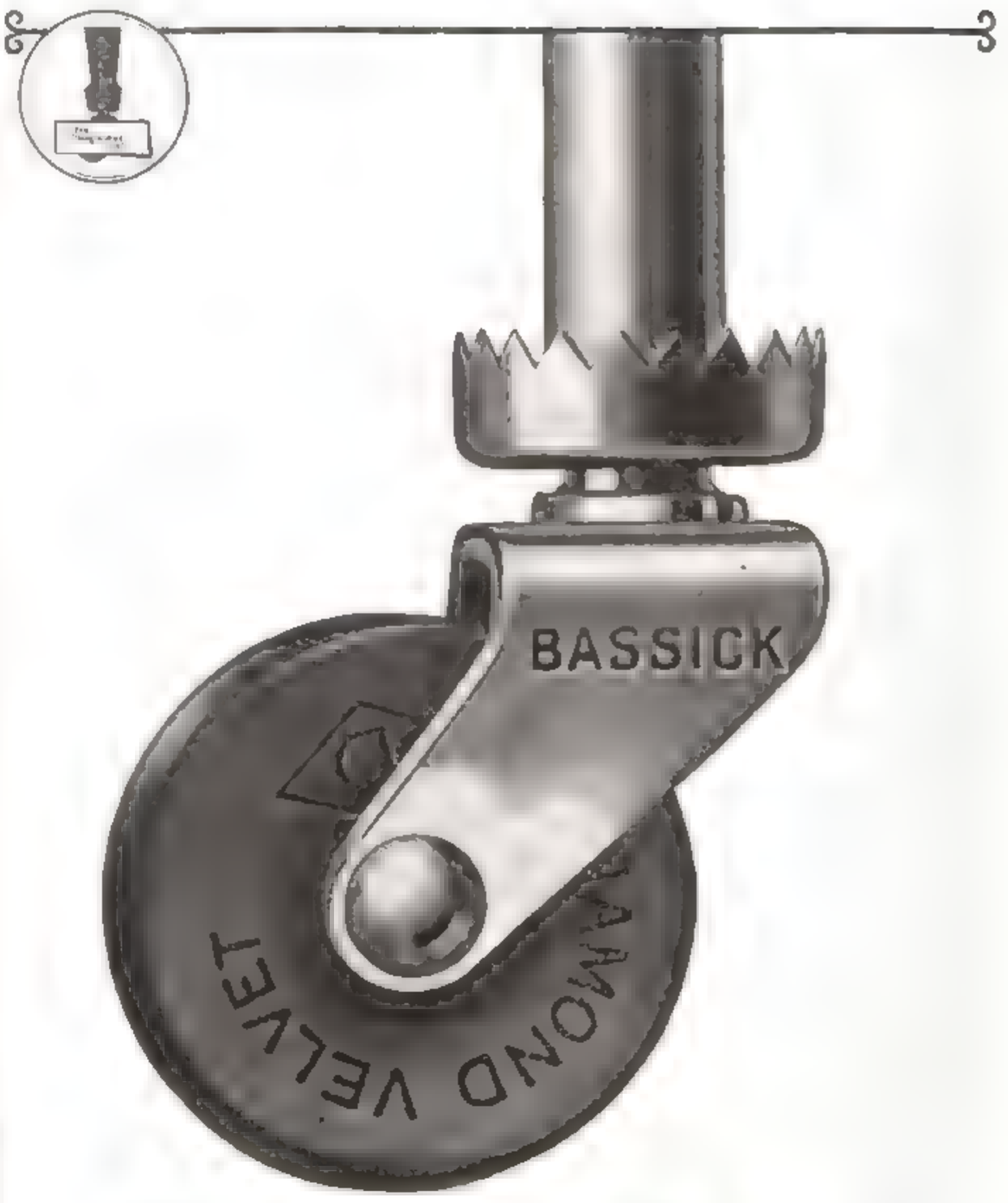
If Mrs. Brown had not been watching she would have cried, without knowing why, as she stood in the doorway watching him disappear noisily over the hill. She was glad to have the moving of her clothes and camping cot, to busy herself and partially to divert Mrs. Brown's tongue. In clearing her half of the bureau top she found a new issue of Art Advancement which had constituted the day's mail. Opening it carelessly, the pages fell apart at the picture of a handsome, gorgeously gowned woman, a Mrs. Hamilton Blaine. June's breath caught in her tight throat while she read —— Mrs. Blaine, the well-known friend and patroness of art, left for a summer in the West, after her phenomenally successful benefit toward the establishment of a scholarship for art students. She and her son Baird would visit Japan and Honolulu before returning to New York ——

June reread it. This must be the thing called coincidence. June, shivering, honored it as destiny. She held the magazine reverently and sat down on the doorstep with it on her lap.

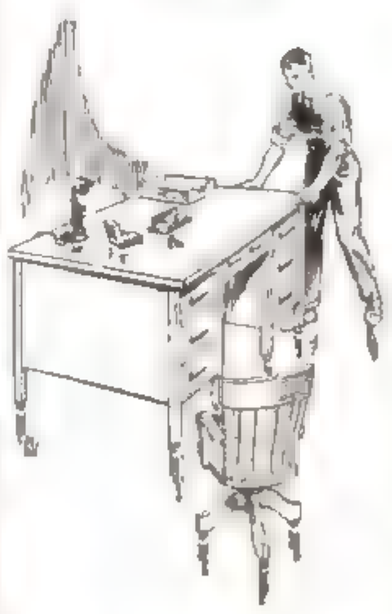
Through the dusk, gold tinted still, and purple from the voluptuous day, a high star faintly pricked its way into her vision, and almost unconsciously her lips moved in the old, old wish her mother had taught her—"Star bright, star light, first star I've seen tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight"; and, as with her mother, ambition and love crossed swords within her heart. So, trying to placate them both, she made her wish: "Oh, little star, find someone else for John to love—and for me too," she added, frightened at the little chill of loneliness that swept over her at the sound of her whispered wish.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hovenweep National Monument, Colorado-Utah. One of the Remarkable Prehistoric Towers Perched Upon a Natural Rock Foundation



Here's Where the Office Manager Can Save Money



Write for Booklet, "The Cost of the Neglected Inch."

IN some offices, furniture is still dragged and hauled about, pieces racked and strained, floors gouged, linoleum scarred, rugs and carpets damaged beyond repair. That's the old way.

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And every piece of furniture you buy should be equipped with Bassick casters.

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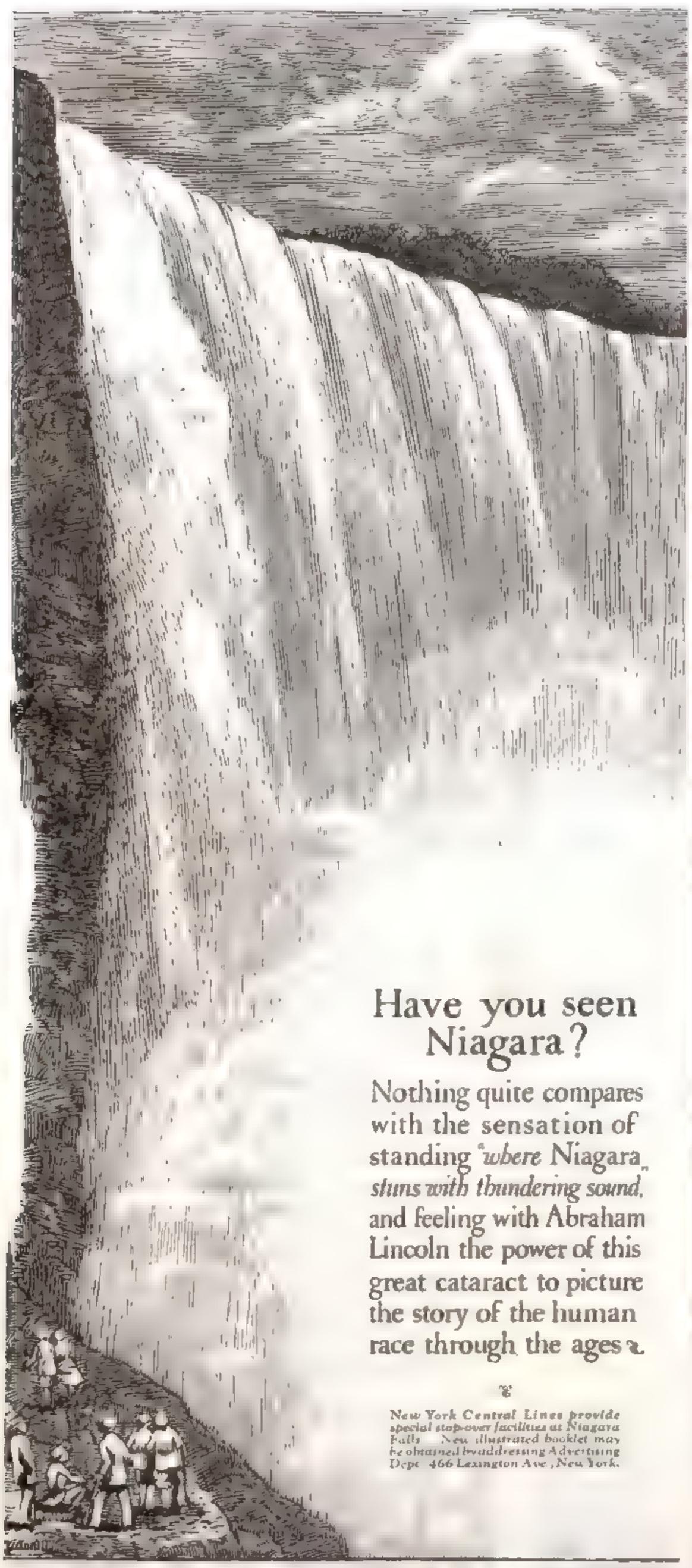
Have you seen Niagara?
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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

PLAYING THE GOLD CAMPS

(Continued from Page 21)

clever at making the switch. The saloon man's money was finally reduced to about fifty dollars, when he and Tex mixed in a pot planned by Tex to break him. Tex was a good friend of mine, so I concluded to take the privilege of playing a joke on him. I annexed the three aces from his hat and stepped back to the bar. Tex reached his hand up with a gentle touch that ended in a quick rub across his hatband. Then he whirled to the right rear and his eyes lit on a laughing crowd. He repeated the same performance to his left and began to curse. The louder he cursed the more the crowd laughed, but the saloon man thought it was merely because he was sore at losing the pot.

Marked cards were more often used by the sharpers than any other form of graft. Their use was far more effective in stud than in draw poker. Scores of methods were in use, and are used today, by which certain marks are placed on the backs of cards—delicate dabs of paint preparations, thumb and finger presses, block-out work with a penknife, scratches, hand crimps, shading, sorts and numerous other forms of work. Good shade work and sorts are among the hardest to detect. However, artistic crimping won more money for the traveling sharpers than any other form of marking. Hand crimps are cards that are bowed to a delicate nicety diagonally their length and lie slightly different from other cards on the table. New cards, crimped, would hold their shape for some time, and it was marvelous beyond belief with what certainty the trained eye of the cheater could read them.

Methods of Marking Cards

Any form of marks which could be placed on cards while in play offered obvious advantage over premarked decks. If used by an outsider, the latter had to be brought in by cold-deck methods. I have known cheaters to break into saloons at night in order to replace the cards in stock with their own marked ones. Often it would be several days before the house would discover the exchange, and by that time the grafter would be gone with a bunch of money. Sometimes the men who ran the games would use marked cards, but square games were a decided asset to any gambling house. The average player is incapable of protecting himself from cheaters, and a house guaranteeing this protection would get the big play. Places that had infrequent games, however, often resorted to big-mitt methods. All gambling games were operated on a percentage basis, and a steady play was all that was needed to make money for those that ran them.

A quick eye and years of training were necessary for the use of delicately marked cards. There were many who tried this form of graft, but few who were experts. The smallest natural flaw on a card was at once noted and remembered by the topnotchers. To find a gambling house that was using marked cards was like giving these men an invitation to a feast. Their trained eyes and minds soon solved the combination, and if a big game came up they would make a cleaning.

Shade work is done with a combination of acids delicately applied to change the luster at different places on the backs of the cards. The coloration is so delicate that only the trained eye can detect it, yet the expert can read it across the table. The long distance from which it can be accurately read and its peculiar invisibility to the untrained eye make it a form of cheating extensively used in crooked gambling houses.

Sorts involve a test in memory training. A couple of dozen decks are examined for flaws, and usually two or three sets of fours can be secured from that number showing slight defects. The imperfections are so insignificant that they are seldom noticed by the average player, and at no time can evidence of their use be pinned on the grafter. For no deck of cards comes from the factory without one or several of them showing some sort of imperfection. Just because one deck of cards shows more defects than another is not proof that any one person in the game knows these defects, for they do not at any time reveal a combination.

Another form of sorts, more commonly used and requiring less mental training, is the sorting of combinations from factory cards. All brands of cards can be sorted, and this statement in no wise reflects on the manufacturers. As an illustration we will use the Blank brand. The red-and-blue checkerboard backs are cut at different places across the diamonds on both sides and edges, also the corners vary to a considerable degree. By sorting a number of decks four aces can be secured that are cut squarely across the middle of a diamond, four kings that show white border on the edge; four queens that show a trace of red or blue; and four jacks that cut a quarter diamond. Then all cards that match these are eliminated from the deck. This is but one illustration of various combinations that can be sorted.

Location, like sorts, requires memory training; but unlike sorts there is no previous fixing of cards. But a gambler who is good at one form of this work can usually handle the other to advantage. Expert shuffling is a necessary accomplishment when playing location. The cards are memorized in order, according to the number the locator can look at without attracting attention before he shuffles. This is easily done, for a quick glance is sufficient. Reversing the cut after each riffle quickly places them undisturbed in the position desired. As they are usually delicately crimped into a bunch before being shuffled it is more than likely that the average player will cut down to the located card. If a confederate is slicing them he rarely misses the exact spot. If cut correctly the hole card in stud and most of the cards in draw will be known to the dealer. However, regardless of where they are cut, the locator has a tremendous advantage, for he knows either that certain cards will not be out on his deal and can be eliminated from guesswork; or if, when the deal is partly over, they begin to fall, he knows the coming cards. For instance, the dealer's hole card is a queen, his opponent is high with a jack, and from the manner of his playing the dealer is quite sure that he is paired. Each has three cards, and the third that falls is an indicator to the dealer that the fifth will be a queen, so he stays and pairs his hole card on the last turn. Some are so expert that they can locate certain cards on their opponents' deals. In practically every poker game you will see some player pick up the cards which lie faced on the table, place them on the top or bottom of the deck and give them a few careless riffles and set them for the cut. This kind of shuffling means velvet to the locator.

The Art of Shuffling

Run-up hands are cards placed in position just prior to or while shuffling. They are usually built up by a confederate of the dealer's and crimped to a break or else cut false. Trained men can build up false hands with incredible speed. After being placed in position, however, much uncertainty exists as to their outcome. Not a card must be disturbed in the shuffle. They must be cut exactly right, and often after the cards are dealt some stubborn player insists on remaining in the pot and spoils the draw. Or again, the victim gets suspicious and refuses to play the framed hand. None the less, a great amount of money is won by the grafters by this method, for if one frame in ten goes through it is sufficient to get the big winnings.

False shuffling is the art of riffling the cards so as not to disturb certain ones in the process. At the same time the shuffler must give the appearance of having sufficiently riffled the deck so as to change the original position of all the cards. The trained ear of the gambler can usually detect a break of sound as certain cards are passed during the shuffle. The back of the hand and fingers are used to advantage as a screen while shuffling.

False cutting is used as an aid to false shuffling when two men are working together. There are several methods, nearly all of which require the use of both hands. So look out for the double-handed cutter.

Take a deck of cards, halve it quickly, flaring up the outer ends as you do so, and then drop the under half closest to the dealer and note how hard it is for the average person to tell which is the top or bottom half. Or pull the deck apart and twirl the top half under the lower cut and return it to its original position. Some cut by gripping the cards and chopping them repeatedly while holding the thumb and little finger at a break in the deck, and returning

them to their original position at the finish. Any form used, if done gracefully by an expert, can be detected only by those who know.

When a cheater has no confederate in the game he must use his own devices. By holding the eye of the most watchful player he can often pick up the under half first with one hand and place the top half back to its original position. Others are so expert that they can pick up the two halves with one hand and shift the cut while placing it in position for dealing. There are several other forms in use, but these are sufficient to warn those who play in games they know nothing about to insist on a second cutting or else stay out when they see unnecessary motions.

Crimps and breaks are used when located or framed cards are shuffled into the deck. During the instant that the cards are drawn apart for riffling the portion containing the frame is pressed together by a squeeze of the hand and also delicately bowed at the same time. They are then shuffled to the desired position in the deck and placed to the player on the right to cut. Invariably, as cut by the average man, the loose upper half of the deck will release where it meets the break caused by the crimp. Even if the framed or located cards are not cut at the desired place, the dealer still has a great advantage by knowing that certain cards will not be out on that deal. For instance, once in a stud-poker game I tried to convince a gambler by a stiff bluff that my hole card was a jack. He called me on a weak hand and later kidded me about the play. For in spite of my watchfulness he had shuffled three jacks into the deck and the cut had not released them on the deal.

Being Kind to an Old Man

Signs or signals are absolutely necessary for the successful operation of confederates in a poker game. If used by card sharps who have rehearsed them sufficiently, they are practically impossible to detect, for often there are several signs meaning the same thing. The position of the cards, hands, hat, money, chips or any other object can be used to convey a signal.

Strippers are cards whose sides have been carefully trimmed. A few of the higher suits—usually three aces are sufficient—are left untrimmed.

I was just sixteen when I got my education in this form of graft. I had a few dollars and a gambling fever, and my intended victim was a decrepit old man in the rear of a saloon. He was so feeble and trembled so when he cut the cards that it was necessary for him to use both hands. I felt sorry for him every time he sliced the deck. He made many apologies for his apparent helplessness and valiantly tried to overcome his infirmity with repeated drinks of whisky. However, the old codger was lucky, and soon separated me from my money. It rather stung my pride that a feeble old man should beat me, so I rustled another stake and returned. And to come quickly to the point, rustle stakes was all I did for the next three weeks. I just couldn't let that old fellow get away with my money, for I knew that luck would soon turn. It didn't matter if I did have to saw hard-oak wood with a bucksaw until my back broke, pile lumber in the hot sun until I was ready to drop, and, worst of all, clean out pigpens just to get money for another game.

Then one day a rounder, possibly feeling sorry for me, said, "Kid, take my advice and quit playing with that old man; he is cheating you in every game."

"I don't see how," I retorted, "for he is just lucky enough to get all the winning hands on my deal."

"Of course he does, for he is playing strippers on you."

"Strippers! What are they?"

"He has all the deck shaved but three aces, and when you pass them to him for cutting he pretends to be so trembly that he has to use both hands and fumbles around as if he could scarcely get them together again. All the time he is running the ball and thumb of his right hand along the sides of the deck, hunting aces. When he gets three on top you deal, and if seven-up, he holds three aces; and if stud, each of you has an ace in the hole and he always makes a pair of them."

I took the tip and laid off; I had furnished the old man food and drink long enough.

Second dealing was a very necessary accomplishment of all cheaters. However, there were few who were really good. If a marked card showed on top of the deck that would give the winning hand to his opponent, or was needed by the dealer himself, the dealer would deftly draw the first card beneath the top one. Done by an expert, it was practically impossible to see the card removed. As the ball of the thumb—often roughed—was passed over the upper right-hand corner of the deck the top card was slightly drawn back by the left thumb and the edge of the second card gripped and whisked to the player so quickly that the eye could not follow the motion. However, the somewhat unusual upward tilt of the deck, quick motion of the hand and the swishing sound of the card rang a bell for the gambler. Yet there were second dealers who had become so expert that they had practically eliminated these defects.

Bert Bell was the most perfect second dealer that I ever saw. I firmly believe that it was impossible for any man to be more expert. He dealt from the side instead of the upper corner. He had eye and nerves that coördinated perfectly with his nimble fingers. Whether dealing square or crooked, the motion of his hands never varied, and he would hold the deck in a natural position. He was also an excellent bottom dealer, quick run-up artist, expert false shuffler, besides being good at several other forms of graft, especially location. He was always on the move and made big money. Every dollar that he made above bare living expenses he placed in the bank—faro bank; and though it has been many years since I saw him last, I am sure that it is still all there. He was never a piker, and would lose his last dollar and bum money to eat on. He never quit winner at bank for anything less than all the bank roll; nothing else would ever satisfy him.

One night in Butte, Montana, Bert made the house turn the faro box over. He sat with thousands of dollars in gold, silver and currency stacked before him. But his infernal lust for draining the last drop of blood from his victims caused him to purchase the stock, fixtures and lease of the saloon on condition that they reopen the faro game with the money. They did so, and had the pleasure of staking him to breakfast money the next morning. Faro was the one game that Bert could not cheat, and he was forever filled with an insatiable desire to outluck it.

A Topnotch Second Dealer

Though Bert Bell's work was all classy stuff, his general appearance was decidedly against him. He was light-haired, slimly built and weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He had a white, pasty complexion that I could never account for; for, strange to state, he never touched liquor, was not a drug fiend and did not dally with the skirts. He was a neat dresser; and this, combined with his slim, white fingers and peculiar complexion, attracted unfavorable attention to him among the roughly dressed men of the mining camps. His eye was steel blue and his general manner cold and snaky. In fact he always reminded me of a snake.

It was during the boom days of Goldfield, Nevada, that Bert stopped me on the street and asked me if I wouldn't come to the saloon that evening where he was dealing twenty-one.

"Walk around behind the table and stand on my right," he said. "I am getting wages and also a percentage of the winnings. I will tell the house that I have hired you as lookout for the evening. But I don't want you for that; you are to watch my second dealing and see if you can really tell when I deal crooked. Each day for years I have spent not less than two hours in practice work. I believe I am so good that no one can actually see the card come. I am marking the cards with the ball of my thumb. The press is very faint, but I have the lights arranged so that it is no trouble for me to read them. If anyone detects it I can swear that it was slipped over on me by some outsider."

For the first couple of hours there was nothing but small bets, but Bert went out for every piece of change that was slid on the table. One fellow quit a few dollars winner; but that did not bother Bert, as a second dealing only gave him an added advantage. Then a notorious bad man and gambler from Cripple Creek, Colorado, walked toward the table. Bert's quick glance at me and faint smile told me that he recognized him. A couple of months previously I had seen the bad man smash a fellow in the face with the butt of his revolver.

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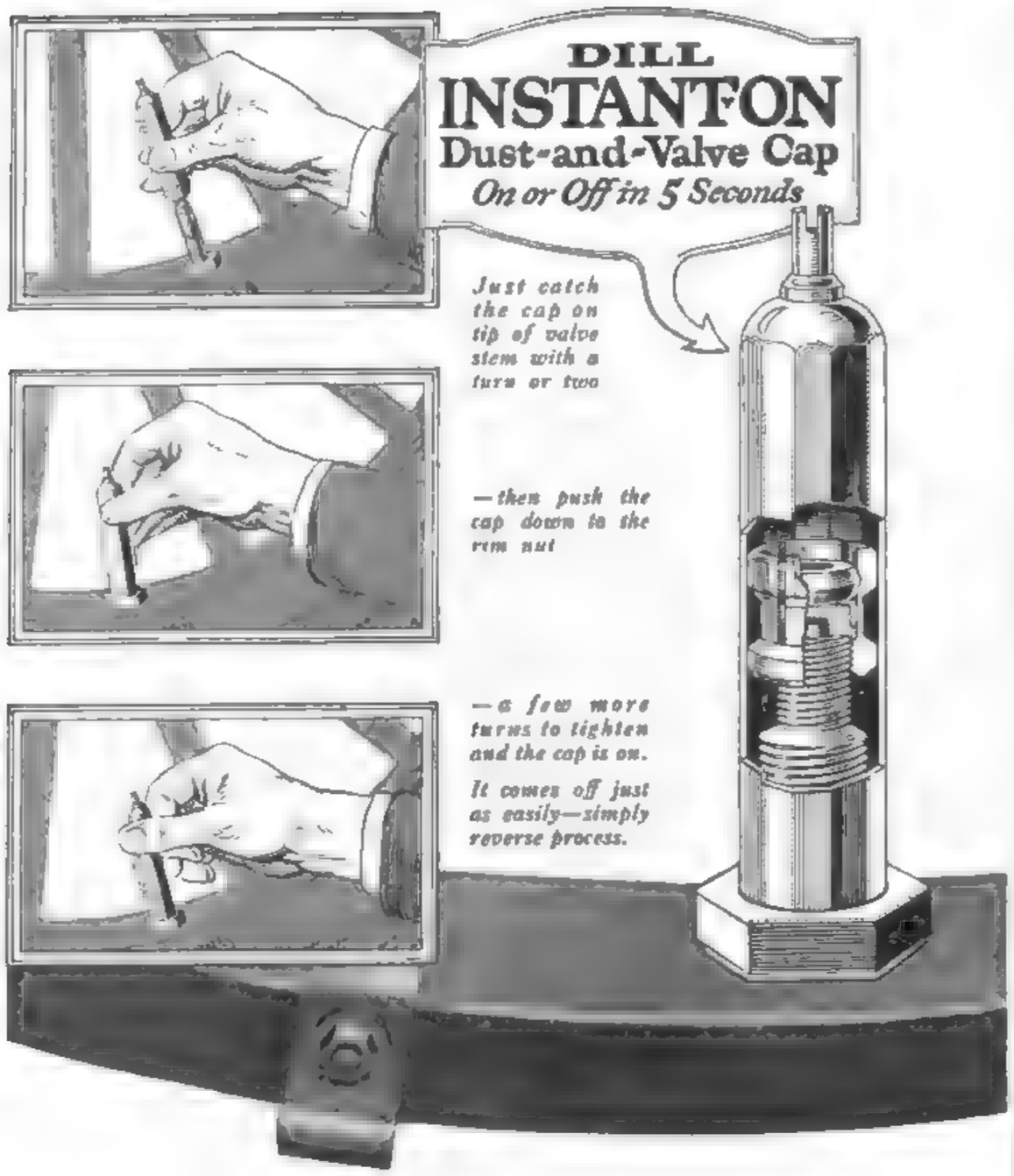
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This had happened at Jerome, Arizona, and he had at once skipped town.

As the bad actor approached the table I saw Bert reach to the money drawer on his right, pull it six inches farther open, flick a roll of bills to one side, noiselessly cock the revolver which was in the drawer and place it in a handy position.

Without a word, the newcomer shoved a five-dollar gold piece into position on the green cloth and Bert shuffled and passed the deck for him to cut. He dealt two cards each to the player and himself; and, according to the rules of the game, faced both of his opponent's cards down and one of his own face up. The gambler slid his two cards toward the center of the table and placed his money on top of them, thus signifying that he stood his hand. In twenty-one the player has the privilege of standing on any two cards, but the dealer must draw to sixteen or less and stand on seventeen or over. Bert's faced card was a ten spot—all face cards count as ten spots in this game—and his hole card was a trey. Any card on top of the deck from a nine to and including a king would break his hand.

If one of those cards was there, did he have the nerve to go second for a small bet? I hardly thought that he would do so, but a moment later I knew that Bert had chanced a shooting scrape for five dollars. The gambler then threw a ten to the table and Bert won it on the square. A twenty-dollar gold piece was then flung on the cloth, and Bert, as cool and graceful as though dealing for a rank sucker, again went second. The bad man flipped another twenty on the table, and the cards again breaking bad, Bert dug beneath the surface for one more suitable to his hand.

Then a strange thing happened—the card came partly out and for a fractional instant stuck. Later examination showed that it had picked up a tiny speck of sticky substance. Instantly the gambler started around the corner of the table and I heard Bert say "Stop!" in a low tone of voice. The gambler halted, and my eyes followed his gaze to where the muzzle of a revolver was just peeping above the edge of the table and pointing directly at his chest.

Still speaking in a low tone, Bert said, "I am paying the bet; take your money and beat it."

The gambler started to argue.

"Shut up!" Bert hissed. "Get out of here, and damned quick about it too! Keep your mouth shut about this little affair and I will do the same."

Artistic Cheating

The bad man picked up his two twenties and faded away. There was a noisy crowd drinking at the bar, and it all happened so quickly that I am quite sure not a person in the room besides us three knew that any event out of the ordinary had occurred. Bert calmly resumed his dealing position at the table, but he had lost his lookout.

"He won't come back," Bert said as I started to leave.

"I am taking no chances," I replied.

Yet Bert was right; he did not return.

Cross lifting is used when two sharpers have a sucker sitting between them. The one on the sucker's right makes a large bet, and the sucker, having a cinch on the bettor's hand, plays back. Then the confederate to the sucker's left calls and makes the big play.

Though there are other forms of cheating at cards, I believe that I have enumerated enough ways that a man can easily lose his money to a crooked player without a possible chance of winning. Some form of the methods described is used at the present time by all the big crooks. The best of them learn to do their work artistically. They do not rob their victims as the fiction writers always state they do. This four-ace stuff to the gambler and four kings to the sucker is only done by amateur card-player writers who do not know their subject.

A real card sharp never makes the mistake of frightening his victim by handing out large sets of fours. It is far more artistic to beat a set of threes; and if the crook has properly placed the cards and knows that the sucker did not help on the draw, he can win large pots and at the same time give the appearance of being a liberal player. Full houses are as strong as any professional grafter feels warranted in handing out in a draw game. In stud poker small pairs do not frighten the suckers, but they are suspicious of aces and kings. However, they are always anxious to have them for their hole card. In fact the ace is known among gamblers as the sucker card. No other term could be more appropriate, for by no other method will a sucker separate from his money faster than when he has an ace in the hole. It is his pet card, and for some reason he seems to think that the other fellow also has the same preference. The crook plays on this weakness by slipping the sucker an ace or king in the hole, and either giving him high niggering cards or else pairing him, and then giving himself one or two small pairs as the occasion requires.

The best crooked gamblers, those who are not constantly on the move, play in accordance with the game that they are sitting in. If the game is a fast one, with big money in sight, they are keyed up to take every unfair advantage that opportunity offers. On the other hand, there are many games and men that can only be separated from their money by milking methods. Each day the grafter annexes a sum of money in accordance with the size of the game. If his persistent winnings seem likely to bar him he will make a few losings to reestablish his standing.

Expensive Hunches

"Luck" is the worst abused word in a poker game. I have often heard men curse because they could not win, when really they were holding the most wonderful hands but lacked the judgment to play them properly. If cards break even for a square gambler, that is all the favor he needs to win. Often the real card player will sit for hours without winning a pot, and then recuperate his losses in just a few minutes.

Hoodoos and hunches are fantastic creations in the minds of suckers and gamblers, and influence both to a marked degree in their playing. Nearly all gamblers are superstitious and ascribe peculiar powers to certain persons or objects. Personally, I know to a certainty that it was largely owing to the fact that I refused to have any superstitions whatsoever that I was often able to make good winnings from those who were bound by the spell of this or that form of magic.

As an illustration of the influence a gambler will sometimes ascribe to the presence of some certain individual in the same room, I am reminded of an incident in Spokane, Washington. We were playing stud poker in a barroom when a gambler entered and bought in with three hundred dollars. He lasted about an hour and lost his money like a gentleman. As he arose from his seat his eye rested on a young would-be gambler standing by the stove in the far corner of the room.

"I know now why I lost," he said as he crossed to where the young fellow stood. He cursed the lad and threatened him with severe punishment if he ever again entered a room when he was playing poker. "All winter I have lost whenever you entered a building, and you are now warned for the last time."

Many will not sit into a game unless they have certain objects of wood or metal in their possession. Others ascribe good luck to certain kinds of dress, the chair they sit in, or certain days of the week. All these superstitions were a perpetual source of amusement and—incidentally—of profit to me.

Hunches always seemed to me to be a fool's excuse for making plays for which he could give no valid reason. The best gamblers who play on the square must learn to be keen judges of men, and in a certain sense are mind readers, psychologists. On the other hand, hunch players are those who are always calling the other fellow without reason, on the chance that they will catch him bluffing. Of course they sometimes do; but the pots they win are only sucker baits. Remove superstition and hunches from poker and play it on the square and you have a battle of wits and luck, with the latter always second, but a valuable assistant.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles. The next will appear in an early issue

"My Wife Was Right"

"She warned me to play safe—to get a Philco Battery. But I couldn't see the point. Thought our old battery good enough. And here's the sequel"—writes H. L. D.

"A long stiff hill, a stalled engine, and the battery flunked—petered clean out. With my daughter at the emergency brake—two men at the back—I toiled and sweat and CRANKED until that big, stiff-jointed motor started."

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ELLIS ISLAND SOB STORIES

(Continued from Page 25)

What would be said if an American lady were treated in this fashion at Naples or Genoa? What must Italians think when an Italian lady is forbidden to land in New York on a palpably absurd pretext? It should be plain to the meanest intelligence that an immigration law is not meant to apply to visitors on business or pleasure. There is absolutely no charge of any kind against this latest victim of Ellis Island tyranny. She is not a person of bad character, nor is she likely to become a public charge. She has no intention of remaining in America. What makes this treatment of her more amazing is the willingness of the Dogberrys of the immigration office to admit her if she will declare herself a servant. How would this make her less an immigrant subject to the quota rule? By what right does Ellis Island interpret the law to suit itself?

This is no isolated or unusual case. Similar things happen day after day. It would probably be safe to say that hardly a passenger ship arrives at the port of New York without some discreditable occurrence of the sort. What is the idea? Are we trying to appear in the eyes of other nations as a semibarbarous tribe, suspicious of all foreign devils? It is high time to put an end for once and all to this incredibly perverse interpretation of the law.

Now, this newspaper has an important and efficient bureau in Washington. It operates a leased wire between the editorial offices and its office in Washington during certain hours of the day. A brief message from the managing editor to his representative in Washington would have obtained for him the following facts:

The lady, according to her own sworn testimony, wasn't the wife of a Milanese banker. As a matter of fact, she wasn't the wife of anybody at all. True, at some time in her life she had been married, but she had been divorced some sixteen years before. As to her ex-husband's business, she was very vague; but she thought he might be in the importing business at Bari. There was a general haziness about her matrimonial affairs except for the statement that she had two daughters—just where they were is not apparently a matter of record—and that her former spouse contributed nothing to the support of his family.

The woman stated in her sworn testimony that she had lived with her mother in Milan for the past four years. Her passport, however, was issued in Buenos Aires in 1918 and was extended by the Italian consul in Berlin in 1922. Questioned, she finally admitted that she had lived in Buenos Aires for the past six years.

What Inquiry Revealed

The statement that she had come to the United States to make a brief visit to relatives was also very far from the fact. Again referring to her own sworn testimony—given at a hearing, where the presence of a friend is permitted—she said she intended to establish herself in the business of importing antiques. She had just twenty dollars in American money and 1000 lire in Italian money as capital for this venture. It appears, however, that somewhere on this continent there is a stock of antique furniture consisting of six chairs, one table and one wardrobe, presumably her property, for which she said she paid 4000 lire. She had shipped this furniture to a woman she had never met and from whom she had never heard. Her status, of course, on her own testimony, was that of an immigrant to this country to reside permanently. One doesn't have to travel in the steerage to be an immigrant.

The luggage incident was ludicrous. When she was placed on board the steamship for deportation she learned that her baggage was not on board. She had given her baggage checks to someone, had forgotten whom, and when asked if she had any baggage replied that she had not. This, however, provided all the scenery for a fine attack of hysterics, and the authorities eventually had to remove her from the ship, having the usual masculine fear of this malady.

An Italian banker did figure in this case. But he is a New York Italian banker and not a Milanese banker. He did not appear personally, but was somewhere in the offing, labeled cousin. Cousins are quite as common among immigrants as grandmothers are among office boys.

This Italian banker sent an employe to rescue his "cousin" from the toils of the autocrats of Ellis Island. He had an entirely new line. In his testimony he said that the lady who had accomplished the seemingly impossible feat of living in Buenos Aires for the last six years, and with her mother in Milan for the last four years, was in reality a maid in his employer's home in Italy. Ingenious argument, that. Domestic servants accompanying employers are exempt from the quota law. This witness also volunteered the statement that she was coming to this country to prepare an apartment for his employer's wife, who, by the way, has never been in this country. He apparently knew nothing of the antiques. The only trouble with this scheme was that it didn't work. The alien was recalled and promptly denied she was a domestic, saying that the banker's representative was only trying to get her into the country. Some newspapers stated that the immigration authorities tried to get her to say she was a domestic servant, which is manifestly absurd.

Now had the facts been according to the editorial quoted above it was a rattling good story. It was a rattling good story anyway. It lasted a week or more. The department was raked fore and aft by Republican and Democratic newspapers alike, and the fire beneath the desk chair of the commissioner-general continued to burn brightly. It would be funny, if it were not for the fact that several million people still believe that the immigration authorities actually dragged the wife of a prominent Italian banker, on a visit to this country, from her first-class cabin and deported her because it gave them some sort of amusement or enabled them to respond to the demands of some kind of complex.

Another Sob Story Run Down

This case was eventually disposed of by changing the status of the woman from immigrant to that of visitor, and she was admitted for six months. The six months are up. No one knows what has become of her. Perhaps she is preparing an apartment for the wife of the banker cousin. Perhaps she is established in the cozy business of importing and selling antiques. Who knows? Eventually the immigration authorities will pick her up. They always do. Then she will be deported and the file closed.

Suppose we shuffle the clippings on the commissioner-general's desk. Here's a headline: Ninety Smyrna Refugees. Surely this must be a story which will warm our hearts. The whole United States stood aghast at the accounts of the destruction of Smyrna and the accompanying atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Turks. All sorts of special legislation were suggested for the purpose of affording relief to the victims of this unspeakable crime. The Government of Turkey was described as the well-chosen friend and boon companion of the soviet government of Russia, and immediately designated as one of the world's greatest international criminals by all classes, from the lowest to the highest. The American people seemed to be of a single mind with regard to caring for any of that stricken city who might find their way to our shores.

We finish the headlines. We cannot believe it:

Ninety Smyrna Refugees Deported to Greece. Pathetic Scenes at Brooklyn Pier as Excess of Immigrants, Pauperized, Sail.

We look at the commissioner, and although he has recognized the clipping he is actually smiling. We read further. It is indeed a pathetic story of heart-rending scenes, lamentations and hopelessness. But the commissioner actually continues to smile. Perhaps the papers, the ardent welfare workers, are right. Perhaps he has a Trotzky or Lenine complex.

But we are very soon enlightened. The situation is absurdly simple. The deportations referred to in this clipping included absolutely no Smyrna refugees whatever. Here are the facts:

For some time there had been accumulating at Ellis Island and at other stations a considerable number of aliens who were natives of excluded territory in prewar Turkey. In order to avoid possible hardships—and let me say right here that the immigration officials are tireless in their night-and-day search for ways and means of eliminating all possible hardship—deportation was stayed in the cases of such aliens, pending possible relief legislation. The Senate actually did pass a bill under which

aliens of the Armenian race, coming to near relatives in the United States, might be admitted. When it became apparent that the Senate was about to pass such a bill the cases of all aliens who had been held under a stay of deportation were carefully considered. In every case which in any way seemed to come within the scope of the bill the aliens were temporarily admitted as soon as it had passed the Senate.

Now it does seem that this action on the part of the department should indicate very clearly that its disposition is inclined to be kindly and that it has at least flashes of humanitarian impulses. It took a lot of time and effort to review all these cases, and no one had to do it. At the first whisper of possible relief legislation the officials withheld deportation, incurring great expense and trouble.

Those among the detained whose cases were not even remotely under the impending legislation were ordered returned to the countries from which they came. None were refugees from Smyrna. As a matter of fact, none of them were refugees from any part of that portion of Turkey included in the Senate bill.

Critics Without Facts

Of course, every newspaper story of this kind which appears inspires the writing of thousands of letters by individuals in all parts of the United States, addressed either to the commissioner or to the Secretary of Labor. Many of these letters are answered. It is manifestly impossible to answer all of them with a complete statement of the facts. The department has become calloused in at least one particular—it is hard-boiled when it comes to reacting to adverse criticism.

The following communication, written by a woman living in Rochester, New York, is a good example:

> I can read of such things as these no longer without asking how long we must go on doing such inhuman things. I send these two cases from many I might send because they are the latest, not because they are more flagrant than numberless others. It seems to me that we have done everything we could to make the rest of the world feel that we are utterly without feeling and selfish these last four years. Are we going to keep on until most of us feel we can have no self-respect left? I for one feel only the deepest humiliation for my country at present—and I am far from being the only one of whom this is true. I realize that your hands are largely tied in this matter, but can you not do something?

The lady inclosed two clippings. The one contained the story of the ninety refugees from Smyrna. The other contained an editorial on what is known as the case of Colonel Erarsky.

The colonel had been an officer on the general staff of the Czar of Russia, and a gallant officer he is. He is a cultured, highly educated gentleman who has much to commend him to all genuine Americans and much which probably causes him to be damned by parlor Bolshevists and cheap radicals. He served in Wrangel's army and was driven out of Russia by the Bolshevists. There must be some good in every Russian who has fought that crew of international pirates.

But the colonel ran into a peck of trouble. The quota law defines "nationality" as "place of birth." Among other things accomplished by the war, plus the treaties of peace, is a fairly considerable number of changes in the map of Europe. The territory in which the colonel was born is now Lithuania, and the Lithuanian quota was exhausted when he arrived.

Of course, the papers had it that he would be returned to Russia and just naturally shot to death by the Bolsheviki. It is quite well known that they have a nasty habit of doing this sort of thing, particularly on rainy afternoons when there is nothing very amusing to do.

But the colonel wasn't deported. As a matter of fact, before this letter was mailed—even before the editorial inclosed was set in type—he had been admitted. Deportations are not ordered hastily. It was discovered that he is a member of a learned profession, and, as such, exempt from the operation of the quota law.

Now the department has no objection to receiving letters of inquiry from anyone who may be inspired to write them. As a matter of fact, it welcomes them. But how much easier, how much simpler, how much more dignified it would be, simply to write something like this:

"I inclose clipping. Is the story true?"

Then the department could answer: "Letter and clipping received. No."

There is one piece of legislation in connection with immigration which in my opinion is totally without merit. Vetoed by three different Presidents, and finally passed over the veto of President Wilson, it represents nothing more than an unintelligent groping of Congress in its search for restrictive measures which might result in some form of a selective policy. I refer to the so-called literacy test. Whenever I rave and rant to the commissioner about this test he just sits and grins. I honestly don't know whether he is for it or not. Sometimes I think he is really opposed to it, but doesn't care to admit it even to himself, so fearful is he that something will disturb Congress in the even tenor of its way, which now leads to both restriction and selection.

The literacy test requires that the immigrant be able to read and write a certain number of words, not necessarily in the English language, but in some one language. Its purpose is obvious; it is to keep out all illiterates. But does it even do this? One government at least carries its desire to sell us its excess population to such an extent that it has established and equipped a school to train its illiterates sufficiently to pass this literacy test.

If, however, the fundamental purpose of the act is to keep out undesirables and admit the desirables, it has had a pronounced negative effect. Quite an appreciable number of the best immigrants are of a European peasantry who can neither read nor write, while every so-called extreme radical can usually read and write in two or three languages. Perhaps this is what makes him wild.

In innumerable cases this test works a real hardship and may be to the great disadvantage of society. As usual, this can best be described by citing a specific case.

On July fourth, in the year of our Lord 1922, there arrived at the port of New York by way of the steamship Colombo, first class, one Francesca Guglielmino, a native of Italy. She could neither read nor write, had three dollars in money, and her destination was the home of her brother in San Francisco. She said she had had a check for fifty dollars, but had lost it.

Heckling the Department

Now the law is mandatory with regard to illiterates unless they belong to one of the exempt classes. This woman did not; neither did she make any claim as to religious or racial persecution. Being a native of Italy, she could not. She was excluded and ordered deported as a person unable to read and liable to become a public charge. The case was acted upon by a special board of inquiry and reviewed by a board of review, which recommended that the excluding decision be confirmed. It developed that the brother is a prosperous insurance broker in San Francisco earning almost as much as the Assistant Secretary of Labor, had approximately $1500 in the bank, owns an automobile and lives in a six-room flat containing furniture worth $4000. He was able to dispose of the liable-to-become-a-public-charge obstacle, but not of the mandatory character of the illiteracy exclusion clause. On July seventeenth the commissioner-general wrote to Congressman Kahn, who had become interested, explaining that the woman's exclusion was mandatory, as she belonged to none of the exempt classes of illiterates, and explained in detail why even temporary admission was denied. On July nineteenth the board of review granted a hearing to the secretary of the congressman and recommended a stay of deportation for one sailing, in order that the brother might reach New York and visit his sister before her departure.

In due time the brother arrived in New York—and apparently went to Washington, for the record indicates that he had a conference with some of the officials in the Department of Labor. In any event, on July twenty-fourth the status of the woman was changed from immigrant to visitor, and Assistant Secretary of Labor Henning ordered that she be admitted for six months under bond.

On March 10, 1923, there appeared in a prominent San Francisco newspaper a story with a six-column headline reading: Love Loses in U. S. Red Tape Fight. The subheading occupied two columns, and read: Three S. F. Kiddies Denied Foster Mother Under Immigration Ruling. This was followed by the interesting information—set

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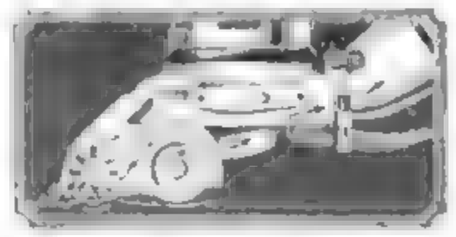

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two columns wide, boldface, in a box that "Just before leaving for Europe on the George Washington today, Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, said he would do everything in his power to help obtain permission for Miss Francesca Guglielmino to stay permanently in this country. He said he would try to reach his Washington office by telephone before sailing and instruct his secretary to make the necessary appeals to the immigration authorities."

The story itself is a most artistic example of what is known among newspaper men as a sob story. Here is the way it starts out:

"Their real mother taken away forever by God ——

"Their foster mother summarily ordered by Uncle Sam to tear herself from their embrace and leave America forever ——

"Thus stands the fate of three San Francisco tots today—a fate that impends only to satisfy an inflexible law of the land."

The story then goes on to tell how Francesca Guglielmino, aunt to three motherless children, had entered the home of these children "with the radiant smile of a mother. As she had mothered the father, years ago in sunny Italy, so did she tenderly care for his children, babe and all." It told how the California senators had taken up the fight. They had said in effect that if the law would not allow her to stay they would make a new law. It also told how such a law had been drafted, but that "in the rush of legislative business the bill that would have kept Miss Guglielmino forever at the side of her motherless nephews was tabled."

It told how "sternly as a sworn official he"—Commissioner-General Husband—"decreed that the need of the three motherless orphans of Salvadore Guglielmino"—apparently now orphaned in spite of the fact that Salvadore is very much alive and very much in evidence—"have no standing before the law," and so on and so forth, winding up with: "Three weeks now stand between happiness and despair for the Guglielminos; three weeks before man-made law must shatter a higher law that knows only love and mercy. Three weeks more and ——"

The story was something of a classic of its kind. Any red-blooded American, with no knowledge of the facts, would be inclined to grasp the first weapon at hand and start for the Bureau of Immigration, intent on expressing his attitude with definite acts. But let us see what happened between July 19, 1922, and March 10, 1923.

Change of Status

It will be remembered that Guglielmino came to Washington and saw Assistant Secretary Henning. Without doubt, he saw a senator and a congressman or two. He is a prominent Italian-born American citizen, and undoubtedly, as the record shows, has some influence in California, particularly among the Italian-born citizenry. The record also shows that Henning carefully explained the situation to him; and that he, being an intelligent man who has built up a successful insurance business, thoroughly understood the mandatory character of the law, and understood that no one, from the Secretary of Labor himself down, had any discretion in the matter. However, he succeeded, with the help of the private secretary to a congressman and the private secretary to a senator, in persuading Henning to change his sister's status from immigrant to visitor and to admit her for six months under bond, in order that she might visit her brother's home. Up to this time her nephews had never seen her and therefore had had no opportunity to develop much affection for her.

This action was taken by Henning, however, only after he had entered into a specific agreement with the brother. It was definitely understood that at the end of six months the sister would be returned to Italy without expense to the Government, and that, furthermore, the brother would ask for no extension of stay. He also definitely agreed that he would make no attempt to change the alien's status from visitor back to immigrant.

But on January 9, 1923, Guglielmino wrote Henning as follows:

I am supporting my sister, and if she should be compelled to go back to Italy I would still have to support her over there as I have done in the past. She is fifty-nine years of age now, and is well experienced in raising children and she raised me. She was a mother to me and she is a mother to my three little boys. Needless to say, she is very much attached to them and they to her. I am appealing to your goodness of heart. I implore you to use your good offices to secure permission for my sister to remain in this country permanently, in order to assist me to raise my boys to manhood. I can give you any reasonable assurance that may be required that she is now well protected and that she will be even as well protected in the event of my death. She never will be a public charge. I trust you will grant this permission to my sister, in order that she may assist me in properly raising my three children.

On January thirteenth, Mr. Henning replied to this letter at very great length. As a matter of fact, his reply contains nearly a thousand words. This in itself indicates the very careful consideration which he gave to the matter.

Henning expressed himself as deeply disappointed. He reminded the brother that he is an intelligent man and must understand that the law is the law, binding the public officer as well as the citizen. Once more he explained its mandatory nature, excluding the sister. He recited the agreement entered into by the brother when in Washington. In closing, he said, "It simply proves again that we make a mistake whenever we permit an undesirable alien to enter the country for any period of time, no matter how small."

But the matter was by no means ended. Guglielmino had been busy. On January 19, 1923, Congressman Kahn introduced a bill in the House which "authorized and directed the Secretary of Labor to permanently admit to the United States, under such regulations and upon such requirements as may be prescribed by him, Francesca Guglielmino, sister of Salvadore Guglielmino, a citizen of the United States, said Francesca having been temporarily admitted to the United States."

Renewed Appeals

This acted most effectually as a stay of deportation. The congressman wrote the department inclosing a copy of the bill, and asked that the woman be permitted to remain at least until March fourth. In response to this request, deportation was stayed, pending action on the bill.

By this time the officials were heartily sick of the whole business. On January twenty-third an immigration inspector called on the brother in San Francisco and requested him to produce his sister for reexamination as to her ability to read. In all probability it was thought that the brother, knowing he was going to make the effort to change the status of his sister from visitor back to immigrant, would have endeavored to prepare her for reëxamination and that this might be an easy way to close the incident.

But the woman had apparently made no attempt to learn to read. The brother told the inspector that it was no use, for his sister could not read any better than at the time of her entry; and he told the inspector more than this. He said he had telegrams from a congressman and a senator informing him that they were taking steps to have a special bill passed allowing his sister to remain in this country.

By February twenty-eighth it was evident that this special bill would not be passed. As a matter of fact, it never had a chance of passing. The department, with unlimited patience, faced with the exigency of having to enforce laws which constantly violate humanitarian impulses, once more ordered a stay of deportation until April first, "in order to give the woman time to prepare for her deportation in the event that Congress did not act on the bill prior to March fourth."

And after that—the deluge. Telegrams, letters, newspaper denunciation and what not. The managing editor of one paper wired Husband that all San Francisco was aroused—and it was—including women's bodies, clubs, civic bodies, officials, mothers and fathers, and that his paper was starting a campaign in which other papers were joining, and so on.

To this the department replied with a letter simply stating that the temporary admission would expire on April first, and that the woman "is mandatorily debarred from admission to the United States by a law and the department has no authority to permit her to reside here permanently. She was allowed to enter only in consideration of an agreement upon her part, and that of her brother, that if she were permitted to visit him temporarily she would be returned to Italy without expense to the Government, and that no request would be

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118)

made for an extension, nor to change her status from that of a visitor to an immigrant."

This letter closed with a recital of the facts and the experience of the department with the case. "The department cannot under any conditions sanction a violation of the law in permitting the woman to remain in this country. There should be no call by any citizen of this country for such action on the part of the department."

Let us examine this matter calmly, without prejudice and with due regard to the facts. It can be admitted at once that it is in the interest of society and in the interest of the American people to admit this woman. The chance of her becoming a public charge is too remote even to take into consideration. The brother is prosperous, intelligent, and, as an inducement, offers to secure his sister from want, even in the event of his death. His wife is dead and he has three small children, all under five years of age. The sister is a woman of mature years, skilled in the care of children. She has raised at least one child in such a way that he has become a most desirable citizen of the United States. Surely she is better fitted to care for her nephews than a stranger, a paid servant.

The officials of the Bureau of Immigration recognize these facts. They have been willing to go the limit in securing a way to admit her. It is unfortunate that the brother did not understand this and act a little more intelligently, at the same time depending a little less on political influence. Had the woman been examined in the latter part of January, and had she been able to read even a little, she would probably now be a permanent resident of this country.

But the law is mandatory. The woman was automatically excluded the day she arrived. She has been allowed to stay in this country for almost a year and has apparently made no effort to qualify. The President himself could not order an exception to be made. Therefore the quarrel is with the law and not with its administration. The authorities exercised every bit of discretion possible.

It would seem that if Congress in its wisdom insists on literacy as one of the qualifications for permanent admission into the United States the present law should be modified. Why not admit the immigrant who is otherwise well qualified for admission, temporarily, for a period of, say, two years, with a requirement for final and permanent admission that he or she acquire a working knowledge of the English language? It would perhaps make a little more work for the immigration authorities in rounding up immigrants who have not fulfilled this requirement, and ultimately deporting them. On the other hand, it would assist in the solving of the problem of assimilation. It is very much easier to Americanize alien citizens who understand English and who can be educated in that language than it is the foreigner who knows nothing but his own language.

Discredited Testimony

One naturally expects testimony before a congressional committee to have at least some merit. Let us see.

On December 19, 1921, a Charles V. Knightley appeared before the House Committee on Immigration. Among other things, he testified that fourteen Armenian women and children, deported to Turkey because the quota was exhausted, had been seized by the Turks upon their arrival, outraged and then murdered. This testimony created quite a stir in the papers. This was permitting the workings of an inexorable law to travel entirely too far. Quota law or no quota law, the laws of humanity do not permit the shipping of women and children who have escaped to our shores back to be murdered by those whose clutches they have managed to avoid.

The Secretary of Labor wrote the Secretary of State and asked him to make the necessary inquiry. The Secretary of State acknowledged the letter. The inquiry was made. It took nearly four months to trace all the particular Armenians referred to.

There were nineteen in all, instead of fourteen. Of these, seven were men, nine were women and three were children. They had arrived in New York on September 13, 1921; the Armenian quota was exhausted and they were deported on the steamship Gul Djemal, arriving in Constantinople in October. On the testimony of at least one of them, they encountered no hardships there. The American High Commission in Constantinople traced them all, and, according to last accounts, they were all well and comparatively happy. Knightley said he obtained his information from a letter to a young Armenian in Boston, whose father and mother were supposed to have been among the murdered immigrants.

This young Armenian committed suicide, and no one has ever seen either the letter or the photostat copies promised by Knightley. So much for the value of the testimony.

Knightley has a record, and, fortunately for Armenian and Assyrian immigrants, is once more in the toils of a harsh and unfeeling law. In 1894 he was convicted of forgery and sentenced to two years in Auburn Prison, New York. In 1898 he was so careless as to forget a former wife, was convicted of bigamy and sentenced to seven years in the Kingston Penitentiary, Canada. In 1907 he tried impersonating a United States Government officer and this time drew three years in the Eastern Penitentiary and $1000 fine. In 1910 he tried forgery again, and escaped to Canada. In 1914 he was sentenced to from three to four years for larceny.

"Helping" the Armenians

In 1921 he appears once more on the scene—in Boston—as an earnest welfare worker. In spite of his record, Knightley seems to have obtained the entrée to the most select circles in Boston. He was reputed to have been a Y. M. C. A. welfare secretary and to have worked among sailors stationed at Boston during the war. All sorts of reputable organizations engaged in welfare work among immigrants authorized him to represent them before the department.

He was devoting his life to the alleviation of distress among Armenian and Assyrian immigrants refused admission to this country. His favorite stunt was the collection of twenty-five dollars from Armenians as expenses to Washington to appeal their cases. He collected this amount from each of one lot of twenty-five. But he made a fatal error when he obtained $200 from the relatives of a fourteen-year-old Armenian girl for treatment for trachoma.

He ran afoul of the Y. W. C. A. when he claimed to have returned the money through it. This organization rendered invaluable service to the Government in tracking him down.

On April 14, 1922, he was disbarred from practice before the immigration service, the Bureau of Immigration and the Department of Labor. He went to New York and started some sort of colonization scheme for Armenians, claiming to have an agreement with the Brazilian Government. Brazil promptly denied this. On January 17, 1923, after having managed to stay out of jail for some years, we find him pleading guilty to four counts in an indictment in Boston and obtaining therefor two years. Yet he is responsible for the unwavering belief on the part of many people that the Government actually sent fourteen Armenian girls and children to Turkey to be outraged and murdered.

There is a solution for the administrative problems of the immigration law and of its many provisions. There is a solution of the human problem of hardship. There is a solution of the problem of making existing legislation completely selective. And there is a solution for the problem involved in the necessity of meeting the economic dangers due to the rigidity of the law. But these are other stories.

The moral of this piece, as stated in the opening paragraph, is that though everybody is for restriction, nearly everybody objects to the fact that it does keep immigrants out. I have cited a few cases to show how a misinformed public keeps the fires burning brightly beneath the chair of the commissioner-general. Multiply these cases and these criticisms by many thousands and you have a good picture of the daily routine of the Bureau of Immigration.

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The Razor with the
Long
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THEIR *extra* length means greater speed and longer blade life. It allows for the long, easy, diagonal stroke that makes every Durham-Duplex shave a shave of "priceless" comfort.

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Lincoln Shock Absorbers take the punishment out of rough roads by snubbing those jolting rebounds that cause discomfort even with the finest springs.

So quickly do they act that minor vibrations are absorbed as well as heavy shocks. You roll along smoothly, safe in the assurance that a sudden bump will not bounce you off the seat. Holes in the frames of most cars make installations easy.

A Size for Every Car—$15 to $36

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Nationally Distributed by More Than 100 Leading Accessory Jobbers—Sold by Good Dealers Everywhere

SHOCK ABSORBERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26

west, but in the heart of Arkansas, the gusher-producing state. We haven't brought in anything yet but the sheaves, although we have been doing that fairly well.

Just across the state from the famous Whackunder Field, which has paid millions of dollars to small investors annually, we have secured additional acreage. But if you desire to take advantage and share in the irresistible oil-fortune-making opportunities of Whackunder and its gushers, and its tremendous quick cash dividends, you'd better get in touch with someone else. We are offering, however, subject to prior sale, 200,000 more shares of excellently printed stock, par value $10, for $2 a share. The proceeds from this offering will be used to develop the social interests of the directors of this company. We can say truthfully that not one cent will be squandered for other projects. The success of our company is directly attributable to the genius and practical experience of our board of directors. Every man on the board knows how to handle money and get the most out of it for himself.

Remember that our first offering was fully subscribed in two weeks, and no doubt this offering will be oversubscribed soon. Decide today to give us your money and return the application at once.

And remember, also, that we are in the heart of this golden fairyland, having returned from California in April. We are able to see the opportunities that are here, and we enjoy them. We wish everyone might see them. This, of course, is impossible, so we are offering you an opportunity to participate in this unique way. We keep all our clients in touch with the situation by writing vivid accounts of any gusher that is brought in and sending excellent photographs.

No contributions, however small, will be rejected.

Get in on this one.

Awaiting your favorable reply, we are,

Faithfully yours,

AWFUL CRUDE OIL CORPORATION
(Signed) S. O. Soso

SOS, K By K. Sec'y.

All statements, while not guaranteed, are obtained from sources plenty reliable enough for all our work. —*Chet Shafer.*

The Strangers

IT WAS a lovely party. All the Virtues were there and none of the Vices. Mercy and Peace met together, Righteousness and Truth kissed each other. The twins, Bliss and Ignorance, walked hand in hand, and Love and Justice played at blindman's buff.

Laughter, holding both his sides, flirted with Patience smiling on her monument, while Jocund Mirth cast nods and becks and wreathed smiles at Modesty to make her raise her downcast eyes.

Suddenly Courtesy noticed a strange thing. There were two beautiful Virtues there who seemed not to know each other. "This will never do," thought Courtesy. "I must introduce them." But in order to be sure, he whispered to each in turn, questioning if she had never met the other.

"No," said each, as she was asked; "I don't know her at all. She seems very sweet and lovely, but we have never met. I should like to know her, I'm sure."

So Courtesy, taking one lovely gracious-faced Virtue by one hand and the other sweet and gentle Virtue by the other hand, said, politely, "I want you two to become acquainted."

And he introduced the utter strangers, Generosity and Gratitude.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Summer Fantasy

THROUGH the street as I trot when the weather is hot,
Then I envy the lot of a Hottentot tot,
For he lies in the shade of a glade just arrayed
In the very same costume in which he was made.
I'd be pinched on the spot
If I so far forgot
As to copy the style of
The Hottentot tot.

Oh, the Hottentot tot, though you like him or not,
In his tropical grot he can teach us a lot;
For he cares not who stares at the costume he wears;
For his neighbors are natives and tigers and bears;
And they do not care what
He is wearing. The lot
Are all dressed up the same as
The Hottentot tot.

Flaccus.

Travel

IT WAS a balmy evening in the park. Clouds drifted across the face of the moon. The leaves whispered dreamily.

They occupied one-eighth of a park bench together.

They were all in all to each other, and there was no room in their blissful unconsciousness for the shadow of a policeman, approaching nearer and nearer. It was quite a shock to have a kiss sundered by a surly voice.

"This here's public property," growled the arm of the law. "And it ain't run for no private pleasure."

So they went arm in arm to the railroad station, and stood at the gate, and every time a train pulled in or a train pulled out they mingled with the incoming and outgoing travelers, and kissed.

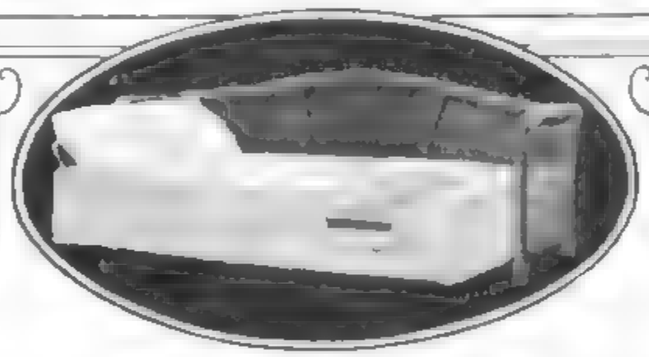
Thus they maintained their average without interference.

Finally a dusky porter discovered the ruse and grinned broadly, showing two rows of teeth.

"Say," he whispered to the young man, "why don't you go downstairs? There's a local leaves every minute."

"Welcome, Brother"

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM



MIDNIGHT. The last guest gone. The key turned in the lock. The house hushed and quiet. . . . . In the living room, the windows wide-flung to the moonlight and the soft breeze. . . . . The gentle whisper of rustling leaves.

What a night for sleep! And what an alluring spot in which to find it! The big Kroehler, so recently a deep-cushioned, luxurious davenport, now invites to restful slumber. With one easy motion it opens, revealing a wide, roomy, welcoming bed—deep-springed, thick-mattressed. The smooth, cool sheets, the soft blankets are all neatly in place.

Hidden they have been, in the spacious depths of the davenport. Not a guest, all evening long, lounging in its soft-cushioned comfort, realized that the Kroehler *davenport* was also a *bed*, of wonderful luxuriousness. They saw only its fine lines and rich upholstery. Only you were aware of the Kroehler's double usefulness—its convenience in providing extra sleeping space at night—its economy in giving an additional sleeping room without additional rent.

Think what it means to have a Kroehler davenport bed! Did ever another single piece of furniture combine such beauty, convenience and comfort? Whatever the furnishings of your living room are, a Kroehler davenport bed may be had to harmonize with them; overstuffed, colonial or period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match; upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. In prices, they meet any requirement.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look on the back for the Kroehler trade-mark shown here. Do not accept a substitute. Write for the handsome, illustrated booklet and the name of the nearest dealer.

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KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Factories at KANKAKEE, ILL., NAPERVILLE, ILL., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. *Canadian Factory:* STRATFORD, ONTARIO

KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

Hydraulic Power

THE hydraulic power of Niagara is the force of moving liquid under restraint. That's the principle by which the Hoo-Dye Shock Absorber brings the ultimate in riding comfort to your car—confined glycerine escaping from chamber to chamber in direct proportion to the amount of the shock to be absorbed.

The Hoo-Dye absorbs both the shock and the recoil, and, graduating its control from the slight bump at low speed to the heavy road at high speed, it has brought a new era of comfort to motorists by wiping out road fatigue.

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Cunninghams	Lafayettes
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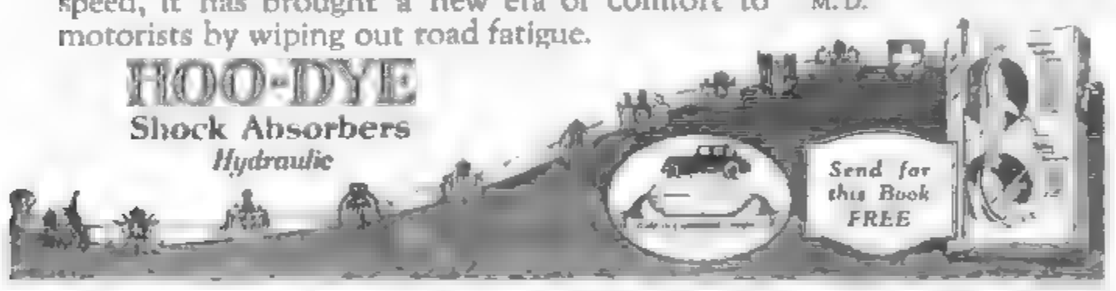
For your own health's sake send for a copy of "How Motor Shocks Affect the Nervous System", by R. Kendrick Smith, M. D.

HOO-DYE
Shock Absorbers
Hydraulic



Safe!

Strong, happy youngsters are those who eat and digest plenty of the right foods. If your boy [or girl] suffers from failing or finicky appetite and lacks weight or vigor, give him Yeast Foam Tablets and see how he improves. A pure, wholesome, tonic food made of selected yeast. Palatable, easy-to-take—the ideal tonic for children. At drug stores or sample free on request.

SEND FOR LARGE FREE SAMPLE

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1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago S.E.P.-7

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 17)

When this had continued for five days a fairylike island suddenly appeared out of the vast sea; an island of white houses, tropical foliage, inhabited by an exceedingly handsome race of dark people and surrounded by distant blue mountains—Ceylon. The boat took a breathing spell here and gave us one day in which to dash out into the country and reach, over perfect motor roads, one of the most fantastic places imaginable—Kandy, where, after luncheon in a delightful English hotel surrounded by Buddhist temples, very friendly elephants, cinnamon and spice and nutmeg trees, jolly monkeys and every British material comfort, I watched an Indian plant a mango seed, cover it with earth, place a basket over it, play on a flute, make a pet snake wriggle about, and finally remove the basket and show a small full-grown tree bearing fruit.

Another four or five days followed at sea, and then, in the middle of the night, a veritable scene from the Russian ballet greeted us. A circle of water illuminated by lights from the ship disclosed a mass of elaborate little boats, painted in imitation of strange fish, filled with dark people clothed in white topped by gold turbans and offering bunches of delicious unknown fruits for sale—Penang, or at least all I saw of it.

Then down the Malay Straits we sailed until Singapore, the most southern point of this voyage, rose to meet us out of heat so intense and throbbing that it was actually exciting.

Again British comforts, even luxuries—including our own American ice-cream soda—were offered, combined with an amazing mixture of Oriental life. Rickshas flew about in every direction, large hotels and department stores seemed to furnish everything the traveler demanded; cinema theaters announced Justine Johnstone in the latest Broadway success; Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Malay and Siamese faces peered out from long rows of shops or from the shade of tropical gardens.

Across the China Sea

Java was vaguely seen across a flat sea; a point of land was passed and a northern course begun; Borneo shone faintly on a distant horizon, and another three days brought us to the mouth of a wide river which somehow suggested the lower part of the Mississippi; and a still more familiar note was struck when, across lowlands densely covered with tropical foliage, two church towers rose out of what appeared to be an exact reproduction of a provincial French town—Saigon. Two days later another French town, Hai Fong, gave more evidences of Western life in the heart of the East.

Then came the coast of China, with oddly shaped mountains, silhouettes which somehow made one think of fantastic creatures and unknown cults; and finally the entrance to the harbor of Hong-Kong was reached, and one of the most dramatic cities in the world rose straight up the sides of a mountain peak. And again along the coast of China until we entered the famous Yangtse River, filled with picturesque junks, and landed at a city which rather suggested Buenos Aires—especially its sumptuous club, with a bar one hundred and fifty feet long, where everyone in the Far East meets at noon and sometimes remains on indefinitely. Then straight across the China Sea to the island empire—the Land of the Rising Sun.

It seems to me that the mistake most of us make in approaching Japan—at least, I did—is to expect to find ourselves immediately in a land which is an exact reproduction of scenes on the stage, scenes from The Geisha or The Mikado or Fantana; but that is not at all what Japan is like today. I was up on deck early in the morning and had a splendid view of Fuji-San, streaked with snow, rising out of gentle green hills, which quite came up to expectations; but when Yokohama was reached, its bay filled with ships from every port in the world, I realized at once that I was not in a stage setting at all. It was more an impressive concentration of all those mechanical contrivances which make all busy ports today so hideously ugly—cranes, switch engines, long lines of freight cars, warehouses, hotels and utilitarian piers.

On to Tokio

I was met by two secretaries from the embassy and hurried off in a motor to the station, where we boarded an electric train that carried us so rapidly through miles and miles of congested one-story frame houses and factories and across iron bridges and along a mass of steel rails—all somehow suggesting the suburbs of Jersey City—that I reached the hotel in Tokio, an hour away, without having the feeling that I had arrived in the heart of the Far East. Of course, there were salient scenes here and there that jumped at me as being strange and unfamiliar; there were dainty little creatures in gay kimonos, their faces covered with white powder, fanning incessantly and squatting on their heels on the seats of the coach; there were dignified little gentlemen in black and gray crêpe coats and broad sashes who wore American straw hats and derbies; there were women with babies strapped to their backs with strips of colored ribbons; there were jolly paper parasols and vivid silk handkerchiefs tied about traveling parcels; there were now and then whole rows of buildings decorated with floating pennants covered with ideographs; there was a continual procession of strange little yellow faces and eager black eyes; there was the incessant sound of clicking clogs as these little people moved about in their wooden sandals.

But somehow these were not the things that made up my first impressions. I had expected them; I had not expected the setting, which struck me as being all wrong; it was entirely too modern, too usefully

Japanese Fire Fighters Performing Acrobatic Stunts on Ladders, Tokio, Japan

ugly; there was nothing about it charmingly dainty and picturesque and suggestive of painted screens and fragile porcelains. The whole place appeared to be given over to catching up as fast as possible with what the Western world considered progress.

Our embassy building suggested a respectable New England farmhouse, or perhaps more a suburban residence of the past century. A white frame building with green shutters and a porte-cochère of the style which we used to think gave great dignity to a house, and two small houses for secretaries, all set in a garden surrounded by a wall, made up our bit of America in this far-off world. The chancery was a two-story wing attached to the ambassador's residence, in which, on the lower floor, were the offices of what might be called the American division. The upper floor was given over to the Japanese department and the commercial attaché's rooms. The buildings were rather shabby and in need of paint—this in spite of the fact that we own them and have a lease of a hundred years or more on the land—but on the whole were rather homelike and comfortable. In comparison with the compounds of the British and German and Italian Embassies we made a showing which would have gratified those of our congressmen who think we should maintain an atmosphere of the greatest simplicity in all our foreign missions.

As I arrived alone, one of the secretaries who was occupying one of the two houses in the compound took me in with him until I had a chance to look about and decide how and where I wanted to live.

Tokio in Hot Weather

That first day—and night—in Tokio stands out as one of the hottest I have ever experienced; and this after a voyage of six weeks spent almost exclusively near the equator! It was most debilitating, depressing heat; after half an hour spent under a cold shower I felt as though I might have enough life left in me to go on for a few hours longer; but the shower had to be repeated constantly to keep this feeling in existence. Thick green trees, a garden filled with strangely dwarfed, twisted plants, a miniature lake and pleasant verandas and awnings gave a comfortable appearance to surroundings; but the pleasant effect was only one of vision; sensation was quite another matter. When night came on, the sultry, oppressive heat seemed to increase, and unfamiliar noises accentuated a feeling of depression which had struck me as soon as I had landed at Yokohama. From a near-by house came a weird, wailing voice accompanied by some picked instrument that sounded like a banjo with one string—which I was told was a geisha practicing her songs. Above this rose the loud plaint of the cicadas that somehow suggested they were making a supreme effort to live through the intense heat. There was an incessant sound of motor horns from a thoroughfare; and there was now and then a peculiarly penetrating noise made by the night watchman as he passed by clicking two pieces of wood together and thus warning all burglars to delay their housebreaking until he had moved on to a safe distance.

Japan's Romantic Past

When the secretary and I had talked ourselves homesick over stories of our own country he attempted to cheer himself and me with some records he had just received; but under such circumstances My Little Gray Home in the West became too poignant to bear. I didn't like Japan that first day; it was entirely too far away from anything I had ever known, and it was immensely discouraging when I realized that it would mean years of study before I could begin to have the first gleam of understanding of a civilization that was centuries separated from our own.

This discouragement at finding myself in such an utterly unknown world drove me at once into gathering together a tremendous collection of books on Japan and settling down to reading day and night in an attempt to find out something of what it all meant; and I was soon deep in a history that became more and more absorbing. I fairly gloated over the wild deeds and blood-curdling brutality of the shoguns; they made the story books I used to read as a boy flat and tame. Iyéyasu is about the most picturesque character to be found in any history. Not only was he a sort of adventurer who made himself practically king, but he was a statesman, a diplomat and a very capable business man when it came to using to advantage the knowledge of the English sailor, Will Adams, who was made to build him ships like those that had

PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

A Street Scene in Tokio During a Recent Celebration

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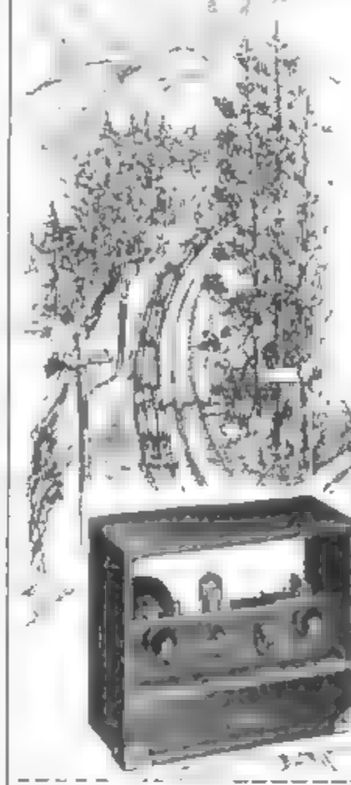

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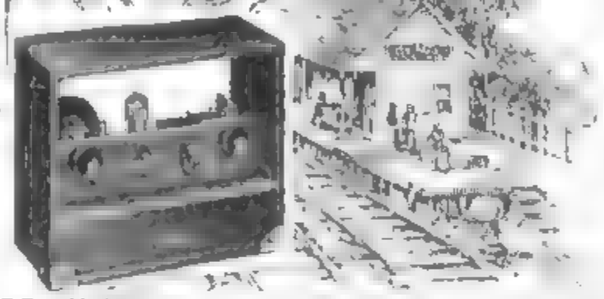

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First, how much spare time do you have at noon time, or in the evening? *Second*, how many people do you know who regularly read, or who would, you believe, enjoy reading, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*?

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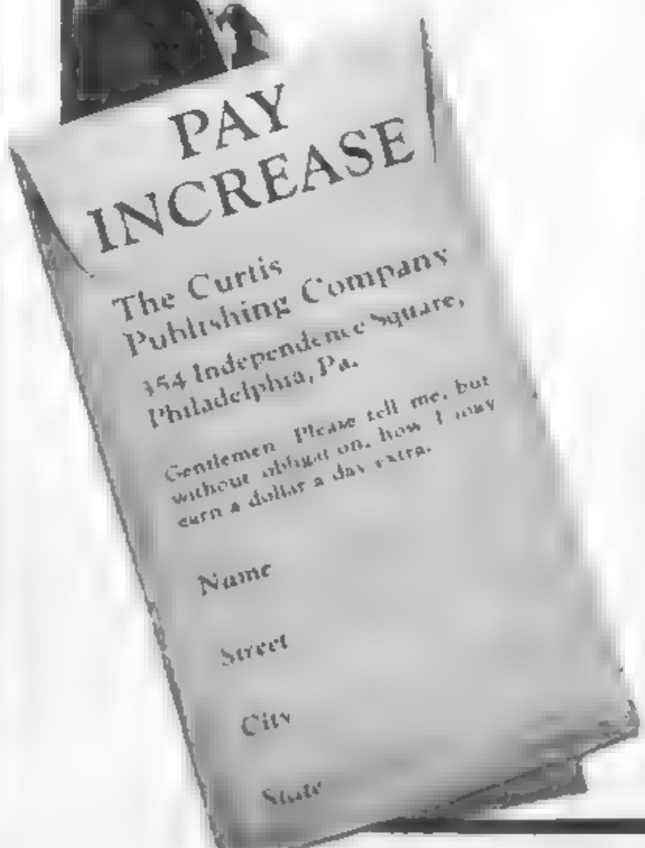

Now, if you will send us an average of but two new or renewal subscriptions each working day, your total monthly profits, in commissions and bonus, will be about $27.00, rather better than a dollar per day. And surely you talk to several times two people each day, don't you?

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defeated the Armada; and when it came to exterminating the new religion which Saint Francis Xavier had begun so successfully to implant in Japan, his methods make Diocletian's efforts seem feeble and puerile.

But Iyéyasu is only one of many amazing characters. I found them all fascinating, especially the defeated warrior who, realizing there was no hope for him, fled to the woods and cut off his own head so that his conquerors would never be sure they had captured him; and another who took refuge among lepers rather than give himself up; and another who set fire to his castle and committed hara-kiri; and another who captured a city by damming a river so that the town was inundated and all the inhabitants drowned; and atill another who, to prove to the shogun who had sent him off to conquer Korea that he had succeeded, sent back sixty thousand pickled ears which he had cut off the heads of his prisoners. And further back, before the time of these powerful dictators, was a history that is a combination of legend and mythology and religion, so interwoven that it is difficult to tell which is which. And after this background of the past was glanced at, there still lay before me the study of the development of this extraordinary nation—which has never known what it means to be conquered or even invaded—into a modern world power.

Once more I found myself forced to relinquish all interest in Cavour and Garibaldi and Mazzini and Pizarro and Balmaceda and Alessandri and Vasco da Gama and Don Jaoa Quinto and devote all my time to Yoritomo and Iyéyasu and the imperial descendants of the Goddess of the Sun. No wonder I found Japan overpowering! There was no connecting link; there was no relation there with what had gone on in other parts of the world; there was nothing to do but make an entirely fresh start in an absolutely new direction.

The work in the embassy was a striking contrast, too, to what I had grown accustomed to in European chanceries. One of the most important phases of the work was the translating and interpreting that must go on incessantly, which necessitates a complete staff for this alone—a work which demands long study and preparation. In fact, the secretaries in the Japanese division had spent many years in Japan so as to learn to read, write and speak the language fluently. In connection with the embassy was a group of language students who, after an examination in Washington, had been sent out to spend two years there in the exclusive study of the language; and after they had mastered it to a certain extent they were to return to Washington to pass another examination and then be appointed officially to a consulate or the embassy.

Difficulties of Language

This is a highly specialized work, and, of course, means, when a man goes into it, that his career is to be confined entirely to those countries in which his knowledge of the language will be useful. Besides the Japanese division of the chancery, which included two secretaries and assistants, we had four secretaries who confined themselves to the work that was carried on in English; and besides this already large staff, we had about five Japanese, who worked in an adjoining office, whose special occupation appeared to be opening doors, carrying messages, delivering cards, receiving mail, telephoning, and the like—perhaps a rather large crowd for such simple duties, but such is the custom in a country where each man is supposed to do only one thing.

I had never before been in a city where I couldn't at least attempt to make myself understood; but in Japan I couldn't even read a sign or understand an elaborate gesture, and my means of communication were equally incomprehensible. This gave me a frightfully lost, bewildered, abandoned sort of feeling; and created an ambition to begin at once the study of Japanese. The second day I got hold of a professor and started in; but, alas! learning Japanese is quite another story than learning French or Spanish or Italian. When I realized that it was all in ideographs; that a certain picture might mean a word or a whole sentence; that the same word might have three different meanings according to the inflection of the voice; that three thousand words were considered the bare skeleton of a vocabulary; that there were two entirely different forms for writing, either the ancient Chinese characters or the more modern kana; that to speak it courteously you had to draw in your breath and bow continuously from the waist, I sent the old professor off with many thanks and the explanation that as I had only, if I were particularly favored, forty more years to live, and as that was not half enough time in which to learn his language, I didn't think it worth while to begin.

It seems that the Japanese find our language just as difficult as we do theirs; though I must say I do not think their system of studying it the best—at least from a practical standpoint. I used to get considerable amusement out of talking to one of the men who stood at the main door of the embassy. As opening the door was his sole occupation, he had a good deal of leisure time, which he devoted to the study of English. Dressed in a black silk kimono, he sat all day at a little table bent over huge volumes which he read with the aid of gold-rimmed spectacles. These volumes were The Vicar of Wakefield, Hamlet and Milton's Paradise Lost. From them he was learning current English. No wonder when he brought me a message it was delivered in poetic and oftentimes incomprehensible language.

Once he came in excitedly, and, after bowing three times and drawing in his breath, announced, "Sir, the ambassador has thrice asked for thee."

Western Dress in the Orient

After weeks of repetition I learned a few phrases and how to count up to ten, though this latter accomplishment was not very useful, as the names of the figures change according to the object you are enumerating. For instance, when you speak of three ladies you use an entirely different word for "three" from the one you would use if you were speaking of men; if you mention three cabbages or three books, each has its individual three; in fact, each object seems to have its special numbers. An unforgivable social *faux pas* is often made by beginners, who refer to a number of ladies with the same numerals used to denote cabbages. I also learned a few addresses that I could give to the ricksha coolies, but I was never sure that they understood me correctly; they often carried me off in an entirely different direction from the one in which I wanted to go.

I looked forward with keen interest to being presented at the Foreign Office and making official calls, feeling sure that such occasions would furnish ample opportunity to observe and learn all the intricacies of Oriental ceremony. In this I was very much disappointed. The Foreign Office, a modern brick building set back in well-kept grounds, gave no suggestion of the East. The minister and undersecretaries wore the same kind of clothes we were wearing at the time—pongee suits—and received us in rooms that might have been furnished in London or Paris or Washington; in fact, I had the feeling that I was anywhere but in Japan.

This determination to become just like us was one of the most constant disappointments of my sojourn there. In another twenty years I suppose the picturesqueness and romance of this remote corner of the world will have disappeared entirely in the wholesale adoption of Western customs and methods of life—all except perhaps the costume of the women. When Commodore Perry first arrived there in his black ships and forced the Japanese to accept us as friends and to become a part of the association of mingling nations, there was a mad rush to become as much like us as possible—this to prove that they were in every way capable of being just like other great nations—and our dress was accepted without question. That being the time of frock coats, everyone who was able to had one made at once, and the ladies, from the empress down, clothed themselves in the fashions Paris dictated at that moment.

Today, however, though officials and business men continue to wear our style of dress, as they find coats and trousers much better adapted to the activities of modern life than divided skirts and somewhat floppy kimonos, the women have decided that they will continue to wear their charming national dress; and very wisely, too, for no costume is quite equal to the beauty and grace of a kimono when worn by a Japanese lady. Of course, it demands certain gestures, small steps and a swinging sort of motion, none of which goes with the present dress of the Western world. The

(Continued on Page 128)

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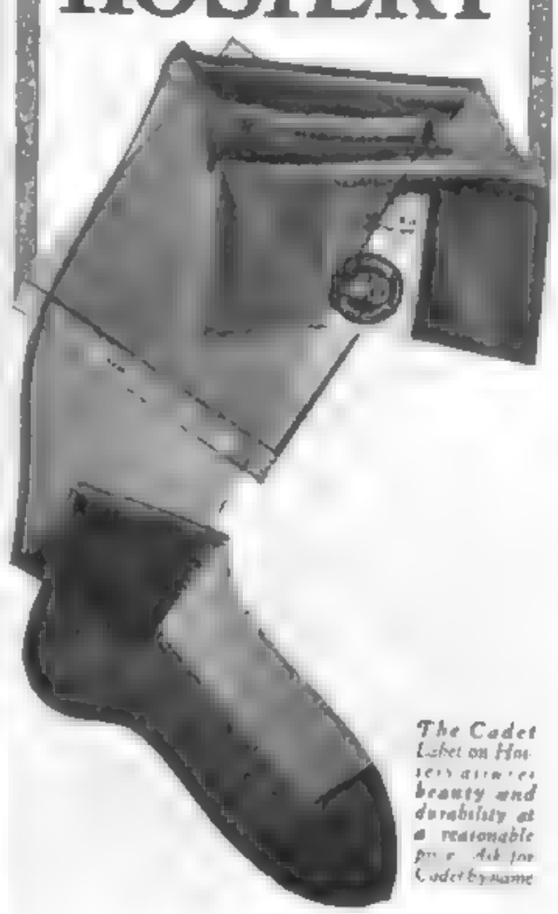

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It is always identified by this Red Woven Label

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"B.V.D." *shaped* elastic insertions at *shoulders* and *encircling waist* make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments *instantly responsive* to your slightest movement. These *ever*-elastic insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from *selected* cotton in our own yarn mill.

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Men's, $1.50 and upward the suit
Youths', 85c the suit

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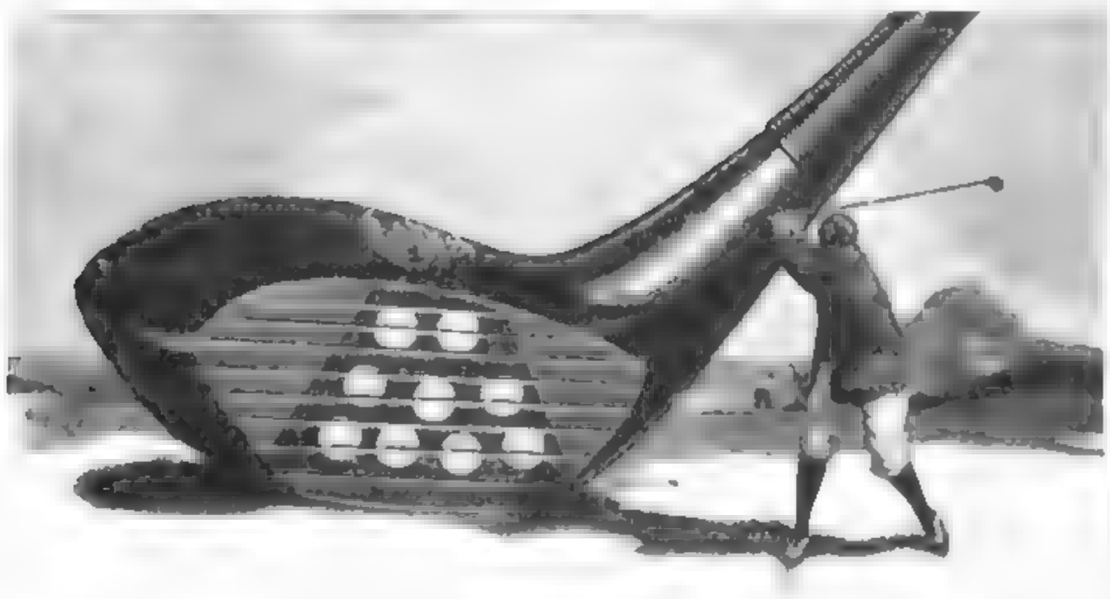

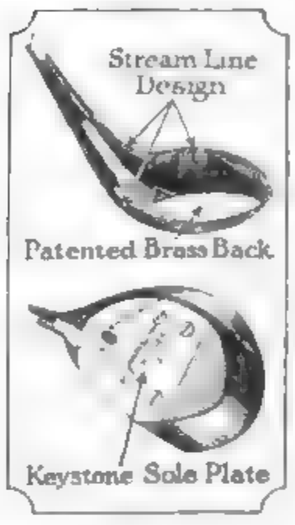

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(Continued from Page 126)

gorgeousness of the materials used is inclined to make one gasp at the expensiveness of such costumes, though this is partly offset by the elimination of changing styles. A Japanese lady does not have to worry over how her next year's dress is going to be cut; the only probable change will be in the designs stenciled on the kimonos.

Embassy life in Tokio differs from that of other capitals in that each embassy has such a large staff that each is independent of the others so far as amusements go. Not only had we our own large staff of secretaries, but both the naval and military attachés had theirs, and there was also the large number of language students; and most of the other embassies were composed of equally large or larger personnels.

As I arrived in the middle of summer, I found most of my colleagues spending the hot months out of town, at the mountain resorts, which are only a few hours away from Tokio. Formerly it was the custom during the summer months to move the entire embassy staffs to Chuzenji, a delightful spot several thousand feet up in the Nikko Mountains on a very pretty lake—immensely suggestive of our lakes in the Adirondacks—and pass the entire summer there; but the necessity during the war of remaining constantly in Tokio has somewhat changed this custom, and diplomats now go for a few weeks wherever they find themselves most comfortable. Our staff was rather widely separated during July and August. The ambassador spent several weeks at Chuzenji, one secretary took a house at Hayama, another was at Myanoshita, and still another at Karuisawa. Though their families remained throughout the season at these resorts, the secretaries took turns in spending a week or two in town, so that the embassy was always well manned and ready to handle all questions that came up.

I chose to remain steadily in Tokio—with only week-end excursions—in order to familiarize myself as quickly as possible with the work there and learn something of the, to me, entirely new questions pertaining to the diplomatic relations between this Far Eastern world and our own. Nothing could possibly have given me a better opportunity to study, read and wander about Tokio than those long summer days, though I must admit wandering about Tokio in the summer is not exactly an exhilarating exercise. A block or two was sufficient to make me think I had already taken the shower bath that I was anticipating at the end of the excursion. But these walks were interesting and always filled with some new evidence of the strangeness of Oriental life. I had only to go out of the embassy compound and walk a few steps to find myself in a narrow lane where masses of tiny houses and tiny people offered striking contrast to everything embodied in our reservation. Little piles of salt before each gate were evidence that the house had recently been purified; branches of fresh green leaves showed the presence of Shinto gods; cups of tea and bowls of rice on miniature altars testified to the fact that the spiritual hunger of ancestors was being appeased.

Sociable Bathing

"Clean houses, clean bodies and fresh flowers are some of the forms of our religion that we observe most carefully," a Japanese explained to me.

I seem to remember, almost more than anything else in Tokio, the constant sound of splashing water. It came from behind high wooden fences, from the interior of houses and often from right in the middle of the street—the daily bath that every native invariably takes. I was particularly interested in an old gentleman who had his bathtub—a sort of barrel with a charcoal heater under it—placed before his front door every afternoon. Here he sat for an hour or so, in the tub, with hot water up to his neck, smoking and fanning and talking to any friends who might pass by. One of the most thoroughly luxurious customs I have ever encountered! Imagine how delightful it would be to go home in the cool of summer afternoons, sit in a tub on the front porch, read the evening paper and exchange gossip with the passers-by! If anything interesting happened that the old gentleman could not see from his tub, he would step out, completely naked, and stroll down the street until he found what had aroused his interest. Japanese unconsciousness of nudity rather takes one's breath away at times. Some say it is the right attitude and that ours is false modesty. Still, when we are brought up with the expectation of always seeing those about us sufficiently clothed, it is a bit disconcerting to find ourselves surrounded by people who have no such inhibitions.

One of my first excursions to the country was to a sea resort near Tokio. We had to walk from the station to the inn on the beach, and, arriving there hot and dusty, we asked at once for a bath. The boy in attendance brought us white cotton kimonos and straw slippers, told us to undress in our rooms, don the kimonos and follow him to the bathhouse. This proved to be a large room half filled with a tub of hot water. My friend showed me the formula for bathing, which is to scrub yourself with soap and water, rinse yourself thoroughly and then sit for twenty minutes in the tub of hot water. We got as far as sitting in the tub—which is not the most comfortable thing in the world, as the water is practically boiling—when three women and two men came into the room, undressed completely, very considerately scrubbed one another's backs with the coarse brushes I had avoided, and then quite casually stepped into the tub where we were sitting and sat down beside us. With their heads just above the water they smiled at us, and nodded and drew in their breaths—a courtesy which is observed carefully, even though you have reached the stage of intimacy where you bathe together. My thoughts rushed back to childhood, when we used to say, "Wash together, friends forever."

Street Scenes in Tokio

Tokio, which is claimed to be the fourth largest city in the world, is the most amazing combination of East and West. At first glance it struck me as being a great overgrown village—this due probably to the lack of sidewalks, the predominance of one-story frame buildings and unpaved streets, numerous trees and isolated handsome buildings. Somehow it made me think of what our Western towns must have been like fifty years ago, before the different sections had been linked together by well-paved streets and a complete unity made of them.

Contrasts abound on all sides. A twelve-story concrete office building—designed by an American architect and built by an American construction company—is just as likely as not to be placed beside a red-lacquered pagoda; a red-brick building, which might have been picked up bodily from Philadelphia, rises out of a mass of small shops which overflow to the sidewalk with millions of teapots; huge, handsome and rather ominous looking gates of wood and tile announce the entrance to some nobleman's estate which is hidden away in what looks like a tenement district; one of the handsomest department stores in the world—in which elevators, orchestras, restaurants and bargain sales abound—is constantly filled with pushing throngs; a theater, as large and comfortable as any on Broadway, is crowded from four in the afternoon until ten at night with an audience that is just as enthusiastic over translations of Madame Sans Gêne, Julius Cæsar and A Doll's House as over their own dramas; temples before which people stop to clap their hands and offer obeisance are crowded with the very latest development in American drug stores, where ice-cream soda and apple pies are consumed ravenously by a race which is just beginning to find out that American food is almost better than its dollars; and the Ginza—Tokio's Fifth Avenue and the most fantastic street in existence—offers everything under the sun and in a way that leaves you absolutely wondering what has happened to you or it. It has sidewalks, not very well kept and often covered with mud; it has two lines of overcrowded electric trams; it has the most confusing network of telegraph poles and wires; it has hundreds of signs announcing the latest in everything from London and Paris and New York; it has pretentious plate-glass windows extremely well decorated; and it has thousands of people clattering along in wooden clogs and dressed in any way that the most casual fancy may have suggested. An undershirt and drawers of white crêpe and a black derby are very popular. Then there are coolies in dark blue coats and pagodalike straw hats; there are many men in black silk kimonos and broad sashes, carrying fans and walking sticks and wearing American straw hats; there are hundreds of those charming little ladies in their

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stenciled kimonos and flashing obis and jolly parasols; there are dignified matrons in more somber attire, though with headdresses that make you wonder how many hours it took to arrange them; there are workmen strolling about in nothing but narrow loin cloths; there are young boys flying in every direction on bicycles; there are motors filled with representatives of distinguished families, all dressed in the most perfect Western clothes; and there are—but why try to describe the Ginza? You would never believe that such an extraordinary place exists until you had seen it for yourself.

I have always prided myself on having a sense of direction and being able to find the way about in almost any city. In Tokio I got lost every time I went out alone; and as for ever reaching the end of it and coming to the open country, I don't believe anyone has ever done that. It goes on forever—thousands and thousands of little one-story houses, sometimes bordering a wide street, more often clustering about narrow lanes that bring you back to where you started from.

But there is one central portion of the city that is as distinguished as one is likely to see anywhere—the section which immediately surrounds the vast, moated, Cyclopean walled fortress which is the residence of the emperor. I often stood before this somewhat ominous-looking citadel, and, after gazing at it and wondering over the aloofness and mystery it suggested, would turn and look back over wide pleasances that showed modern office buildings, handsome government edifices, department stores, banks, theaters and hotels. At such moments I was very much inclined to believe that, if so much has been done in less than fifty years, Tokio will some day be one of the handsomest cities in the world.

There were sufficient familiar amusements to occupy the average foreigner who demanded golf, tennis and club life—the Tokio Club is a thoroughly modern building with an excellent restaurant, and is the meeting place in the afternoon for both native and foreign members—but somehow, perhaps pushed on by the always-disturbing feeling that I was never getting any closer to this utterly strange civilization, I spent most of my leisure time wandering about the city.

One of my favorite spots was in Shiba Park, where I always found, late in the afternoon, in a little shrine devoted to the worship of the Goddess of Good Fortune—a charming little building on a tiny island surrounded by giant lotus blossoms—an old priest who was always zealously demanding the attention of the goddess by means of bowls of rice, cups of tea and vases of flowers which he placed on her altar. Kneeling before the shrine, he would clap two bits of wood together so incessantly that I began to wonder if it were not an endurance test to see if the goddess would not become so bored with the supplicant's clatter that she would answer his prayers just to get rid of him.

A Japanese Coney Island

When I wanted to glance at the more active life of this amazing city I would wander along that long lane of one-story brick shops or booths which leads to Tokio's most popular Asakusa temple—a resort that is very closely akin to our own Coney Island. The narrow approach to the temple is a mass of gay, jostling, noisy people; the stone pavement makes an extraordinary sounding board for the shuffling of thousands of wood-sandaled feet; and the cries of venders, selling candies and dog collars and teapots and books and cakes and lanterns and dolls and pickles and fans, make a reverberation that no one would ever connect with the worship of a god; yet that is exactly what they were there for; for when I finally reached the temple, a huge building guarded by wooden demons that were anything but friendly in appearance, the gay throng was even noisier and happier there as they amused themselves clapping their hands and throwing coins into a long trough.

In this neighborhood, which is the center of hundreds of cinema theaters where many American films were being shown, I used often to remain to dinner. After taking off my shoes, passing along the smallest and most perfect gardens imaginable, and climbing steep stairs, I would finally reach a tiny room, where spotless matting and screens and lacquer tables and silk cushions made up the furnishings. While I looked out over lantern-lighted lanes and houses, a dainty little figure in lavender and orange silk would sit beside me, fan me, chatter most amiably in a language of which I understood not one word and serve me a repast that consisted of dozens of little lacquered bowls filled with seaweed soup, mushrooms, Christmas-tree ornaments, fried lobsters, sugar-coated raw fish and candied cherry blossoms. If I appeared disposed to spend the evening there the little figurine would clap her hands and call downstairs and give a hissing order which soon brought up two giggling geishas—one dressed in heavy black crêpe stenciled in pine trees and white cranes, the other in a shimmering kimono of gold and pink peonies.

With their appearance I knew I was in for an hour or two of symbolic dancing—of which I am not desperately fond—and so would stretch out on the cushions, light another cigarette, take a sip of the very insidious lukewarm sake and resign myself to those posturings—accompanied by the sadly strummed samisen—which were supposed to represent the trickling of a mountain stream over pebbles, the first whisper of spring breezes at the meeting of the iris and the lotus.

If I became more ambitious in studying this culture of the East I would go to a no dance—which the Japanese say is as fine as our Shakspere—which usually went on for seemingly whole days and nights; or I would go to a performance at the National Theater and watch endless scenes in which a husband or father or son, finding himself dishonored, would go through the intricate ceremony of committing hara-kiri in a way that left nothing to the imagination.

The Prince of Wales' Visit

Yes, those wanderings about Tokio were rather wonderful. And yet all the time I seemed to be growing farther and farther away from those strange people. The more I saw of them the less I understood them; even when I went away I did not feel that I knew them any better than when I had first glanced at paintings of them which some traveler had brought back with him.

The autumn season was ushered in with an earthquake that was quite different from those I had experienced in Italy and Chile, in that the motion suggested the up-and-down hurried movements of a juggler rather than the swaying and rocking to and fro—this no doubt due to the different effect upon frame houses and those made of stone and mortar. The earthquake was followed by a typhoon that lasted three days and was accompanied by a tidal wave that did considerable damage. Then suddenly the hills and gardens about Tokio looked as if they were in the grip of a huge conflagration—the autumn effect of turning maples.

After this the season might have been said to be launched, and the first large entertainment was given—one of those garden parties that are so much in favor. Frock coats and top hats were the formal dress for men, which gave me an excuse to dig out from the bottom of trunks these articles of apparel that had lain there since the days before the war, in Rome.

The story goes that this rigorous rule of the frock coat delayed the visit to Japan of the Prince of Wales for several days. It seems that he had only brought a morning coat with him, and upon being told that this was not considered sufficiently dressy for official functions had telegraphed from Hong-Kong explaining his difficulty and asking that—at least during his visit—this be considered formal dress. The reply came back that as everyone in official circles in Tokio only had frock coats, and there being no time to have so many morning coats made, it was suggested that the prince remain long enough in Hong-Kong to have one made by a Chinese tailor—which he did.

The first function of the season was given by the Minister for Foreign Affairs in one of the Imperial palaces, of which there seem to be any number in Tokio. The garden was an interesting example of that amazing landscape-gardening art which creates vistas and lakes and mountains and bridges on such an infinitesimally small scale that they look exactly like toys. The house was a rather dilapidated wooden building with verandas decorated with those fancy scrolls and twisted pillars and gingerbread balustrades that we used to think the last word in elegance.

The minister and his wife—she was a graduate of Bryn Mawr—received the thousand and more guests near the entrance

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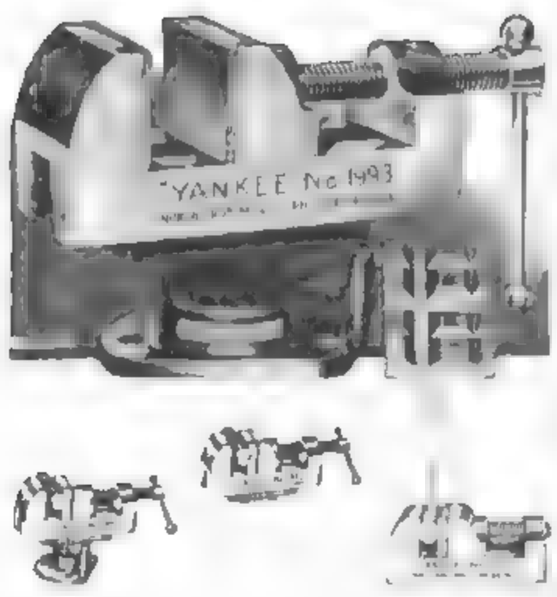

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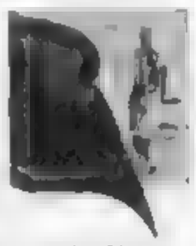

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door, welcoming their own people with the characteristic bow from the waist, but greeting foreigners with cordial handshakes. From the hall we were shown immediately into the garden, where all sorts of entertainments were going on. In one part a stage had been erected and a continuous performance of juggling and dancing went on, all done before an arrangement of black velvet curtains which was immensely effective; in another part an orchestra was playing; and in gayly tinted tents most elaborate refreshments were being served—all the most dainty and complicated Western dishes, which the Japanese guests apparently enjoyed to the fullest. Indeed, it is said that their somewhat unnourishing food of thin soups and raw fish and candied flowers is rapidly being superseded by our more satisfying beefsteaks and fried potatoes.

The next official function was the review of the army by the Prince Regent, an impressive sight in which thousands of these small khaki-clad soldiers marched by with extraordinary precision, while several bands played a national anthem that was in many ways one of the most curious and exotic bits of music I have ever heard, and tremendously characteristic of the East—though someone later told me that it was composed by a German.

Then began a seemingly endless series of dinners given by embassies and government officials, at which I had a first opportunity of meeting and talking to the representative people of Japan. A great many of them spoke English, even if they had not traveled, and I was interested to find out that most of the men who had been educated abroad had attended schools in England rather than in the United States. Foreigners were usually entertained in the part of the houses—sometimes a wing, sometimes two or three rooms—which had been built especially for that purpose, and had been furnished with chairs and tables.

Why She Became a Christian

I was interested in hearing a Japanese lady give her reasons for having renounced her national religion and becoming a Christian:

"I began to learn your customs at a school in Kioto conducted by American missionaries. I might as well confess that I did not attend this school in order to become a Christian; that was the last thing I thought of. I went to learn English and your way of living. I even left the school, after two years, without having given much thought to the Christian religion. Then, when I was suddenly taken ill, I was carried to an American hospital, where my family felt I would receive the best attention. I was there a long time, several months, and during those long days in which I had to remain in bed and do nothing I began to be interested in the way everyone treated me. There was something so very kind and gentle and thoughtful in the way I was taken care of; and all this was not alone for me; it was for every patient in the hospital, whether they were known or not. Each one was an individual carefully looked after and treated with very deep personal interest.

"This impressed me very much. I began to wonder if your civilization—and, of course, that means in a great part your religion—did not possess something that ours did not. Our affections seem to exist only for those close to us; yours seem to embrace every living creature. You not only have kindly feelings for everyone but you put them into practice.

"Once I asked my nurse why she was so good to me, and she laughingly replied that it was her duty, that she was expected to be encouraging and kind to all the patients; then later she gave me a little black-bound book to read—your New Testament—and I found in it the inspiration for everything that I had seen about me. Today I am a member of the American Church in Tokio."

I remember with a good deal of amusement the surprise I experienced in my first conversation with a Japanese lady, who sat next me at a large dinner. She was dressed in a pale blue kimono with a gorgeous obi of silver and white water lilies; her hair was piled high on her head and stuck through with sparkling combs and ornaments, and her heavily powdered face and long, upturning eyes were exactly like those pictures on fans and lacquered boxes. I was perfectly sure the conversation between us was not going to be very animated. She was too completely Oriental to suggest the knowledge of one word of English. But we had hardly got seated when she turned to me and said in fluent English:

"I have recently been reading with a great deal of interest the opposition your countrywomen are showing towards the birth-control movement in the United States. I must say I am rather surprised to find such an advanced country as America—especially advanced where women are concerned—not disposed to accept such a humanitarian idea. But you are a nation of striking contrasts, aren't you?"

This from a kimono-clad lady, who was exuding a pleasant aroma of rose geranium and looking as if she had just stepped down from a fifteenth-century screen, was almost too much to believe.

My first experience in attending an official function at our embassy came very near being disastrous—at least so far as showing any diplomatic training on my part. As I was the only secretary present, the ambassador asked me to meet the guests in the hall, show them on the diagram their places at the table, and see that they were presented to the ladies they were to take in to dinner. As I had met very few of those invited—most of them had just returned to town—I found it a rather difficult task trying to decide who was who and getting the names straight. I concentrated on the Prime Minister; and, though I had not met him, I had seen so many photographs of him in American papers during the Washington Conference that I felt sure I would recognize him as soon as he entered. When I saw one I took for him come in I rushed up with considerable *empressement*, greeted him with a low bow, showed him his place at the table, told him whom he was to take in to dinner, and even went so far as to follow him into the drawing-room to see that he was presented to the lady in question. After having got this off my chest I stopped a moment before a friend and commented on the fact that Baron Kato looked exactly like his photographs.

"Has he come?" my friend asked.

"There he is."

I indicated the one I had just taken so much trouble over.

"That isn't the Prime Minister. What ever made you think so?"

A Bewildering Sojourn

This explains the difficulty I encountered all the time I was in Japan. I never seemed able to distinguish one person from the other, even though the Japanese maintain that they are just as distinctly different as we are. At any rate, I spent a bad few minutes that evening undoing all I had done, getting the card away from the wrong man, presenting him to another lady and showing him another place at the table.

Our embassy teas brought out the American colony in force, especially those from Yokohama, where most of our compatriots live and which is really a much more cosmopolitan city than Tokio. They also afforded a chance to meet the large numbers of missionaries of all denominations who are carrying on an interesting and steadily growing work—perhaps more important than anything else that we are doing in that distant part of the world. It was a constant surprise to me to find, not only in Tokio and Kioto and Yokohama but in much smaller places, American churches and schools springing up in all directions.

I must say that one of the most striking influences of the schools appeared in those students who with almost violent enthusiasm had taken to gold-rimmed spectacles and gold-filled teeth. I have never seen such a general display of these articles, and when I commented on it I was told that the Japanese look upon them as a form of jewelry.

I left Japan more confused and bewildered than I had been during the whole of my diplomatic experience, and with the feeling that this last assignment had comprised more that was new and utterly strange than the whole of the previous years. When I stepped off the boat at Seattle, thus completing a journey round the world, I felt that the time had come to settle down on my own native soil—at least for a while—and let the kaleidoscopic impressions of varying civilizations fall together and form, if possible, a composite whole. Fourteen years is a long time to live away from one's own people, even though in the official capacity of representing them and caring for their interests.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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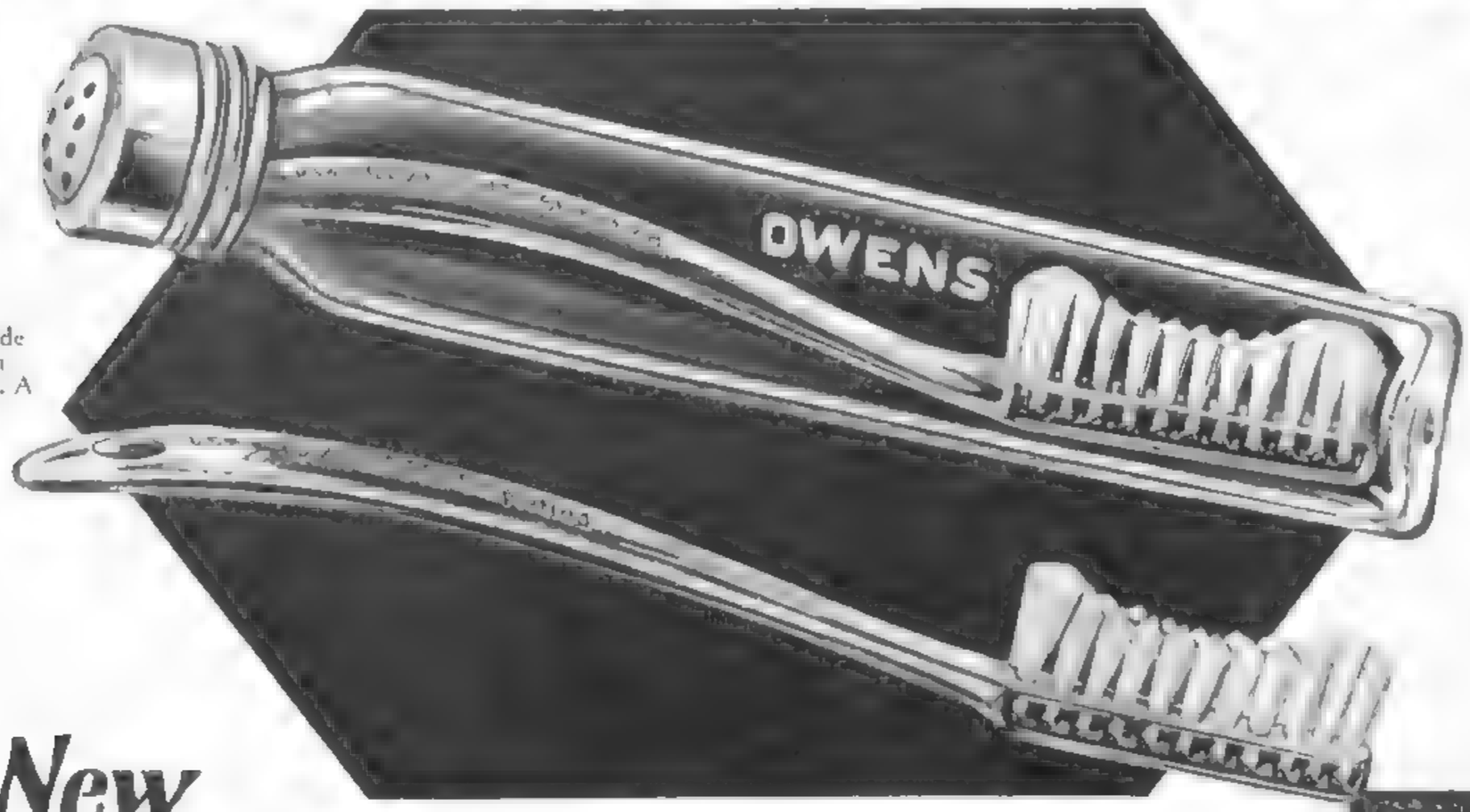

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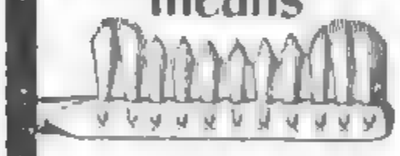

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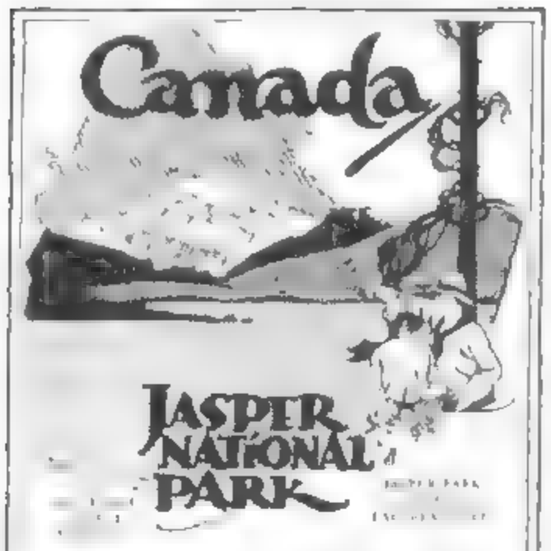

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PANACEAS OF THE PAST

(Continued from Page 9)

the proposition, vigorously urged by the supporters of it, that economic progress is marked by increasing wealth among a small section of the people and increasing poverty among a tremendously larger section, because it is the tendency of rent to absorb all values above a minimum for wages and interest, and that the taking of this rent, by the medium of the single tax, would bring about democratic equality and universal prosperity.

The most important political tests of the hold of the theory on the minds of the people were the two campaigns George made for mayor of New York, the first in 1886, when he was defeated, and the second in 1897, when he died a few days before the election. The theory has not received general acceptance by the economists, although George's correlative theory that the laborer is paid not out of capital but out of the value he himself creates has been accepted in some quarters. Notwithstanding the disapproval of the single tax by the economists, it has a considerable body of adherents in this country, and is vigorously held to be the long-sought-for taxation panacea.

The decay of the Populist movement was followed by the birth of what may be termed the trust-busting era, wherein the panaceists, defeated in their efforts to provide poor money to all those who did not have any, turned their attention to the project of taking good money from those who had plenty. The Populists ceased to function nationally in 1900, and in that year began the great corporation expansion that, although checked somewhat by the panic of 1907, has continued by one expedient or another ever since. According to the census of 1900 there were then in the United States 185 trusts, or combinations, with 2040 plants, and a total capitalization of $1,436,625,910. These combinations produced slightly over 14 per cent of the gross product of the manufacturing industries of the country.

Owing to the many shiftings, reorganizations, dissolvings, and to the various court decisions in trust cases, there is much dispute as to exactly what sort of combination or corporation can now be termed a trust, and there are no statistics at hand as to the total capitalization and product at the present time. However, the total capital invested in corporations, many of them perhaps not trusts, as reported for tax purposes in 1920 was $68,427,073,288, and it is fair to assume that a considerable portion of this capital is trust capital, in one way or another, especially as the Standard Oil, the United States Steel, the American Tobacco and many others of the giants flowered into their billions in the first years of this century; separated since, of course, into their component parts, as in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases, but still doing nicely, thank you.

The Age of Trust-Busting

Your true panaceist is a volatile, versatile and irrepressible person. He is neither discouraged nor dismayed because his millennium does not arrive on time, nor cast down because it does not arrive at all. He has millenniums constantly on tap, and panaceas by the score always in stock. If one cure-all does not work he promptly contrives another. Thus, when it was definitely established by the election of 1896 and by the gold-standard law of 1900 that this country could not be pushed, talked or frightened into fiat money, or free silver, or any other more-money claptrap whatsoever, the panaceists went off on a new tack and determined that as it was fairly evident that the people did not think of the lamentable lack of cheap money as the crying evil of the times, the people could be talked into thinking that predatory wealth, as exemplified by the trusts, was the crying evil. After the trust makers got well under way, following the billion-dollar steel combination of 1901, the trust breakers came in full cry hard upon their heels, and we had a new panacea thrust at us, namely—that the salvation of the nation depended entirely on the busting of the trusts. Otherwise we were doomed.

The matter had already received some attention at the hands of our congressional mentors through the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887, and the making of the Sherman Antitrust Law in 1890. The Sherman Antitrust Law provided that all contracts, combinations—in the form of trusts or otherwise—or conspiracies in restraint of interstate or international commerce are illegal, and persons guilty of participating in any of these combinations are guilty of misdemeanor. Still, in face of this law, the trust making went on gayly and billionairely, and it was up to the panaceists to bust a few trusts.

Wherefore, for bright example, they busted the Standard Oil Company, and the American Tobacco Company—tore them limb from limb, and stood around waiting to see these great and restrictive combinations of capital wither and die. Wherefore, again, the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, resolved into their constituent parts—so it was said—proceeded calmly and efficiently, thus rudely separated, on their way.

And so with other trusts and combinations. The net result of that trust-busting panacea seems to be the increase of the profits of the busted and the consequent collection of more of the national wealth in their own pockets. If there is any reduction in price to the consumer of the articles the trusts thus panaceized produce by this so-called restoration of competition between the organizations originally combined, it has escaped many most vigilant seekers.

The Birth of the Progressive Party

The extremely practical persons who produce, transport, distribute and bank for us are always from two to ten laps ahead of the theorists who seek to control them, and the reasons for that are that the practical persons know their business, while the theorists do not; because the practical persons also know their politics and their politicians, while the theorists do not; because, no matter what happens, the practical persons retain control of the instruments of production; and until some method is evolved by the reformers whereby the purely reactionary facts that it was intelligent self-interest that built up this country, and that it is intelligent self-interest that is still building it, can be met by obliterating fact instead of by various half-baked reform theories, wordy panaceas and emotional crusades, the present situation will continue; which, apparently, is the desire of the great mass of the people. At least that must be the conclusion when the demonstrated actions and reactions of the people are considered in connection with the numerous panaceas offered by the theorists, reformers and regulators.

After the trust-busting panacea had been found to be much diluted, attenuated, in fact, as a national means of saving grace, there came, in 1912, the Progressive Party, which embarked in the panacea business in a wholesale and vociferous manner. The inciting causes for this adventure in high political emprise and higher concern for the welfare of the people and the removal of the ship of state from the shoals, are too recent to need recapitulation here; but it may be said that when it came to offering to the voting public remedies for all existing political, governmental, social and economic evils the Progressives went into the trust industry themselves.

They formed a combination in restraint of all reform trade and set forth almost every known variety, save actual socialism, as of their own proprietary brand, patent, copyright and trade-mark, drawing with liberality upon the theories of almost every panaceist we have known, from Thomas Jefferson to William S. U'ren.

They produced a platform that took an incredible time in passing a given point, even when impelled by a most skillful declaimer, and among many others it embraced the following cures for our national disorders:

The destruction of the invisible government, direct primaries, presidential preferential primaries, popular election of United States senators, the short ballot, the initiative and referendum and the recall; legislation for the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, and so forth, prohibition of child labor and night work for women, minimum wage standards for women, the eight-hour day, abolition of contract prison labor, standards of compensation for industrial accidents, injuries and trade diseases, social insurance including old-age pensions, publicly controlled industrial-education schools and the

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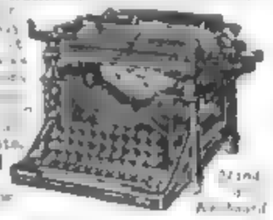

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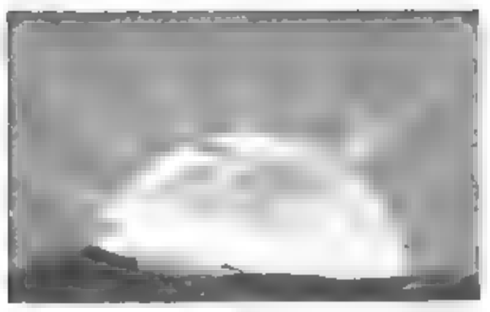

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Now, there is a program that properly may be called stupefyingly catholic in its inception. It combines in one vast dose about all the governmental, political, social and economic reforms conceived up to that time, save collectivism and communism. It does not take up the subject of levies on capital, and is wary concerning the nationalization of industries, but it spreads out in almost every other direction. One would think that the oppressed and outraged proletariat would have risen to that consortium of reliefs with a glad whoop and voted the proposers of it into power with joyous unanimity. But the proletariat did not rise in that manner, even though the leader of the movement was the enormously popular Roosevelt. Less than one-third of those voting swallowed the dose. To be exact, this putting of all the known cures, except the extreme radical ones, into one capsule was voted for by 4,119,582 of the 15,034,800 who went to the polls.

Panaceas We Have Tried

This gigantic staking of its all on one turn of the election cards left the Progressives bankrupt as a party, and, in 1916, deserted of its leader. So it passed out to join the bygone panaceists in the political mausoleum where are stored the remains of the long, long list, from Free-Soilers to Populists, from Barnburners to Greenbackers.

But as the Populists are entitled to point to various of their panaceas that later came into legislative being, so also are the Progressives, who adapted considerable of the Populist creed to their own uses. The income tax was then on its way, and so was woman suffrage. Both are with us at present, the first, as yet, unstabilized, and the second, as yet, undeveloped. In various states they have the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and we have accomplished presidential preferential primaries and the election of United States senators by popular vote. We have attained the widely acclaimed panacea of the direct primary. And in various states and cities some of the minor improvements to the old order have been adopted, such as the commission form of government, community property for husbands and wives, blue-sky laws, and so on.

Let us examine into some of these—the direct primary, for example; and, coupled with that, the election of United States senators by the vote of the people instead of by legislatures, as formerly. Any survey of the effects of the direct primary on the character and capabilities of the public officials who achieve nomination for office thereby, in any section of the country, cannot fail to convince the disinterested and nonprejudiced student of causes and effects that rather than elevate the standard of our public officials the direct primary has, in the most favorable circumstances, held that standard on practically a level with the old standard, and in most cases has actually lowered it.

In the first place, the direct-primary system increases by 100 per cent the political disturbances that the people of any given section are subjected to, because the primaries demand as intensive a campaign for their verdicts as the election that follows entails. Also, the primaries increase the cost of running for important office so as to make it prohibitive, in many instances, to the capable poor man; and, furthermore, as has been proved abundantly, the primaries give leverage to the demagogue that the old convention system did not allow. The demagogue who could not make a dent on the convention now goes out and talks himself into nomination before the people.

Old Senators and New

The presidential primaries, long touted as the solution of boss-ridden conventions, so increase the expense of a campaign for the nomination that a poor man, unless financed by those who will in the future be interested, cannot run. The cost of conducting a nation-wide canvass in the presidential primaries is enormous. A study of the expenditures of the campaign of 1920 will show that. But, it may be pointed out, President Harding, who was nominated by the Republicans, made a most meager primary campaign. Granted; but if Harding was not preferentially chosen by the primaries, how and where was he preferentially chosen? And of what use is the presidential primary system unless it selects the candidate? Where does the panacea come in?

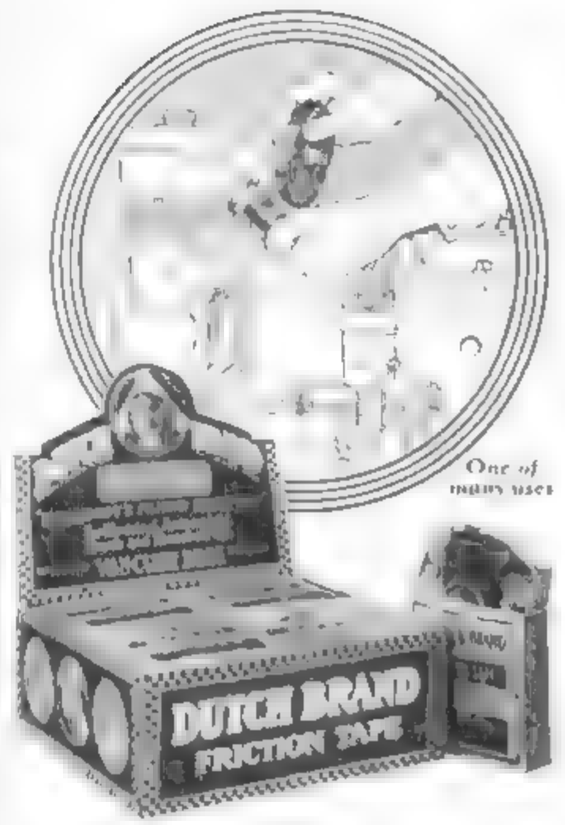
How did the canvasses of Wood and Lowden and Johnson in the Republican primaries of 1920 work to preserve the people from the machinations of the bosses, when Harding, who was only sketchily in the primaries, got the nomination? And what preference did the Democratic primaries show for Cox? What popular uprising was there for him?

The fact is that presidential primaries do not do what it has been claimed by the reformers for years they would do. They are not a cure for bossism. They are merely another political panacea that does not stand the test.

And the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people—how about that? There is a reform that was shouted for for years, and was finally attained by medium of the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, which was proclaimed on May 31, 1913, as ratified by the states. Thus it has been in effect for ten years, and with what result? Go back to 1900, say, before this agitation had had any preliminary effects, or not many, and compare that Senate with the present Senate. Morgan, Pettus, Berry, Wolcott, Teller, Platt of Connecticut, Bacon, Cullom, Beveridge, Dolliver, Allison, Frye, Hale, Hoar, Lodge, McMillan, Nelson, Vest, Cockrell, Carter, Chandler, Gallinger, Foraker, Aldrich, Tillman, Bate, Proctor, Daniel and Spooner were in it, all of them products of the heinous system of election by legislatures which this reform was to correct, and which method it was to sanctify.

Put that list against the roster of the present Senate, the product of popular elections, and draw your own conclusions. The truth of it is that there are many members of the present Senate whom no boss, however case-hardened, would have had

A Surf Scene, Hawaiian Islands



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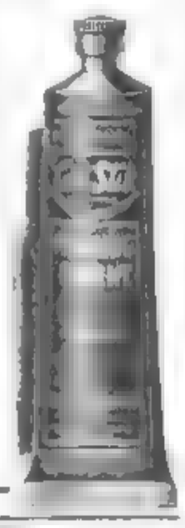
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

50c and $1 Sizes

Save
Tubes
Tires
Time

ANYONE can mend any puncture or a 17 inch cut or blowout with this pure white, fresh para rubber Las-Stik patching material.

It couldn't be white if it wasn't pure new para rubber. Only a white patch stretches perfectly with the tube, no more, no less, and remains so elastic it never can creep or tear out. Sizes 50c and $1, cement included.



Dealers and Jobbers tie up with this advertising and this dominating growing patch success that is based on six years of demonstrated quality. Write.

LAS-STIK PATCH
MFG. COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

Rubber Cement 10c

Always Ready

Here is a new convenience. An extra strong waterproofed mending tape that mends most everything from baby's broken doll to a split tool handle. Always ready to serve you well. Keep a spool in your house, garage, tool chest, traveling kit. Saves dollars constantly. 15c 25c 50c

At Your Druggist's

Mail This For Free Strip SEP 7-7-23

BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

CASH AND PRIZES

[illegible] an earn extra money and [illegible] by writing The Ostrander Service [illegible] Company, Sales Dev., 900 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

the temerity to propose to a legislature he controlled—mediocrities who are the result of popular election, and whose performances during the past ten years have proved that there is a flaw somewhere in this reform.

The initiative and referendum and recall are not yet Federal improvements, but various states have adopted them with the result of complicating the elections to such a point of intricacy that the voters in most instances do not know what they are voting for; with the result of cumbering state constitutions and statute books with many useless, foolish, expensive, often fanatical and, more often, unworkable laws that embody the fads, fancies, theories and illusions of small cults, classes, special interests and self-seekers; and with the further result of enabling any interest, whether corporate or personal, with sufficient money to hire professional petition shovers, to get before the public and secure a vote—influenced by private and selfish and skillful propaganda in most cases—on any project of any sort that can come within the purview of state legislation.

In Ohio the percentage of registered voters required to get an initiative proposition on the ballot is only 3 per cent.

Initiative Measures

In all states the initiative is coupled with the referendum, requiring the submission of the measure to popular vote, either in the first instance, which is what prevails in the majority of states, or, as in Ohio, not only in the first instance but also in a second, for in case the legislature does not approve of the proposal the voters of Ohio have the inestimable privilege of a double initiative, first to the legislature and then from the legislature to the voters.

In the latest election in California the finely printed explanatory and descriptive text accompanying the initiative measures proposed filled a book such as no voter would take the time to read and only few voters could understand, even if all of them read the thousands upon thousands of words of fine print. So they voted, mostly, for or against those measures for which the paid propaganda had been most vociferous, and let the rest slide. So skillful have the very interests which the initiative was devised to circumvent come to be in various states, in the preparation and circulation of initiative petitions and in the providing of paid propaganda for these, that the initiative is fully as much of a special-interest medium as it is a popular one, if not more.

However, since the initiative was first adopted by Oregon, in 1902, it has been taken up by about one-half of the states, and the business of shoving petitions for a nickel a name is a growing one. Undoubtedly some meritorious measures have been the outcome of it, and no record of all its successes and failures is at hand.

Don Quixote's Advice

The generalization is a safe one that the foolish and, often, special-interest legislation that has resulted from initiative measures far exceeds the measures of merit that have been adopted, for the reason that initiative measures are the outcome, in a large majority of cases, either of the theories of cranks and fanatics and panaceists who can gain no hearing in legislatures or of crafty special interests, skillful in the use of propaganda, that have something to put over on the people. It is a great and useful instrument for the highly organized minorities that are so powerful in American life.

Thus we come to the present, when the panacea blooms on every political bush; when the Agricultural Bloc, and the Progressive Bloc, and the League of Nations Bloc, and the Isolationists, and the Tax Experts, and the Corporation Chasers, and the innumerable societies for the cure of exploitation of this and that each has a sure remedy for existing conditions, and each its political and publicity schemes to advance.

Thus we come to the confused and hurried present, and about all there is to say is to repeat to the panacea-whelmed American people the admonition of Don Quixote: Patience, and shuffle the cards. Most of the panaceas won't work.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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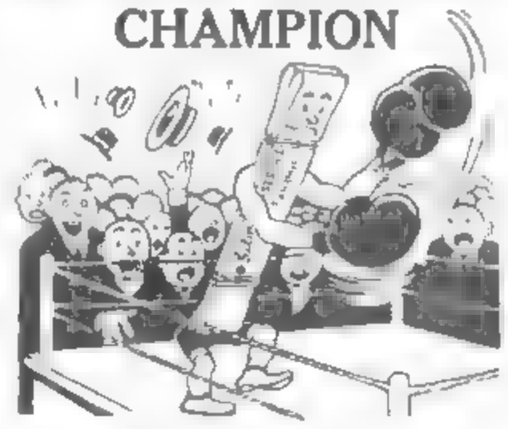
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE NEW FAN BELT CHAMPION



Super-Service, the fan belt champ, has a record to be proud of—he has never lost a scrap.

A handsome belt, but boy he's tough! Endurance is his middle name.

Super-Service owes a great part of his title to his metallic finish. This finish turns the most vicious punches of heat, oil and water.

Super-Service Fan Belts come wrapped in pairs, one for the fan, the spare for the tool-box for emergency. Buy the twin package at your dealer's.

60c each for Ford cars.
90c each for all other cars using flat belts.

L. H. GILMER CO., Philadelphia

Gilmer
SUPER-SERVICE
FAN BELT

"It's a Gilmer Product—you can depend on it."—Happy Van, the Gilmer Man.

Your Opportunity

Salesmen Wanted

To sell Teas, Coffees, etc., direct to consumer. Profit Sharing Plan.

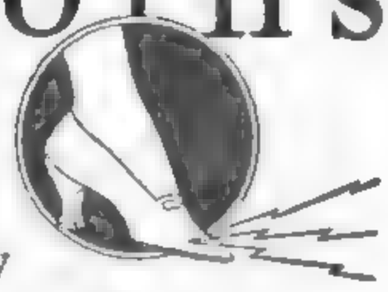
References and Bond required.

Pleasant, profitable and healthful employment. Thousands have succeeded with us. Many have been with us from twenty to forty years.

For full information write to

Grand Union Tea Company
Room No. 10
68 Jay Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corns



Just Say

Blue-jay

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

—At your druggist's—

THIS photograph shows several crews of painters at work on the Leviathan's hull at Newport News, Va. It took 7,000 gallons of paint to cover the 8 acres of the hull and the super-structure—41,000 gallons of paint and varnish for the interior surfaces—a grand total of 48,000 gallons, or enough to paint and varnish every house, inside and out, in a town of 5,000 population.

Saving the Leviathan

RUMOR had it that the famous ferry of the A. E. F. was rotting at her pier in the Hudson River. But rumor was not right. Painters were quietly at work all the while checking rust and rot—foiling deterioration. Had it not been for saving the surface with paint and varnish at vital places, the Leviathan could not have been re-conditioned for anything like $8,000,000—perhaps not at all!

The Leviathan, unrestored, would have become a national disgrace. The Leviathan, restored, is a national triumph—a triumph for American ingenuity and resource—a triumph for American engineering—a triumph for American paint and varnish—a triumph of which all Americans can be proud. There never was a more striking example of the truth of the great American proverb, "Save the surface and you save all".

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN—507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement, by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

413 Copyright by Save the Surface Campaign, 1923.

It costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and varnish NOW, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. Don't put it off—put it on.

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

THE distinction possessed by Riddle Lighting Fitments is the outgrowth of thirty years of Riddle tradition in the making of residential lighting equipment of the finest character. You will feel pride and satisfaction in having Riddle Fitments in your home—and if you are building for rental or re-sale you will appreciate the practical advantage to be gained from equipping with lighting fitments that have a known value in the eyes of the public. Riddle Fitments are enduringly wrought of metal, in the colorful Estofado Decoration that is permanent in all climates. They may be seen at leading lighting fixture stores and departments, in a wide range of styles and prices.

Booklet with color illustrations sent on request to Department N

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO
Makers of lighting fitments since 1892

YOU can easily replace out-of-date lighting fixtures with modern Riddle Fitments. Consult your dealer for suggestions and estimates

THE Riddle Planning Service will gladly make a suggestion for an appropriate installation, on receipt of data direct or through your dealer

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

A guest room, made attractive as any room because of a linoleum floor that offers possibilities for the exercise of thought and taste.

Are you proud of the floor in your guest room?

THIS is a guest room more than ordinarily cheerful and inviting. The woman who selected furniture, rugs, and draperies for this room knew what she was about when she chose a linoleum floor that completed the harmony of color and decorations.

There is beauty in a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. The colors and patterns lend atmosphere and dignity to the room, especially when enhanced by the careful placing of a plain fabric rug here and there.

Linoleum is so easy to clean that with no care beyond an occasional wiping with a dust-mop the linoleum floor may be always spotlessly bright and clean.

This spick-and-span quality is a great addition to the appearance of any floor. Other advantages of linoleum floors are their quietness and resilience under foot. Linoleum makes a warm floor—it keeps the heat in and the cold out.

If you are not familiar with new linoleum patterns, go to a good furniture or department store and ask to see what is being offered in Armstrong's Linoleum.

There are beautiful Jaspés or two-tone effects, parquetry inlaids, carpet inlaids, marble tile inlaids, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs—something suitable for any room you may be planning to re-decorate. Also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you go to buy linoleum you can be sure of getting genuine linoleum of highest quality by looking for the Armstrong trademark, a Circle "A" on the burlap back.

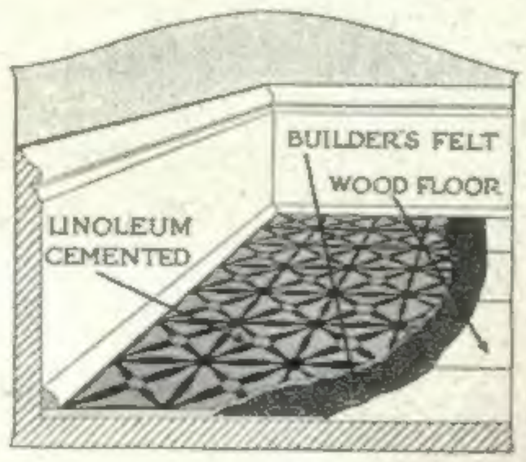
Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in your scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" **(Second Edition)**

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

802 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

The Helping Hand for Housework

Your best helper for all cleaning is Old Dutch Cleanser because it is so quick and active. It lightens work, and is most economical. Furthermore—it's safe. So you may be sure that everything you clean with it is absolutely clean and therefore hygienic and sanitary.

The secret of Old Dutch efficiency and economy lies in the character of its fine particles. They are flat-shaped, made that way by nature. *Free* from hard, jagged grit, which scratches the surface, grinds in the dirt, and can not clean efficiently. Old Dutch particles do not scratch; they erase the dirt. Being flat, they offer more cleaning surface, and do a greater amount of cleaning. That is why Old Dutch does more and better work than anything else you can buy.

Use it for all cleaning—floors, walls, sinks, tubs, utensils, etc., in fact, everywhere throughout the house.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch